

## Pere Ubu

### "The Waltz"

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The bride swayed barefoot there on the sidewalk you  
could  
Fry an egg.  
Not a shade of a cloud. Not a breath of a breeze  
Disturbed her dress or hair.  
Round at her feet burst by the dust a ghost rain  
dropped  
Like tears.  
We waltzed cross Texas. We waltzed by the sea.  
We waltzed through the tears.  
And it seemed like a good idea. It seemed like a good  
Idea.  
How it seemed like a good idea!

The bride swayed barefoot there by the sidewalk while  
the  
Day stood still.  
Not a shade of a cloud. Not a breath of a breeze played  
On her face as she said, We can't go on like nothing is  
Wrong. Don't be that cruel to me.  
We waltzed cross Texas. We waltzed by the sea.  
We waltzed through the tears.  
And it seemed like a good idea. It seemed like a good  
Idea.  
How It seemed like a good idea!

And it seemed like a good idea. It seemed like a good  
Idea.  
Well! It seemed like a good idea.

The bride swayed barefoot there on the sidewalk you  
could  
Fry an egg.

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