

Butchies, The

"The Wedding Disaster"

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the wedding was a disaster the phone rang all night
long she walks to a cab 7th Avenue thought spirits
were telling her this awful exists here but not where
we're taking you could someone tell me anything about
the woman who took me in could someone tell me
anything
about the lady who labored me the saddest thing i've
ever seen the world came crashing down hurry central
park blades on a dismal day when the lightening came
she was struck with the notion of release she was taken
by majesty no one's ever seen when the men came to
take me home it won't matter i've become just a shelter
for the storm matter i am part of the rain and mud
it don't matter i am matter of factly dead

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