

Divine Comedy, The

"Through A Long And Sleepless Night"

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Through a long and sleepless night
I thought upon the jury's plight
If what is wrong can feel so right
Then life's no longer black and white

It's four o'clock and all's not well
In my private circle of hell
I contemplate my navel hair
And slowly slide into despair

This rut has fast become a trench
This smell has turned into the stench
Of rotten dreams and stale ideals
The past is snapping at my heels

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes are blocked
With bedtime blues and future shock
I know the best is yet to come
But does it always take this long?

I can put on the perfume, even wear the dress
sometimes
But I'll always be the bridegroom and never the bride

You deserve to be horse-whipped
But I've no horse, that joke's so shit
And whips would only make it worse
Don't tempt the lonely and perverse

The casualties of casual sex
The child of three with X-ray specs
The conman low in self esteem
The Casanova in your dreams

I'll scream and scream and scream until
I've made myself critically ill
In hospital, in case you're there
In uniform, intensive care

I know you'll be the death of me
But what a cool death that would be

I'd rather die than be deprived
Of Wonderbra's and thunder thighs

I can put on the perfume, even wear the dress
sometimes
But I'll always be the bridegroom and never the bride

Bored of normality? Why not go daft?
It's easy to do if you try
Slide right back down that self-confident path
You've just so laboriously climbed

Pickle your liver and addle your brain
Live the Bohemian life, ha-ha, that's right
And die young and penniless somewhere in Spain

Then again you could try just to live your own life
In the way that you find most amusing
I don't really care!

I can put on the perfume, even wear the dress
sometimes
But I will always be the bridegroom
And I will never be the bride
Never be the bride

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