

Trash Can Sinatras

"Unfortunate age"

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I applied...
And eventually they replied,
"Impeccable taste, such an unfortunate age."
Getting this far took a long time.
A car stolen properly, passport to poverty
...I applied

Bride-to-be...
For my benefit, marry me.
Help me fill out my forms,
Through the winter we'll stay warm.
We'll claim the unclaimed
And patiently pay for it
Yearly with our lives,
Dearly with our lives...bride-to-be.

Bury us, with shovel and bible fuss.
Like the book that we've strummed,
We're dog-eared and well-thumbed.
We don't fold the pages,
We know where our place is.
A tree for a headstone,
Roots grow through our bones.

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