

The Wedding Disaster

The Butchies

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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