

Young Bride

Midlake

My young bride,
Why are your shoulders like that
Of a tired old woman,
Like a tired old woman?

My young bride,
Why are your fingers like that
Of the hedge in winter,
Of the hedge in winter?

Polonaise in winter,
Snowshoes and hunters
Carried the goods in for you.
Darkness and forests grant you
The longest
Face made for porridge and stew.

My young bride,
Why aren't you moving at all,
Helps to make the day seem shorter,
Helps to make the day seem shorter.

My young bride,
Why aren't you keeping with you
All the ones who really love you,
All the ones who really love you?

Polonaise in winter,
Snowshoes and hunters
Carried the goods in for you.
Darkness and forests grant you
The longest
Face made for porridge and stew.

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