

# Borrowed Bride

## Old 97's

The hat on your head the ghosts before breakfast  
The lump in your throat the name on her necklace  
She's certain she'll never be caught  
You can buy her things now but she'll never be bought  
The cat on her mind the ring in her tan-line  
The lowering lids the perfume is white wine  
She's certain her karma is good  
Glass houses won't burn but you know this would  
So take her inside she's your borrowed bride  
And you'll never guess how much she has not cried  
Life comes apart at the seams it seems  
Life comes apart at the seams  
It rings only once when you sit down to dinner  
You knew all was lost when she named you the winner  
You are certain of nothing at all  
Except that it's late but it's not the last call

### Songwriters

Philip Wayne Peeples; Stewart Ransom Miller; Murry Hammond; Kendall Dewayne Bethea  
Published by BURGERMEISTER MUSIC; WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR MUSIC; PENNYCOST MUSIC; THIS IS MY PIECE  
OF SHEET MUSIC; RAM ISLAND SONGS (\*SEE NOTES\*) Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>