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 boughtThe 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 wouldSo 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 seamsIt 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 BetheaPublished 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.

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