

Mary On the Mend

Cherry Ghost

By rights we should have been choking
On every word the preacher had us repeat
A stiff drink and napkins in your hand bag
The first aid of a three-time divorcee
Carried you home down through the subway
Where thrills are cheap and the kids roll down walls like paint
Borrowed Gods been rubbing their backs on your window
Your summers are haunted with memories of love sick strays
Pick up your chin theres a Saint on the mend
On a burnt out estate born of bones that dont bend
Coming back stealing hearts pulling through brand fire new
Mary goes a-diving in at the deep end
At the sliding doors of the 13th floor she prays
She says night fall gently on the weekend
When tempers are high and all those frustrations displayed
Pick up your chin theres a Saint on the mend
On a burnt out estate born of bones that dont bend
Coming back stealing hearts pulling through brand fire new
Pick up your chin theres a Saint on the mend
On a burnt out estate born of bones that dont bend
Coming back stealing hearts pulling through brand fire new
Im hit, Im down, Im done, Im dusted, Im deadbeat
I am weak as a kitten, been strapped to the tracks of a train
I have danced with the drunks
And dodged all those filthy old whispers
But baby, go give 'em hell and tell 'em
It came with a name brand fire new

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