

# 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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