

Bracing For Sunday

[Neko Case](#)

Drop my gloves into the stove
It's echoed out the grave
I fell in love with those electric lights
That drug me in the town so late
To nimble, cunning, clever nights
I reel behind them deputized
To scrape the lens off Christian eyes
A Friday night girl, bracing for Sunday to call
I only ever held one love
Her name was Marianne
She died having a child by her brother
He died because I murdered him
Shot him through his jelly eye
I won myself this wicked life
Now I thread the needle walks through mine
A Friday night girl, bracing for Sunday to call
Emptied onto shifting sheets
Staring rosary holes in my ceiling
Waiting for my purpose to deliver
And reveal itself to me
But all I hear are subway trains
Bang against the bedrock lanes
I'm a Friday night girl
Bracing for Sunday to call
Bracing for Sunday to call

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