

Social Wedding Rings

Mount Moriah

In a motel room in Colorado Springs,
We learned what impatience brings
To women who fool around.
That summer was a strung-out mess,
And you swore to God you had the perfect fix,
And a plan to get us out. You said, "Don't you turn around.
Leave your strings at the door,
And just walk out." I sat in the living room
And watched your girlfriend pack her things
To move away from you.
Our record: Buffy Sainte-Marie,
And we held hands and cried
'Til we couldn't see anything. You said, "Don't you turn around.
You wouldn't like what you found here anyhow." So I took a red-eye from the Bay,
Watched you watch the taxi pull away
From Mission Street.
The next time we would meet
Would be a train wreck of nerves and sexless sleep.
Mistakes made, empty hymns. I said, "Don't you make a sound.
Nothing's careful in desire,
Especially now." There were no accidents;
We asked for this.
But the South is not out West.
There's nothing gentle about
Our stomachs full of gin.
We are alive, and we have no regrets. In a farmhouse in the Piedmont Hills,
We learned what impatience wills
To women who fool around.
If thievery has a voice to sing
It's the choice and sound of moving hands
Over social wedding rings. I said, "Don't you turn around.
Leave your strings at the door,
And just walk out."

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