

# The Marriage

Billy Bragg

I understand you needing  
And wanting is no crime  
But I can't help feeling  
That you and your mother  
Are just wasting your time  
Choosing Saturdays in Summer  
Oh, I dare you to wear white  
Love is just a moment of giving  
And marriage is when we admit  
Our parents were right  
I just don't understand it  
What makes our love a sin  
How can it make that difference  
If you and I are wearing  
That bloody, bloody ring  
If I share my bed with you  
Must I also share my life  
Love is just a moment of giving  
And marriage is when we admit  
Our parents were right  
You just don't understand it  
This tender trap we're in  
Those glossy catalogues of couples  
Are cashing in  
On happiness again and again  
So drag me to the altar  
And I'll make my sacrifice  
Love is just a moment of giving  
And marriage is when we admit  
Our parents were right  
Marriage is when we admit  
Our parents were right  
Just as marriage is when we admit  
Our parents were probably right

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