

LC

Mirah

We married him on fire
Like the nuns who married god
Then we jumped out of the airplane
And trusted we would fall
Then we traveled through the mountains
With our bodies weighted down
By the perfect lovely vision
In the absence of all sound And though he was a faithful tailor
Our deeds we must confess
We loved so many others
Despite our wedding dress
So when the lace snagged on the fender
Of the car he left to drive
When we took it on a bender
When we took it for a ride We wound up thirsty in this jail cell
But we've heard he said it here
To excavate this holy well
And pour it crystal clear
And we filled our cup with silence
And the words who keep in time
With the song that he will sing us
As forgiveness for our crime Well love it's true you're golden throated
And your history is long
And you've had so many lovely creatures
Occupy your songs
So may we take you to the alter
We'll feed you bread and wine
And be swimming in the fountain with you
Till the end of time

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