

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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