

# Chapel Song

## We Are Augustines

Well there goes my girl  
    Into the chapel  
Now she's walking down the aisle  
    And it feels just like a mile  
And I shake shake shake like a leaf  
And I'm lyin' lyin' lyin' through my teeth  
    I got a pocket full of handshakes  
And it don't mean nothin' There goes my girl  
    Into the chapel  
Now she's walking down the aisle  
    And her man begins to smile  
And I shake, shake, shake like a leaf  
And I'm lyin', lyin', lyin' through my teeth  
    I'm a bowl of bruised fruit  
Inside a chapel of shiny apples Tear up the photograph!  
    'cause it's a bright blue sky  
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