

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
Tear up the photograph!
'cause it's a bright blue sky
Tear up the photograph!
'cause it's a bright blue sky
Tear up the photograph!
'cause it's a bright blue sky

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