

# Sponge, The Imaginary Marriage

The invitation said that this was something new  
A preacher will ask for more than two &quot;I do's&quot;  
In our wedding dance we will take the chance  
That people will accept our new point of view  
With each one in hand the wedding party stands  
1,000 foot trails between the two of you  
The flower girls launching from  
Their hands one million rose petals that start up the band  
An imaginary marriage there is always room for two  
The brides and the groom they dance across the room  
A bouquet is tossed they leave to honeymoon  
The traditionalist spit they choke  
And have a fit at what they really want  
Is to be in our shoes