

Sponge, The Imaginary Marriage

The invitation said that this was something new
A preacher will ask for more than two "I do's"
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