

The Psychedelic Furs, Wedding

crooked heels on battered boots
shoot down ragged miles
i'm coming home
i'm like a girl
in all her rags
and all her pearls
i hear her talk
through vicious teeth
sing god is gone
stop hanging on my sleeve
and i can't speak
and all of that will never please
a hollow moon hung like a heart
stars like dirty sparks
on dirty seas
and never seen
and all of that
and all of these
i hear her dust
fall at her feet
and christ and all his crows
can't keep it neat
so what of me
and all that i don't wanna be
a bitter taste
a bitter pill
says nothing's ever true
and ever will become of me
or make a sense of
what i see
on broken nerves
in ragged clothes
eyes that never close
stare back at me
and never see
and holler names
and follow me
what's written now
you can't erase
and pages from my past
get in my way
for one of why
i make a stand
or take a side