

Horse Feathers, Hardwood Pews

Stalling, stalling, the hardwood of pews is calling.
We want this news.
Lovely ladies make pretty babies, it's true.
That woman's not you.
Take your body and clothes to places he won't go.
Your life as you know is hopeless, it'll happen too slow.
Oh, she's tricked, she was trapped.
Her body was lacking white and red,
those hues lost in bed.
Oh, they would speak language exacting.
Oh, they would lay, parts practicing.
And through it all he won't call.
Lovely ladies take your beauty to your grave.