

## Bracing for Sunday

Neko Case

I dropped my gloves into the stove  
Hymns echoed out the grate  
I fell in love with those electric lights  
That drug me into town so late

To nimble, cunning, clever nights  
I railed behind them, deputized  
To scrape the lens of Christian eyes,

I'm a Friday night girl  
Bracing for Sunday to come

I only ever held one love,  
Her name was Mary Anne  
She died having a child by her brother  
He died because I murdered him.

I shot him through his jelly eye  
And I won myself his wicked life,  
Now I thread-the-needle waltz through mine,

I'm a Friday night girl  
Bracing for Sunday to come.

I emptied onto shifting sheets,  
Staring rosary holes in my ceiling,  
Waiting for my purpose to deliver,  
And reveal itself to me  
But all I hear are subway trains  
Bang against their bedrock lanes  
So I bang a little too...

I'm a Friday night girl  
Bracing for Sunday to come  
Bracing for Sunday to come.