

The Broken Hearted Bride

Strawbs

A single light burns through the night
In the house across the street
She still wears her wedding dress
And the slippers on her feet

She hung her wedding garland
In her bedroom in the dark
And never thinks of anyone
But the man who lit her spark

He stole her heart in Margate
One summer afternoon
Before he took her virtue
On the hottest day in June
The sand clung to their bodies
Like a scene from Mills and Boon

No matter what the neighbours say
She bears herself with pride
And sheds her tears behind her veil
The broken-hearted bride

She needed no assurance
Just the flicker of his smile

They made plans for the wedding
To do it all in style
There was never any question
Of his promising career
And as he lay beside her
She shed a pregnant tear

He said he taught mathematics
At a college in Dubai
Told her of the genie's lamp
And a carpet that could fly

She loved his fairy stories
From the land of make believe
And clung to him for comfort
When he said he had to leave

He caught the train that morning
It was overcast and grey
He waved and blew her kisses
There was nothing left to say

He pulled the cord inside his coat
And blew himself away