

The Marriage

Billy Bragg

I understand you needing
And wanting is no crime
But I can't help feeling
That you and your mother are just wasting your time

Choosing Saturdays in Summer
I dare you to wear white
Love is just a moment of giving
And marriage is when we admit our parents were right

I just don't understand it
What makes our love a sin
How can it make that difference
If you and I are wearing that bloody, bloody ring

If I share my bed with you
Must I also share my life
Love is just a moment of giving
And marriage is when we admit our parents were right

You just don't understand it
This tender trap we're in
Those glossy catalogs of couples
Are cashing in on happiness again and again

So drag me to the altar
And I'll make my sacrifice
Love is just a moment of giving
And marriage is when we admit our parents were right
And marriage is when we admit our parents were probably right