Foundling

Cardiacs

Tasting sweet and beautiful
(But awful too)
Here comes the bride
No-one knows where she came from

Ghostly lady is here to warm your bed
Both now and in the life everlasting

Leaving something in the air
Here comes the bride
No-one knows where she came from

He would give himself ten showers a day
In the murky ponds and weedy rivers
And it was wicked of you big dead boy
Suddenly just went to sleep
Well here we are

I could walk with angels
But I'd rather walk with you
(You are) only a foundling

Ghostly lady is here to warm your bed
Both now and in the life everlasting

Leaving something in the air
Here comes the bride
Nobody knows where she came from

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