Mary On The Mend

Cherry Ghost

By rights we should have been choking
On every word the Preacher had us repeat
A stiff drink and napkins in your hand bag
The first aid of a three-time divorcee

Carried you home down through the subway Where thrills are cheap and the kids roll down walls like paint

Borrowed Gods been rubbing their backs on your window Your summers are haunted with memories of love sick strays

Pick up your chin there's a Saint on the mend On a burnt out estate born of bones that don't bend Coming back stealing hearts pulling through Brand fire new

Mary goes a-diving in at the deep end At the sliding doors of the 13th floor she prays She says night fall gently on the weekend When tempers are high and all those frustrations displayed

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I'm hit, I'm down, I'm done, I'm dusted, I'm deadbeat I am weak as a kitten, been strapped to the tracks of a train

I have danced with the drunks, and dodged all those filthy old whispers

But baby go give 'em hell and tell 'em it came with a name

Brand fire new