

Future Bride

David Gray

So I ran but still arrived too late
Pushed by duty, pulled by fate
Heart's fixings strained to take the weight
Of what had been so long denied
The future bride

Great current swept me out to sea
Firm footings fell away from me
Well, I was drowning in my own sincerity
Dreaming she'd pluck me from the tide
The future bride

Training our optics
On the faintest of objects
Weighing our prospects
Concerning all aspects
Changing up tactics
When she's up to her old tricks
Making up stories that don't scan at all

So some to fire and some to dust
And some to everything that must
And back up the hill like Sisyphus
Towards that quickening of the light
The future bride, yeah

Training our optics
On the faintest of objects
Weighing our prospects
Concerning all aspects
Changing our tactics
When she's up to her old tricks
Making up stories that don't scan at all

Some say that hope is just a bluff
Like candlelight to draw the moth
That our best is never good enough
But one look tells me she don't buy it
The future bride, yeah

Between Pegasus and Cassiopeia
More stars than trees in Canada
And amidst them pale Andromeda
With her arms stretched open wide
The future bride