

Wedding Gloves

Frightened Rabbit

A melting of morals, a solder of souls
As sexy as lace but with just as much holes
Doubts were debated and questions were raised
All the stags and the hens were stunned and amazed
The portents and omens rang as loud as the bells
With you at the altar and me in the cells

Are you still breathing?
Are you holding it in?
Was it you I heard sniffing when you were stooped at the sink?
Are we still breathing?
Are we holding it in?
After all of this swimming, are we beginning to sink?

The dress will decay
But be handed down
You can scrub, you can soak
But you can't wash me out
You can call it perversion
You can call it a kink
But no one can see us
There's no need to think

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All of these old stains
All of them ours
Anniversary fingerprints scattered all through the house
Do you even remember what we said in the vows?
God was watching on Saturday
But he is not with us now, with us now
Turn away from me, darling
Face to the wall
Turn the big light out, I have locked the front door
Squeeze on the wedding gloves, your hands to the wall
It's the only posterity that will crack me at all, crack me at all

Grip me in your wedding glove
Fake silk touched to my face
Tens of years of giddy love come rushing back again

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