

# We Wrote Letters Everyday

The Fiery Furnaces

Well, no one was too upset  
You know we were married in the war  
And I went with him to Pennsylvania and California  
But he went out the Pacific  
And I came back to Chicago to work on the railroad

And we wrote letters every day  
Which were later thrown away  
And God knows what we wrote or what they said  
But this is probably how they read

I left the letters behind  
In the basement of the apartment building when we moved  
For the mice to nibble on  
I wonder how long they lasted

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Now, at my wedding, my husband didn't have his close family there as I indicated  
He came from a family of priests  
At least, there were a lot of priests in his family  
And so, eight priests presided over our wedding  
Eight priests, it looked impressive  
But it didn't sound very good

A gaggle of priests  
Or they were like crows around an overly ornate park bench up there  
They all had fine voices  
But, and I mean this respectfully  
They didn't match pitch

Thinking that each one of them was the one in the right  
So they made some strange note choices

Listen...