

# The Bride

Dirty Projectors

I, I want a missed bouquet  
Raised a longing in the bride  
Beckoning everyone in for the good news that  
No one has any good reason to live

Tears of laughter did pervade  
Your ambivalent behavior  
Where was your diamond engaged but an instinct  
Could be written over like a page  
In a dead book, yeah

Whose cascading empathy  
Could really reach beyond tomorrow  
And when the dinner chime  
When the clarion calls  
Will be anyone listening at all