

Bride On The Bridge

Latin Quarter

Down at the landing stage the sign reads 'Havoline'
And you buy the diesel there, back in the old routine
You pay up your harbour dues and then, from the anchorage
All in her wedding lace
You see a bride on the bridge

Her coat on the balustrade she bought at a fire-sale
She's been married to debt for years
And now she's climbing the lone guard-rail
Gulls are er Mendelssohn, she has a bouquet of foliage
That no-one here is reaching for
Slowly the bride on the bridge

Those raising interest don't look up

They have no interest in her flight
Their spectrum has no bridal white
They don't leave the scene
Not when money talks
The whisper-mill says "Buy Brazil"
That is if you don't mind blood on the stalks

Cargo comes rolling in, containers of even size
there's no rafts or floats aboard - so what if lives
capsize?
Trading takes no account of strangers to privilege
Not if they can't keep up their balances
She's vanished, the bride on the bridge