

Matrimony

Tennis

Haven't got the time for vain excuses
Let me lead you to the cool spring bubbling
There we linger 'til you fill right up
Parted lips instead of paper cups

Long lashes curling on your cheek
Hide your gaze so I don't catch you looking at me
Spreading out into the tiny space
Emanating from your sweet embraces

But I feel your burning look
Oh my god, it feels so good
Oh yeah

Sweet summer morning early in July
Sweet summer morning when you made me your wife

Doesn't matter if we're rich or poor
The less we have, it makes me love you all the more
I'm not waiting for some twist of fate
To tell me that our lives interlacing

But I feel your burning look
Oh my god, it feels so good
Oh yeah

I'll wear the dress that my sister made
And the blunt haircut your dull scissors gave me

Sweet summer morning early in July
Sweet summer morning when you made me your wife
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