

Chapel Song

We Are Augustines

Well there goes my girl
Into the chapel
Now she's walking down the aisle
And it feels just like a mile

And I shake shake shake like a leaf
And I'm lyin' lyin' lyin' through my teeth
I got a pocket full of handshakes
And it don't mean nothin'

There goes my girl
Into the chapel
Now she's walking down the aisle
And her man begins to smile

And I shake shake shake like a leaf
And I'm lyin' lyin' lyin' through my teeth
I'm a bowl of bruised fruit
Inside a chapel of shiny apples

Tear up the photograph!
Cause it's a bright blue sky
Tear up the photograph!
Cause it's a bright blue sky

Tear up the photograph!
Cause it's a bright blue sky
Tear up the photograph!
Cause it's a bright blue sky

It's just a bright blue sky
It's just a bright blue sky