Carmen Consoli, Wedding Day

One look from him and I fell under his spell
his manicured fingers moved like a magician's,
his lips in proportion to the pearly-white, dazzling
perfection of his irresistible smile.
With great expertise, never wasting a word,
I gave in to his charm and persuasion as he sweet talked to me.

We started to meet and date fast and furiously
in all the unusual places we could think of,
my artful young man had endless resources
pulling the strings that seduced me.

No hesitation when he asked me sincerely
"Come on let's get married": he was a master of self-assured ease.
Wedding day memories come back to remind me,
a veil of white lace trailing softly behind me,
something borrowed'n'blue, something old'n'new,
as I waited devoutly from the groom to appear.

Crammed in their pews the guests growing restless
restraining their pent-up hysteria.
The minutes ticked by with relentless precision,
so where on earth was my husband to be?
No hesitation when he asked me sincerely
"Come on let's get married": he was a master of self-assured ease.

Wedding day memories come back to remind me,
a veil of white lace trailing softly behind me,
no nervous bridegroom in manly composure,
only the priest in cospicuous embarassment.
Wedding day memories come back to remind me,
a veil of white lace trailing softly behind me,
no nervous bridegroom in manly composure,
only the priest in cospicuous embarassment.
Wedding day memories come back to remind me,
a veil of white lace trailing softly behind me,
no wedding march to walk down the aisle with,
just the dull dirge of my inconsolable grieving.