Bride, Have You Made It?

Skillet blonde baby going to milk it dry
Ain't got no horseshoes but got a sparkle in his eye
Warm and cuddled in a burlap sack
Step on the crack and your going to break your mother's back

Chorus

Have you made it where you wanna be

Verse

Runt of the litter kissed the pavement ever since
Told him to stand up straight
but he's hooked and bent
Feels like a sticky rim soda can
Half full, half empty, couldn't tell you were he's been

Embracing the fog like a friend in the bay
Charted a boat headed out to sea
Found religion but did he find Jesus
Walking on the water Or lost in mystery