

Bruce Hornsby, White Wheeled Limousine

She walked into town in a long white gown,
And the band played on with no one around,
And the rice was gone hours ago,
And the white wheeled limousine's standing alone.

Well they met at the club where the brasses blow
Where the wine did flow, oh, he moved so slow.
But finally, one night, as the wind stood still,
He got up the nerve, and she said, "I will."

The day did come, and the groomsmen arrived.
Came a little early to go over their lines.
As they walked to the church on the cobblestones,
Was heard in the bushes: a moan, and a groan.

Well she walked into town in a long white gown,
And the band played on with no one around,
And the rice was gone, oh, hours ago,
And the white wheeled limousine's standing alone.

She didn't want to think that she lived a lie.
There was always talk of a wandering eye.
He'd come to the club, and he'd look all around.
It took a fair minded man not to wonder aloud.

Well she walked into town in a long white gown,
And the band played on with no one around,
And the rice was gone, oh, hours ago,
And the white wheeled limousine's standing alone.

And the father of the bride is drinking so slow...