

Bruce Springsteen, The Honeymooners

Two kids get married, same old thing
Folks congratulate you, church bells ring
Who's got the ring, who's gonna pay the priest
Get your mama in the paper, picture or two at least

And at the reception all the old records play
"Where you gonna live, are you gonna taker her away?"
In a corner my new nephew's showin' me his knife
You swore that you'd love her for the rest of your life

Went to kiss you at the altar we bumped heads
Honeymoon night we figured we best shake on it instead
Dressed kinda funny, laughin' we hop in bed
You can swear it on your feet, you can swear it on your head

Come mornin' my new famlily's sitting on the front porch swing
Smilin' kinda funny, nobody says a thing
My new brother-in-law's throwin' a football, he tosses me a pass