

# Fitzgerald Patrik, Mrs & Mrs

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The car pulled up at the family home  
To pick up another one, take them away  
Through the town, they're very young, he's getting married today...  
To the church, a party after, the peal of bells, the ring of laughter  
Through the hall, it fills them all, she's getting married today...  
There's the bridesmaid, there's the relations, there's the crying mother...  
The chauffeur lies out in the sun beside the bride's young brother...  
They sit and wait to throw confetti, sitting in the back row  
They too say yes (i do), they then caress (yes), then kiss  
They're mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs,  
mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs, mrs & mrs  
Smith...