

John Prine, Wedding Day In Funeralville

It's Wedding Day in Funeralville
Your soup spoon's on your right
The King and Queen will alternate
With the refrigerator light
They'll be boxing on the T.V. show
The colored kids will sing
Hooray for you
And midnight's oil
Lets burn the whole damn thing

Felicia is my dark horse girl
I'll take her if it rains
She throws up punch
Upon the host
And says many stupid things
But she ain't so bad
When we're all alone
She's as different
As can be
She's a part a my heart
Don'tcha pull us apart
She's like one of the family

Chorus
Oh no! Trouble in the attic
Won't somebody turn on a light
Got so, so many troubles
Can't even tell
Wrong from right
I'm gonna comb my hair
Darn my socks
Tip my hat
And say goodnight
It's Wedding Day in Funeralville
What shall I wear tonight?
It's wedding Day in Funeralville
What shall I wear tonight?

My car is stuck in Washington
And I cannot find out why
Come sit beside me on the swing
And watch the angels cry
It's anybody's ballgame
It's everybody's fight
And the streetlamp said
As he nodded his head
It's lonesome out tonight

Repeat Chorus