

# Randy Newman, A Wedding In Cherokee County

There she is sitting there  
Out behind the smoke-house in her rocking chair  
She don't do nothin'  
She don't say nothin'  
She don't feel nothin'  
She don't know nothin'  
Maybe she's crazy, I don't know  
But maybe that's why I love her so  
Her papa was a midget  
Her mama was a whore  
Her grandad was a newsboy 'til he was eighty-four  
Man don't you think I know she hates me  
Man don't you think I know that she's no good  
If she knew how she'd be unfaithful to me  
I think she'd kill me if she could  
Maybe she's crazy I don't know  
But maybe that's why I love her so  
I'm not afraid of the greywolf  
Who stalks through our forest at dawn  
As long as I have her beside me  
I have the strength to carry on  
Today we will be married  
And all the freaks that she knows will be there  
And all the people from the village will be there  
To congratulate us  
I will carry her across the threshold  
I will make dim the light  
I will attempt to spend my love within her  
But though I try with all my might  
She will laugh at my mighty sword  
She will laugh at my mighty sword  
Why must everybody laugh at my mighty sword?  
Lord, hep me if you will  
Maybe we're both crazy, I don't know  
Maybe that's why I love her so