

Waterboys "The wedding"

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The father who sired her handed her over the crack-handed orchestra played The bride and the groom stood shoulder-to-shoulder as the ill-starred wedding was made

She lifted her veil as the groom gently kissed her and all did appear to be well But the limousine driver heard every harsh whisper as they drove to the country hotel

In the Grand Hotel ballroom the guests were assembling

the champagne like tapwater flowed

The men wearing top hats, and fop coats and top coats the women in bustles and bows

The bride $\tilde{A}_f \hat{A}_i \hat{A} ... \hat{A}_i \hat{A}_j \hat{A}_i$ jealous sister sat alone in her

and sneered as the couple came in

The maitre-de coughed and said $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}^{\dagger}_{i}\tilde{A},\hat{A}^{\dagger}_{i}\tilde{A}...\hat{A}$ ilease take your places,

the Banquet is about to begin?

The street doors burst open and an army of footman swept in bearing salvers and trays

Fiddlers and clowns went from table to table amid black smoke and cigarette haze

Noone saw the best man as he secretly winked at the bride $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}^{\dagger}_{1}\tilde{A}...\hat{A}\tilde{A}^{\dagger}_{2}$ jealous sister it seemed And then cried out $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}_{1}^{\dagger}\tilde{A}_{2}^{\dagger}\tilde{A}_{3}^{\dagger}\tilde{A}_{4}^{\dagger}$ aiter, Bring me more drink

and more Marilyn Monroe ice-cream?

When the wine had been poured and the tables were cleared

the toasts and the speeches began

The bride and groom cut the cake, everyone cheered! then all eyes fell on the best man.

He climbed off his chair, and he licked his cracked lips and declared in a voice cold and dry

 $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}_{1}^{\dagger}\tilde{A}_{1}\tilde{A}_{2}^{\dagger}\tilde{A}_{3}^{\dagger}\tilde{A}_{4}^{\dagger}$ he tricked and hijacked him, with guilt she trapped him

this day is a sham and a lie?

Her father leapt up with a curse and a roar and slew the best man in the head

The groom cried $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}|\tilde{A},\hat{A}|\tilde{A}'|$ aggard!?and with a flash of his sword his father-in-law fell down dead The bride ran screaming in floods of bright tears and collapsed at the foot of the stairs Where her sister was waiting with scissors and shears and hacked off every inch of her hair.

Up on the roof sat seven fat crows, the moon rose low in the west.
the groom was arrested still in his wedding clothes
And hanged in his pants and his vest
the bald-headed bride bought a ticket to Spain
And eloped with a wig-makers son
while her jealous mad sister, riven with shame
Became a nun!

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