

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
Smith...

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