

## Great Big Sea "Hit The Ground And Run"

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There's a Wedding in the chapel,  
And the bride is oh so happy,  
And Daddy's got a shotgun in his hand,  
The groom is sweatin' bullets,  
As the priest steps to the pulpit  
He's about to make this boy into a man

Sweet Jesus in the Garden  
Can you grant this boy a pardon  
For its true he really don' know what he's done  
Better lock the church door tight  
Cause at the slightest crack of light  
That boy is gonna hit the ground and run  
He's gonna run he's gonna fly  
He's out the door and down the street  
And he won' say Goodbye  
the Diapers and the diatribes  
Of her Daddy on the rum  
That boy is gonna hit the ground and run

Was it the rubbing or the tugging  
Put a bun in Nancy's oven  
She's praying she's not starting to show  
But the wedding's set for April  
and she's known since November  
She ain't got hells chance of a ball of snow

What in the Lords name was he thinking  
You can' blame this all on drinking  
You can count the family teeth upon one hand  
By Midnight he was muddled  
for her gene pool is a puddle  
That boy might be the Daddy of his old man

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