

Connie Smith

"The Wedding Cake"

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(Myra Smith - Margaret Lewis)

Don't be troubled bout me cause I'm tired
From working round the house when day is done
Don't think you've failed cause you can't afford
That dishwasher to make my life more fun.

You know the measure of a man is much more
Than just the money he can make
And every woman knows a lot of
Joy and tears come with the wedding cake.

The wedding cake is not all icing
And loving tender whispers in the dark
One slice is concern for all your dreams
Afraid they won't come true and break your heart.

Another slice is feeding kids and wiping noses
Crying when the doorbell rings and there are roses
Every woman knows a lot of
Give and take comes with the wedding cake.

It's facing shadows of the future praying they will fall
away
As we walk towards them searching for the sun
And it's long and anxious hours with the wolf at the
door
Hugs and kisses when at last we see the dawn.

So when the hands of time trace tiny lines
Upon our face and lace our hair with strands of gray
We'll laugh and say for all who will partake
It all comes with the wedding cake...

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