

Deirdre Flint

"The Bridesmaid Dress Song"

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My cousin Mary is a real good friend so she's a
bridesmaid for the tenth time
They say that love is blind and a bride to be can prove
it
cause what they pick for bridesmaids is a heinous
fashion crime.
She pays 300 dollars for a dress the bride is claiming,
"If you hem it, you can wear it as a cocktail dress."

Well, sure.

If you hem it, redesign the sleeves, tear off the bows
and rhinestones, tuck in the sash and dye it black, well
then, 500 dollars later you will end up with a gown that
is quite obviously a bridesmaid dress altered to be
worn as a cocktail dress.

Well, she called me when the dress came in and said,
"I can't believe it, but this one wins the one for the most
piteous."
I said, "You've got a wide brimmed melon hat, nothing
could be worse than that."

But it was. It was hideous.
It was yards of silken aqua foamy green with lace and
ribbons
It was Scarlett crawling back up from the dead
And as she shoved her feet into a set of matching four
inch heels
For lack of any better words I said,

Someday, jumbo butt bows, will be the rage that's what
my hunch is
And someday, jade silk long gloves
Will be the power dress for corporate lunches.
They brought the bellbottoms back , we said it couldn't
be done
It's just a question of when.
Don't trash that satin, I'm telling you girl,
You'll use that dress again.

The reception was a dinner cruise that sailed into the

bay,
Despite the lace and ribbons Mary looked divine.
But another psycho bridesmaid who was jealous of her
beauty
Lured her up onto the deck and pushed poor Mary into
the brine.
Well, she floated on for days because the bustle made
her buoyant.
And the sharks could not bite through the crinoline
skirt.
And her parasol turned over caught her ten fresh
quarts of water
Till she landed on the last uncharted island, whether
beaten but unhurt.
She turned the rhinestones sunward, the reflection
made a fire
And the natives were impressed with what they saw.

For they dined on wild bobcat Mary caught with bow
and arrow
She'd refashioned from the wire of her under wire bra
and she said,

Hey this jumbo butt bow, will make a nifty rescue flag.
And hey, this extra bustle, I'll sew into a sleeping bag.
I'll pay the natives fake pearls, they'll go and carve me
a boat
And I'll be homeward again.
I'm sure that this skirt will yield three full sails, HEY!
I'm using this dress again.

Well, a Miami plastic surgeon came upon Mary's
distress note
She'd sent floating out to sea in pillbox hat
And as Mary waylaid anchor, he fell instantly in love
And he jumped into his private yacht and set to sail
where he thought
She'd be at.

Well, a squall came from the south, the handsome
surgeon's boat took water
He prepared himself to die amidst the wreck
But as his head was going under, he heard, "grab onto
this butt bow
And our true love pulled him from the turgid waters
safely up onto her deck.
They married two weeks later and our Mary wrote a
book
Made 10 million on her video and tour
And these days when someone calls her at her
mansion and says, "hey!"

Will you be my bridesmaid Mary answers, "Sure!"

Just dress me in one hundred butt bows! And all the
matching pastel gear
Sure! I'd love a hoop skirt! I want to buy another oddly
shaped brassiere.
It needs more rhinestones I think, a nice tiara might
help,
What this dress needs is a train!"
So take a page from Mary, she's doing well
Though you might feel foolish, you might look like hell
Don't trash that satin, you never can tell, girls,
You'll use that dress again.

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