

WEDDING DRESS

Words and Music - derek webb, 2002

If you could love me as a wife
and for my wedding gift, your life.
Should that be all I'd ever need,
or is there more I'm looking for?

And should I read between the lines,
and look for blessings in disguise?
To make me handsome, rich, and wise
Is that really what you want?

Chorus

I am a whore I do confess.
I put you on just like a wedding dress
and I run down the aisle,
and I run down the aisle.
I'm a prodigal with no way home.
I put you on just like a ring of gold
and I run down the aisle to you.

So could you love this bastard child?
Though I don't trust you to provide.
With one hand in a pot of gold
and with the other in your side.

I am so easily satisfied
by the call of lovers so less wild
that I would take a little cash
Over your very flesh and blood.

chorus

Because money can not buy
a husband's jealous eye,
When you have knowingly deceived his wife.

chorus