

## 7 Brides For 7 Sinners

Carbon Leaf

Hold the phone.  
Where's the fire?  
Call the preacher.  
We must pray.  
Round up the kids,  
'cause this is  
Not your average wedding day.

What do we have?  
Seven brides for seven sinners  
What do we need?  
Father, Son, and holy smokes.  
Just, get them to the church on time

How could this happen?  
Has hell frozen over?  
Don't question lest you go insane.  
When sons of loggers marry  
Daughters of gold digging squatters  
Quiet towns are never quite the same.

What do we have?  
Seven brides for seven sinners  
What do we need?  
Hollers, guns, and rolling oats.  
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Just, get them to the church on time

The girls are saints the boys are sinners  
come place your bets down at church for winners.  
Don't question miracles of God.  
A marriage so disparaged is the stitch  
When rich and poor are hitchin'  
Just run when lightning strikes the rod.

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Just, get them to the church on time.