

Wedding Dress

Derek Webb

If you could love me as a wife.
For my wedding gift your life.
Should that be all I ever need?
Is there more I'm looking for?
Should I read between the lines?
Look for blessings in the skies?
Make me handsome rich and white.
Is that really what you want?

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

Could you love this bastard child?
No, I don't trust you to provide.
With one hand in a pot of gold
And the other in your side.
'Cause I am so easily satisfied.
With the call of a lover's soul as wild.
I would take a little cash
Over your very flesh and blood.

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Run down the aisle.
I am a prodigal with no way home.
I put you on just like a ring of gold
And I run down the aisle,
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'Cause money cannot buy
A husband's jealous eye.,
When you have knowingly
Deceived his wife.

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