

\$1000 Wedding

Gram Parsons

It was a \$1000 wedding
Supposed to be held the other day
And with all the invitations sent
The young bride went away

When the groom saw people passing notes
Not unusual, he might say
But where're the flowers for my baby
I'd even like to see her mean old mama
And why ain't there a funeral if you're gonna act that way

I hate to tell you how he acted
When the news arrived
He took some friends out drinking
And it's lucky they survived

'Cause, he told them everything
There was to tell there along the way
And he felt so bad when he saw the traces
Of old lies still on their faces

So why don't someone here just spike his drink?

Why don't you do him in some old way?
Supposed to be a funeral
It's been a bad, bad day

The Reverend Dr. William Grace
Was talking to the crowd
All about the sweet child's holy face
And the saints who sung out loud

And he swore the fiercest beasts
Could all be put to sleep the same silly way
And where're the flowers for the girl
She only knew she loved the world

And why ain't there one lonely horn
And one sad note to play?
Supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad day
Ohh, supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad day