

# I Make The Dough, You Get The Glory

Kathleen Edwards

Blazing a trail to the southern cities  
From the streets of our hometown  
Basement bars we played from the heart  
In the company of our friends

If I write down these memories  
That I have saved away  
Photographs of the years that passed  
Inside my little brain

You're cool and cred like Fogerty  
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70's  
You're Chateaufort, I'm Yellow Label  
You're the buffet I'm just the table  
I'm a Ford Tempo you're a Maserati  
You're the Great One, I'm Marty mcsorley  
You're the Concorde, I'm economy  
I make the dough but you get the glory

Big fish small pond and some cover songs  
We sang along the way  
We used to midnight run to the Vesta Lunch  
Cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes  
Once I got drunk with Jeff  
I told him I was in love with you  
But I love you like a brother  
So at least half of it was true

You're cool and cred like Fogerty  
I'm Elvis Presley in the seventies  
You're Chateaufort, I'm Yellow Label  
You're the buffet I'm just the table  
I'm a Dodge Sparkle, you're a Lamborghini  
You're the Great One, I'm Marty mcsorley  
You're the Concorde, I'm economy  
I make the dough, but you get the glory

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That I have saved away  
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I'm sure it's been said in the finer print  
You make me look legitimate  
Heavy rotation on the CBC  
Whatever in hell that really means  
You're cool and cred like Fogerty  
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70's  
You're the Concorde I'm economy  
I make the dough, but you get the glory