

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 Chateauf, 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 Chateauf, 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

If I write down these memories
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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