

A Wedding In Cherokee County

Randy Newman

There she is sitting there
Out behind the smoke-house in her rocking chair
She don't do nothin'
She don't say nothin'
She don't feel nothin'
She don't know nothin'
Maybe she's crazy, I don't know
But maybe that's why I love her so

Her papa was a midget
Her mama was a whore
Her grandad was a newsboy 'til he was eighty-four
Man don't you think I know she hates me
Man don't you think I know that she's no good
If she knew how she'd be unfaithful to me
I think she'd kill me if she could
Maybe she's crazy I don't know
But maybe that's why I love her so

I'm not afraid of the greywolf
Who stalks through our forest at dawn
As long as I have her beside me
I have the strength to carry on

Today we will be married
And all the freaks that she knows will be there
And all the people from the village will be there
To congratulate us
I will carry her across the threshold
I will make dim the light
I will attempt to spend my love within her
But though I try with all my might
She will laugh at my mighty sword
She will laugh at my mighty sword
Why must everybody laugh at my mighty sword?
Lord, hep me if you will
Maybe we're both crazy, I don't know
Maybe that's why I love her so