

# A Wedding in Connecticut

Ron Pope

There was a pretty girl  
From some small suburb of Dallas  
And she came up to New York with a dream

In the confusion and the noise  
All of her beauty and her poise  
Turned grey like snow beside the city street

She met a boy named Steven  
They made love in his apartment  
In a second story walk up out in Queens

And the things she hoped to find  
Beneath him on that August night  
Was the farthest thing from her  
As she dressed to leave

So she hides her eyes  
Says a slow goodbye  
Swears by the morning light, she'll be fine

At a wedding in Connecticut  
The mother of the bride  
Daydreams about her husband who just passed

As she stands to give her toast  
She says "the only thing I know  
Is when you find a love that's worth it  
Make it last"

So she chokes back the tears  
And speaks of all her daughters years  
Thirty Christmas' of memories that she keeps

And the speech was sad and sweet  
She kisses guests as they all leave  
Then heads off to her hotel room to weep

So she bides her time  
And says a slow goodbye  
Swears by the morning light, she'll be fine

Yeah she hides her eyes  
Though it's hard some nights  
She'll take her own sweet time, and she'll be fine

A welder who spent twenty years  
Working in an auto plant  
Gets laid off on a Thursday afternoon

And he grips the forty-five  
That's rests in the glove box when he drives  
Then puts the gun away and wonders what to do

So he parks in his driveway  
And head against the steering wheel  
And tries to think of what to tell his wife

And in the kitchen, he explains  
And swears they'll be okay  
She says, "you're the only thing I need in this life"

So he bides his time  
And says a slow goodbye  
Swears by the morning light, he'll be fine

Yes, he hides his eyes  
Though it's hard some nights  
He'll take his own sweet time, and he'll be fine