

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