Always a Bridesmaid

The Good Life

In pile of unpaid bills
There's a letter sent from Philadelphia
In a familiar hand, she hasn't opened it just yet
There's no telling what is says
Oh darling please, I'm down on one kneeSo why? Can't I be him, that guy in all your dreams?
The one with all those qualities, impossible to achieve
That man you thought I'd be
So flawless, so honest, that could never be me
Well that ain't meThere's some flowers on her desk,
Doesn't he know how embarrassed she gets, receiving gifts
She hasn't opened up her card
The bouquet it says it all, DAFFODILS with baby's breath
the same bouquet she caught on their first date
that night he was a kinghe flew in town for business
and ended up at the wedding
they shared life stories, between drinks
she loved him so quickly, and left him just the same
yeah, he's still the same, he's still the same
no, he's nothing new, but he hasn't changedalways a bridesmaid, her friends all settled down
always a bridesmaid, she dropped her bouquet on the ground
they snuck out for a cigarette
she said "Maybe it's the whiskey sours, but I think this could be it...
...if you ask me, here and now, I think, no I know, I could make
those wedding vows, we could sneak off in the night, and...
I could Be The Bride
I could Be The Bride
Alright, I could Be The Bride
I could Be The BrideBa ba ba da da
ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da da
ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da da
ba ba ba da da
Ba ba ba da da
ba ba ba, ba ba ba

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