

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 have passed
Inside my little brain
You're cool and cred like Fogerty
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70s
You're Chateaufort, I'm Yellow Label
You're the buffet, I'm just the table
I'm a Ford Temple, you're a Maserati
You're The Great One, I'm Marty McSorley
You're the Concord, I'm economy
I make the dough, but you get the glory
Big fish, small pond and some cover songs
That we sang along the way
We used to midnight run to The Vesta Lounge
Cheese, burgers and chocolate shakes
And once I got drunk with Jeb
I told him I was in love with you
But I love you like a brother

So I guess that half of it was true
And you're cool and cred like Fogerty
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70s
You're Chateaufort, 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 Concord, I'm economy
I make the dough, but you get the glory
If I write down these memories
That I have saved away
Photographs of the years that have passed
Inside my little brain
I'm sure it's been said in the finer print
You make me look like Janet May

Heavy rotation on the CBC
Whatever in hell that really means, yeah
You're cool and cred like Fogerty
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70s
You're the Concord, I'm economy
I make the dough, but you get the glory
You get the glory, you get the glory

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