

# Rocks Instead Of Rice

[Kellie Pickler](#)

Long, white limousine pulls up to a church  
A sick part of me wishes it was a hearse  
I didn't get an invitation, but I'm here anyway  
And I don't care if I'm crashing their big day[Chorus]  
Well, it might not be too christian of me  
And it might not be too nice  
But I wish we were all just standing around  
Throwing rocks instead of riceLong, white dress; this must be some kinda joke  
Virgin, please! She ain't fooling these folks  
If the three of us were on Jerry Springer, I'd be pulling her hair  
And I'd kick that lying sack of shoulda-known-better in the you-know-where[Chorus]Well, the vows they just  
made  
Sounded sweet and sincere  
Place your bets  
My money's on less than a year[Chorus]

Songwriters

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