

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[Chorus]

You're cool and cred like Fogerty,

I'm Elvis Presley in the 70ths

You're Chateau Neuf,

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 gloryBig 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[Chorus]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 seventies

You're the Concord,

I'm economy

I make the dough,

But you get the glory

Songwriters

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