Wedding Dress

Derek Webb

If you could love me as a wife
And for my wedding gift your life
Should that be all Ill ever need
Or is there more Im looking forAnd should I read between the lines
And look for blessings in disguise
To make me handsome, rich and wise
Is that really what you want'Cause I am a whore, I do confess
I put you on just like a wedding dress
And I run down the aisle
I run down the aisleOr Im a prodigal with no way home
I put you on just like a ring of gold
And I run down the aisle
I run down the aisle to youSo could you love this bastard child
Though I dont trust you to provide
With one hand in a pot of gold
And with the other in your side'Cause I am so easily satisfied
By the call of lovers so less wild
That I would take a little cash
Over your very flesh and blood'Cause I am a whore, I do confess
But I put you on just like a wedding dress
And I run down the aisle
I run down the aisleOr Im a prodigal with no way home
But I put you on just like a ring of gold
And I run down the aisle
I run down the aisle to youBecause money cannot buy
A husbands jealous eye
When you have knowingly deceived his wifeSo I am a whore, I do confess
But I put you on just like a wedding dress
And I run down the aisle
I run down the aisleOr Im a prodigal with no way home
I put you on just like a ring of gold
And I run down the aisle
I run down the aisleOr I am a whore, I do confess
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To you

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