Wedding Day In Funeralville

John Prine

It's wedding day in Funeralville
Your soup spoon's on your right
The King and Queen will alternate
With the refrigerator light
They'll be boxing on the TV show
The colored kids will sing
Hoo ray for you and midnight's oil
Let's burn the whole damn thing
Felicia is my dark horse girl
I'll take her if it rains
She throws up punch upon the host
And says many stupid things
But she ain't so bad
When we're all alone she's as different as can be
She's a part a my heart, don'tcha pull us apart
She's like one of the family
Oh no, trouble in the attic
Won't somebody turn on a light?
Got so, so many troubles
Can't even tell wrong from right
I'm gonna comb my hair
Darn my socks, tip my hat and say goodnight

It's wedding day in Funeralville
What shall I wear tonight?
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What shall I wear tonight?
My car is stuck in Washington
And I cannot find out why
Come sit beside me on the swing
And watch the angels cry
It's anybody's ballgame
It's everybody's fight
And the street lamp said as he nodded his head
It's lonesome out tonight
Oh no, trouble in the attic
Won't somebody turn on a light?
Got so, so many troubles
Can't even tell wrong from right

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Darn my socks, tip my hat and say goodnight
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