

# 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?  
It's wedding day in Funeralville  
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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