

# 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 You're cool and cred like Fogerty  
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70s  
You're Chateaufort, 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 glory Big 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 And you're cool and cred like Fogerty  
I'm Elvis Presley in the 70s  
You're Chateaufort, I'm Yellow Label  
You're the buffet, I'm just the table I'm a Dodge Sparkle, you're a Lamborghini  
You're The Great One, I'm Marty McSorley  
You're the Concord, I'm economy  
I make the dough, but you get the glory 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 70s  
You're the Concord, I'm economy  
I make the dough, but you get the glory  
You get the glory, you get the glory

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