

## \$1000 Wedding

Gram Parsons

It was a \$1000 wedding  
Supposed to be held the other day  
And with all the invitations sent  
The young bride went away

When the groom saw people passing notes  
Not unusual, he might say  
But where're the flowers for my baby  
I'd even like to see her mean old mama  
And why ain't there a funeral if you're gonna act that way

I hate to tell you how he acted  
When the news arrived  
He took some friends out drinking  
And it's lucky they survived

'Cause, he told them everything  
There was to tell there along the way  
And he felt so bad when he saw the traces  
Of old lies still on their faces

So why don't someone here just spike his drink?

Why don't you do him in some old way?  
Supposed to be a funeral  
It's been a bad, bad day

The Reverend Dr. William Grace  
Was talking to the crowd  
All about the sweet child's holy face  
And the saints who sung out loud

And he swore the fiercest beasts  
Could all be put to sleep the same silly way  
And where're the flowers for the girl  
She only knew she loved the world

And why ain't there one lonely horn  
And one sad note to play?  
Supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad day  
Ohh, supposed to be a funeral, it's been a bad, bad day