

# The Fatal Wedding - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Written by the "Song Factory," George F. McCann.

The wedding bells were ringing, and the crowd began to roar,  
And as the couple rose they sang. "We've both been there before."  
An old maid, 87, was to marry a young man;  
He heard that she had money, and to nail it was his plan.  
He bluffed that he was wealthy, she believed 'most everything,  
He borrowed all her ready cash, and watch and diamond ring;  
He made a dash out through the door, and quickly flew the coop;  
The old dame fainted when she found he'd left her in the soup.

Chorus.

While the wedding bells were ringing I thought that she'd surely die;  
She was left without a nickel by this young man shrewd and fly.  
When he sneaked with all her boodle, it tickled him so he danced with glee,  
For if he married that living picture, what a poor old champ he'd be.

The museum had opened and the crowd came through the door;  
The wild man had a big head, he'd been drunk the night before;  
The Zulu king felt nervous, as across the floor he'd glide;  
That day t he girl with big feet was going to be his bride.  
He thought of winter evenings, and his face grew carmine red.  
When she'd plant her feet on his back when they were both in bed;  
He tried to call the trick off, but he found it was too late,  
For big feet had arrived that day upon an east-bound freight.

Chorus.

While the wedding bells were ringing the Zulu tried to fly the coop;  
The skeleton rattled his bones, and the turtle boy fell in the soup,  
The man who fasted forty days everything in sight did eat;  
'Twas just another faked-up wedding, just an extra pair of feet.