

# White Wheeled Limousine

Bruce Hornsby

Well, she walks into town in a long white gown,  
And the band plays on with no one around,  
And the rice was gone -whoa- hours ago,  
And the white wheeled limousine's standing alone.

Well they met at the club where the brasses blow  
Where the wine did flow, oh, he moved so slow.  
But finally, one night, as the wind stood still,  
He got up the nerve, and she said, "I will."

Well, the day did come, and the groomsmen arrived.  
Came a little early to go over their lines.  
As they walked to the church on the cobblestones,  
Was it heard in the bushes with a moan and a groan.

Well she walks into town in a long white gown,  
And the band plays on with no one around,  
And the rice was gone four hours ago,  
And the white wheeled limousine's standing alone.

Well, she didn't want to think that she lived a lie.  
There was always talk of a wand'ring eye.  
Well, he'd come to the club, and he'd look all around.  
It took a fair-minded man not to wonder aloud.

Well she walks into town in a long white gown,  
And the band plays on with no one around,  
And the rice was gone four hours ago,  
And the white wheeled limousine's standing alone.

And the father of the bride is drinking so slow...

White wheeled limousine standing alone.  
Standing, standing alone!  
White wheeled limousine standing alone.  
Standing, standing alone!  
White wheeled limousine standing alone.  
Standing, standing alone!  
White wheeled limousine standing alone.  
Standing, standing alone!