

7 Brides For 7 Sinners

Carbon Leaf

Hold the phone.
Where's the fire?
Call the preacher.
We must pray.
Round up the kids,
'cause this is
Not your average wedding day.

What do we have?
Seven brides for seven sinners
What do we need?
Father, Son, and holy smokes.
Just, get them to the church on time

How could this happen?
Has hell frozen over?
Don't question lest you go insane.
When sons of loggers marry
Daughters of gold digging squatters
Quiet towns are never quite the same.

What do we have?
Seven brides for seven sinners
What do we need?
Hollers, guns, and rolling oats.
What do we have?
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The girls are saints the boys are sinners
come place your bets down at church for winners.
Don't question miracles of God.
A marriage so disparaged is the stitch
When rich and poor are hitchin'
Just run when lightning strikes the rod.

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Just, get them to the church on time.