

# Bridegroom Blues

John Wesley Harding

The streets are doing a waltz  
As their sight is restored to the blind  
And I'm sifting trash on the offchance  
That there might be something to find  
And Mary lets her fingers do the walking  
Her baby's nearly due  
She's listening but no-one's talking  
At the citizen's advice bureau  
And Joe is down on the dole-queue  
He should have signed on yesterday  
Even if he was a carpenter and she was his lady  
He still wouldn't be able to make it pay  
No

And he don't believe in angels  
She's been seeing another man  
Infidelity runs in the family  
But that wasn't a part of the plan  
And shepherds watch the flicks by night  
At the king's cross all night show  
Something's trying to catch their eyes  
But they're too grossed out to know  
And the three kings travel like three ships a-sailing  
They've got some gifts he'll need  
Cocaine for sniffing, money for corruption, and a whole load of videos of I  
love Lucy

But the king of the country he's getting frightened  
He doesn't want to be another man's pawn

And he crushes the beer can between his hands  
He sees his fate, the clown yells checkmate  
And another star is born

But the baby is killed in an instant  
As though his whole life were a dream  
Though his book sells well and he pulls out the stops  
Everyone knows he's a hyped-up hasbeen

And the t-shirts just embarrass  
And thought become memories after a while  
He's looking so much older now  
It's hard to believe that that was style  
And he throws his cloak out to his fan  
It's his last chance sacrifice  
The girls are crawling a cut-glass sea  
No-one even wants to look twice  
Cos the circle's all but full now  
But the stalls are empty for the latest son  
Who just smiles and says  
Give my regards to fleet street, I've gotta run

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