

Cake

Wax

I don't know where to begin
The apple of my eye
She don't know I'm a heathen
Thinks I'm a stand up guy
My world is all unfolding
She's gonna catch me soon
She bout to stop that yodelin'
And sing a different tune

Mazel tov
Whiskey shots
Think I found the right one
There's a lot you don't know about
You can come in to the house
But you really shouldn't poke around
Set the stage cut the cake
Nothin's gonna go wrong
Shhhhhh don't tell
If she finds out it'll all go to hell

I took some acting lessons
I'm perfect for the role
My angel wings are upside down
I've traveled well below
If I keep my composure
I might get to the end
Without a full disclosure
And then I die I guess

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Makers bottle in the back of the azalea bush
I could be driven over the edge with just the slightest push
Some people cite a trouble as a rite of passage
Ascend into enlightenment or descend into madness
Sorry I was daydreamin' bout Reno
The patterns on the colorful carpet of the casino
Could be painted on the back of my eyelids or coffin door
I don't wanna walk I wanna be spatula'd off the floor

I don't mean to be a bastard
But if you knew about that it'd be nothing but a hassle
Shit I'm depraved
And the secrets that I got, I'mma take 'em to the grave

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Everything's cool
The priest is here
The flowers are in place
You lookin' good
Got your tuxedo
You can do this
Bowtie's straight
Her family is here
They flew in from across the country
You're cool
You're a great groom