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Vintage

Madrigal

"I'm not a wanton woman

by nature",

said Eve betrothed

"What turned out be a slithering snake

at first glance was just a garden hose

Something old, something new,

something borrowed, and

someone blew away the dust

off these old wedding vows

Yes, You can count on me to be true

I do, I do.

I do believe in me,

and I believe in you

Oh the Jester was quite foolish

to think I would consent to him,

and jumpstart my new life

with a cardinal, crimson sin

Perhaps breathing in this snowy mountain air

plays tricks in these old heathen hills

My groom to be stands in disbelief

at my circle of broken trust

Beg pardon, Sir I haven't said

'To have and to Hold' which probably

fuels this Joker's lust

Soon my wedding bells will ring

and old ghosts will be dispatched.

Yes, within reach of Winchester's sainted day,

this Summer, I'll stand a bride and on

my wedding day

no shame I'll need to hide

Behind skirts and veils and fairytales
seven jewels are sewn
in my bridal gown's trail
as a memory for my locket book

Paisley embroidered,
another blank becomes a page,
a calling card from another age

Something old, something new,
someone borrowed something and
blew away the dust
off these old marriage vows

You can count on me
to be true I do, I do,
I do believe in me, and
I believe in you

No scandal will be served at
my wedding feast.
Fine wine and fancy dishes will
appear borne by friends
entwined with sandaled feet

Yes, there will be wine and mead
and ginger beer,
and if
the Jester acts the rude

This maid will be ready
with a punch of derring-do

Kerchiefed Judy's got a lizard
on her blouse and a pair
of burgundy red chaps

Her feathered Mayan cards can
foretell the past and
a future that will last.

I sure wouldn't want to roll
the dice on this sly
Coyote's wink

When the preacher
says the holy words
I may blush,
but I surely will not blink

I may even kiss that Knave
if he offers me his cheek

Because ten years down the road
an itch could turn to scratch,
but until further notice
uh huh, I've met my perfect match.

Yes, I've met my perfect match

Deep well, deep well,
Well are you thirsty?
I think I see a garden hose

Uh huh, just remember that
until further notice, I've met my
perfect match.

Yes, until further notice,
I've met my perfect match!"

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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