

**A Wedding In Connecticut**

**Ron Pope**

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**C/G:** 332010

**C:** 032010

**Em:** 022010

**Am:**002210

**Fmaj7:** 003210

**G6:** 320010

**C/G C Em Am C Fmaj7** x2

**C/G** **Em**

There was a pretty girl

**Am** **C Fmaj7**

from some small suburb of Dallas

**C/G** **Em** **Am C Fmaj7**

and she came up to New York with a dream

**C/G** **Em**

In the confusion and the noise

**Am** **C Fmaj7**

all of her beauty and her poise

**C/G** **Em** **C**

turned grey like snow beside the city street

**C/G** **Em**

she met a boy named Steven

**Am** **C Fmaj7**

they made love in his apartment

**C/G** **Em** **Am C Fmaj7**

in a second story walk up out in Queens

**C** **Em**

and the things she hoped to find

**Am** **Fmaj7**

beneath him on that August night

**C** **Em**

was the farthest thing from her

**Am C Fmaj7**

as she dressed to leave

**Fmaj7 G6 C**

so she hides her eyes

**Fmaj7 G6 C**

says a slow goodbye

**Fmaj7 G6 C Em Fmaj7**

swears by the morn-ing light, she ll be fine

**C Em**

at a wedding in Connecticut

**Am Fmaj7**

the mother of the bride

**C Em Am C Fmaj7**

day dreams about her husband who s just past

**C Em**

as she stands to give her toast

**Am Fmaj7**

she says the only thing i know

**C Em**

is when you find a love thats worth it

**C C**

make it last

**C Em**

so she chokes back the tears

**Am Fmaj7**

and speaks of all her daughters years

**C Em Am C Fmaj7**

thirty christmas of memories that she keeps

**C Em**

and the speech was sad and sweet

**Am Fmaj7**

she kisses guests as they all leave

**C Em C**

then heads off to her hotel room to weep

**Fmaj7 G6 C**

so she bides her time

**Fmaj7 G6 C**

and says a slow goodbye

**Fmaj7 G6 C Em C**

swears by the morn-ing light, she ll be fine

**Fmaj7 G6 C**

yeah she hides her eyes

**Fmaj7 G6 C**

though its hard some nights

she ll take her own sweet time, she ll be fine

C/G Em C Fmaj7 x2

A welder who spent twenty years

working in an auto plant

gets laid off on a thursday afternoon

and he grips the fourty-five

that rests in the glove box when he drives

then puts the gun away and wonders what to do

so he parks in his driveway

and head against the steering wheel

and tries to think what to tell his wife

and in the kitchen, he explains

and swears they ll be okay

she says, you re the only thing i need in this life

so he bides his time

and says a slow goodbye

swears by the morn-ing light, he ll be fine

yes he hides his eyes

though its hard some nights

he ll take his own sweet time, and he ll be fine

C/G Em Am Fmaj7

C/G Em C C