



OLD MAN MARKLEY FOR BETTER FOR WORSE

For better, for worse
Love's a blessing, love's a curse
She's an angel, I'm just a man
I'll always love her 'til I can't stand
[x2]

Well, I met her on a Sunday, she was
standing in the sun
I picked up some wild roses, asked her
"could I be the one?"
She smiled and took my hand, an angel's
vision standing there
She kissed me on the cheeks and threw
my roses in the air

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April showers brought the mud, puddles
littered under foot
I threw down my brand new jacket, didn't
want it messing up her looks
She jumped across that puddle, picked up
my dirty coat
She tossed it in the garbage and my
heart sank in that moat

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And now the trees turn shades of blood
as the days were getting short
Wished I could have kissed you baby,
sitting swinging on the porch
But you blew me off completely, no
matter how I tried
I didn't want to face it but I knew the
truth inside

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My winter coat was red (like the color of
her dress)
Now I held her one last time (then I laid
her down to rest)
Well, I gave her every chance (well, she
should have realized)
That's why they had me locked away,
that's why she had to die

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I always loved her but she had a man