

## Wedding Hells

As they walked into the lobby, they really caused a scene  
With their clothing black and scruffy, and language quite obscene  
No etiquette or decorum, they really couldn't care  
Two fingers up to the ones that said, they really shouldn't be there

Their leader he was a big fella, six foot three, measured up to the chin  
With a neck as wide as a tree trunk, there certainly was lots of him  
Marched his way up to the front desk, and crushed the bell with the palm of his hand  
Demanded to be shown to the wedding, he had some things to say to the man

The reception was down in the ballroom, the man on the front desk confessed  
But he didn't want any trouble, it really must be stressed  
The big man he chose to ignore him, he had much bigger fish to fry  
Someone had impregnated his daughter, and someone was going to die

He kicked open the doors to the ballroom, where the revellers stood still in shock  
All quiet, but for Bill Hayley's comets as they chose to rock on round the clock  
The bride's mother stood to confront them, and put this riff raff into their place  
But so easily she was silenced, with the palm of a hand in her face

The bridegroom jumped up to confront him, far too willing to fight  
Running straight into his knuckles, knocking him out like a light  
That is for having my daughter, as a part of your stag night melee  
Erm said the grovelling best man, it wasn't the groom it was me.  
By Lee Haigh.