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## Waiting At The Church

Reference number PT0367

I'm in a nice bit of trouble, I confess;  
Somebody with me has had a game.  
I should by now be a proud and happy bride,  
But I've still got to keep my single name.  
I was proposed to by Obadiah Binks  
In a very gentlemanly way;  
Lent him all my money so that he could buy a home,  
And punctually at twelve o'clock to-day

There was I, waiting at the church,  
waiting at the church,  
waiting at the church  
When I found he'd left me in the lurch,  
Lor, how it did upset me!  
All at once, he sent me round a note  
Here's the very note,  
This is what he wrote  
"Can't get away to marry you today,  
My wife, won't let me!"

Lor, what a fuss Obadiah made of me  
When he used to take me in the park!  
He used to squeeze me till I was black and blue,  
When he kissed me he used to leave a mark.  
Each time he met me he treated me to port,  
Took me now and then to see the play;  
Understand me rightly, when I say he treated me,  
It wasn't *him* but *me* that used to pay.

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Lor, how it did upset me!  
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Just think how disappointed I must feel,  
I'll be off me crumpet very soon.  
I've lost my husband, the one I never had!  
And I dreamed so about the honeymoon.  
I'm looking out for another Obadiah,  
I've already bought the wedding ring,  
There's all my little fal-de-riddles packed up in my box  
Yes, absolutely two of ev'rything.

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