

Marianne

John Hiatt

Oh, Marianne
Please don't marry that insurance man

I just saw your picture in the paper
Surrounded by extensive wedding plans
Tell me this is just one of your capers
Say you haven't met with their demands

Oh, Marianne
Love talks cheap and faster than I can
Oh, Marianne
Please don't marry that insurance man

I can't see you packing up his lunches
I can't see you diapering his son
You're the girl who always played her hunches
So how'd you figure out that this was one

I'm not saying I grew up in love with you
I'm sayin', "Why grow up at all?"

So tell that Hoosier boy to put on clean socks
And the finest double-knits that he can wear
'Cause when that invitation hits my mailbox
I'll see you at his funeral, my dear