

John Hiatt, Marianne

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

CHORUS:

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

REPEAT CHORUS

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

REPEAT CHORUS