

Julia Weldon**"Marian"**

Visit "[Marian](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Marian walks into the bar
Tight jeans, and her heart out on her sleeve
And she takes a stool right next to me
Buys me a drink
And paints a picture of her life story

She says
My daddy's a jerk
But I miss the cornfields
And I've shot up coke
But I love the good Lord
She says
I, don't, care
If I don't know you
'Cause you look, like, wheat
And smell like the Kansas breeze

Marian walks outside the bar
She's looking for the good life in the stars
She's asking
Why can't we just be kids again
And I grab her tiny waist and pull her in

She says
My daddy's a jerk
But he's a brilliant fucker
And I love to smoke
Do you want another?
She says
I, don't, care
If I don't know you
'Cause you look, like, wheat
And smell like the Kansas breeze
Smell like the Kansas breeze...

4 o'clock it's time to leave the bar
And Marian looks gorgeous but I guess I'll call a car
She says I love you, but where do you belong?
And I tell her
Darling I'm in between, I'm in between right and wrong

She says
My daddy's a jerk
And I wonder what he
Did to her
To make her wear big black boots
She says
I, don't, care
If I don't know you
'Cause you look, like, wheat
And smell like Kansas
Oh I, don't, care
If I don't know her
Because she looks, so, sweet
And the city is crazy
Oh I, don't, care
If I don't know you
'Cause she looks, like, wheat
And she smells like the Kansas breeze
Smell like the Kansas breeze
Smell like the Kansas breeze...

Visit [Julia Weldon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.