

Dennis Brown

"Don't Marry Her"

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Think of you with a pipe and slippers
Think of her in bed
Laying there just watching tele
Think of me instead

I'll never grow so old and flabby
That could never be
Don't marry her have me

Your love life shines of cardboard
But your work shoes are glistening
shes a Phd and i told you so
Your a knight hood and im not listening

She'll grab your Sandra Bullocks
And slowly raise her knee
Don't marry her have me

Chorus
And the Sunday Sun shines down on san Francisco bay
And you realise you can't make it any way
You'll have to wash the car take the kids to the park
dont marry her
have me

those lovely Sunday morings
With breakfast brought in bed
Those Blackbirds look like knitting needles
trying to peck your head

Those birds will peck your soul out
And throw away the key
Don't marry her have me

Chorus

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