

John Hiatt "Marianne"

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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

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

Chorus

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