

Supremes "Sadie, Sadie"

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(Jule Styne/Bob Merrill)

Sadie, Sadie married lady
See what's on my hand
There's nothing quite as touching
As a simple wedding band

Oh how that marriage license works
On chamber maids and hotel clerks
The honeymoon was such delight
That we got married that same night

I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady
Still in bed at noon
Cracking my brain deciding
Between orange juice and prune

He says nothing is too good for me
And who am I not to agree
I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady
That's me

Sadie, Sadie married lady
Meet a mortgagee,
The owner of a ice-box
With a ten year guarantee
Oh, sit me in the softest seat

Quick a cushion for my feet
Do for me buy for me
Lift me carry me
Finally got a guy to marry me

Do my nails, read up on the sales
All day the records play
Then he comes home I tell him
Oh, what a day I had today

I swear I'll do my wifely job
Just sit at home become a slob
I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady
I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady

I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady that's me

That's who?

That's you!

That's me

I'm Sadie, Sadie married lady that's me

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