

## South

### "Don't Marry Her"

Visit "[Don't Marry Her](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Think of you with pipe and slippers,  
think of her in bed.  
Laying there just watching telly,  
then think of me instead.

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

And your love light shines like cardboard,  
but your work shoes are glistening.  
She's a Ph. D in 'I told you so',  
you've a knighthood in 'I'm not listening'.

She'll grab your sweaty Bollocks,  
then slowly raise her knee.  
Don't marry her, have me

And the Sunday sun shines down on San Francisco bay,  
and you realise you can't make it anyway.  
You have to wash the car,  
take the kiddies to the park.  
Don't marry her, have me.

Those lovely Sunday mornings,  
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.

And the kitchen's always tidy,  
and the bathroom is always clean.  
She's a diploma in 'just hiding things',  
you've a first in 'low esteem'.

When your socks smill of angels,  
but your life smells of Brie.  
Don't marry her, have me.

And the Sunday sun shines down on San Francisco bay,  
and you realise you can't make it anyway.  
You have to wash the car,  
take the kiddies to the park.  
Don't marry her, have me.

And the Sunday sun shines down on San Francisco bay,  
and you realise you can't make it anyway.  
You have to wash the car,  
take the kiddies to the park.  
Don't marry her, have me.

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.