

## **Doubt No "Marry Me"**

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I can't help that I like to be kissed  
And I wouldn't mind if my name changed to Mrs.  
This is one side, my conventional side  
An attraction to tradition  
My vintage disposition  
My sincere architecture  
And I want to cook him dinner  
But I'm more indecisive than ever  
And who believes in forever?

Who will be the one to marry me?

A girl in the world barking up the wrong tree  
A creature conditioned to employ matrimony  
Crumbling continuity, I pick up the pieces  
The ceremony makes me zealous  
As the past quickly ceases  
Fear from being neutered  
I'm now prude, now defensive  
Quickly I'm altered and tempted by new love only  
rented

Do you believe you'll marry me?  
You might be the one to marry me

Back, looking back, looking back at me  
I'm not how I used to be  
Take me back, take me back into history  
Diamond ring, tie me down just like it used to be

Who will be the one to marry me?  
Who will be the one to marry me

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