

## Marianne

John Hiatt

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

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

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