

Marie Provost

Nick Lowe

Marie Provost did not look her best
The day the cops bust into her lonely nest
In the cheap hotel up on Hollywood West
July 29

She'd been lyin' there for two or three weeks
The neighbors said they never heard a squeak
For hungry eyes that could not speak
Said even little doggie's have got to eat

She was the winner
That became the doggie's dinner
She never meant that much to me
Woe, poor Marie

Marie Provost was a movie queen
Mysterious angel of the silent screen
And run like the wind the nation's young men steam
When Marie crossed the silent screen

Oh she came out west from New York
But when the talkies came Marie just couldn't cope
Her public said Marie take a walk
All the way back to New York

She was the winner
That became the doggie's dinner
She never meant that much to me
But now I see, poor Marie

Those Quaalude bombs didn't help her sleep
As her nights grew long and her days grew bleak
It's all downhill once you've passed your peak
Mary got ready for that last big sleep

The cops came in and they looked around
Throwing up everywhere over what they found
The handywork of Marie's little dachshund
That hungry little dachshund

She was the winner
That became the doggie's dinner
She never meant that much to me
Woe, poor Marie

Poor Marie, poor Marie, poor poor Marie
Poor Marie, poor Marie, poor Marie