

Jessica Andrews, Marrying Kind

Sittin' in a Key West bar, here I am:
There they are, hangin' from the rafters,
Like monkeys.
Watch 'em gather 'round, it's a primal sound:
"Can I buy you another round or get your number?"
Check, please.
They try to touch my heart but they move way too fast
Just another night of foreplay in a shot glass.
Where do I find the marryin' kind?
The kind of guy who'll settle down,
Who ain't afraid to be tied down.
And he loves his mother.
Where do I find the marryin' kind?
Whoa oh, whoa oh.
Whoa oh, whoa oh.
The lawyer with the crooked tie;
College boys with hungry eyes lookin' for the next notch
On their bedpost.
The doctor from Baltimore; kinda cute:
Twice divorced, tryin' to score,
But me, I want somethin' more.
Well, I don't want to be the last to leave the party.
Well, I wanna know is it me? Oh where is he?
Where do I find the marryin' kind?
The kind of guy who'll settle down,
Who ain't afraid to be tied down.
And he loves his mother.
Where do I find the marryin' kind?
Oh
Whoa, whoa oh.
Classifieds, date lines: safer sex online.
My biological clock's playin' with my life.
Average Joes, reality shows.
I don't know.
Just when I think I've found the man of my dreams,
I realize, he's only in my dreams.
Where do I find the marryin' kind?
Oh, the kind of guy who'll settle down,
Who ain't afraid to be tied down.
And he loves his mother.
Where do I find:
Where do I find the marryin' kind?
Oh, whoa.
Oh, whoa.
Sittin' in a Key West bar, here I am:
There they are, hangin' from the rafters,
Like monkeys.