

# John Hiatt, Marianne

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

CHORUS:

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

REPEAT CHORUS

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

REPEAT CHORUS