Marie Provost

Nick Lowe

Mary 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 winner
The became the doggie's dinner
She never meant that much to me
(But now I see) Oh poor Mary

Mary Provost was a movie queen
Mysterious angel of the silent screen
And run like the wind
The nation's young men steam
When Mary crossed the silent screen
Oh she came out west from New York
But when the talkies came
Mary just couldn't cope
Her public said Mary take a walk
All the way back to New York

Those twin balms 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 handy work of Mary's little dachshund
That hungry little dachshund

Poor Mary, poor Mary, poor poor Mary
Poor Mary

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