

# Oh Marie

Sheryl Crow

Here she comes, she's all dressed up in daisies  
Half the time, you'd swear that she is crazy  
Flowered drinks and low-cut dress  
That's the way I know her best  
She says she's lonely, how could she be  
Every night she's got company

Oh Marie

I sure hope you're happy

Oh Marie

What about me, Marie?

She likes the way, she looks in her Camaro  
She likes lingerie, but he prefers the sombrero  
She's so famous on the block  
She stumbles home around four o' clock  
She claims the guys are hard to please  
She wears teen perfume behind her knees

Oh Marie

I sure hope you're happy

Oh Marie

What about me, Marie?

All day long, she fills me up with dogma  
She's all magazines, and Benzedrine and Vodka  
There was one man, she truly loved  
He took everything but her bear-skin rug  
And now and then, it's clear to me  
That need is love, and love is need

Oh Marie

I sure hope you're happy

Oh Marie

What about me, Marie?

Oh Marie

What are you looking for?

Oh Marie

Always an open door  
What are you looking for?

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