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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