

Mary Lou

Bruce Springsteen

Your scrapbook's filled with pictures
Of all your leading men
Well baby don't me picture in there with them
Don't make me some little girl's dream
That can never come true
Oh baby, don't do it to me
I won't do it to you Mary lou, I'm not like all those other guys
Mary lou, I won't fill pretty head with their pretty lies
Mary lou, and dreams that never, never, never ever will
Come true
Mary lou, I don't deserve to hurt and make you cry like
You do You seen all the romantic movies
You dream to take the boys home
But when the action fades you're left all alone
You deserve more than this, oh your love that can grow
And not playing outtakes, girl, from some late-late show,
No no
Mary lou, you're not like all those others girls
Mary lou, so afraid to shake up that real world Every night you go out lookin' for
True love's satisfaction
But you'll end up setting for just lights, camera, action
In another cameo role with some bit-player you befriended
You're gonna go broken-hearted
Lookin' for that happy ending

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