The Short Answer

Billy Bragg

Between Marx and marzipan in the dictionary there was Mary
Between the deep blue sea and the devil that was me
If ever anyone could help me with my obsession with
The young Suzannah York, it was MaryIn my pink pajamas she asked me for something
I gave her the short answer
She read our stars out loud
And I knew then that we should have gone sailing
But we stayed home instead fighting on the water bed
Like a honeymoon couple on drugs, me and MaryWhat happened in the past
Remained a mystery of natural history
She should have been the last
But she was just the latest
If she wanted to be a farmer's wife
I would endure that muddy life
I would dig for victoryAnd the sound of happy couples
Coupling happily in the dark
While you and I sat down to tea
I remember you said to me
That no amount of poetry
Would mend this broken heart
But you can put the Hoover 'round
If you want to make a startAll my friends from school
Introduce me to their spouses
While I'm left standing here
With my hands down, the front of my trousers
I just don't know what's to be done
I wonder sometimes how did Dad meet Mum
And how did they conceive of me
Tell my MaryThe boys who came to the shop
Always made her laugh much more than I did
When I told her this must stop
She didn't bat an eyelid
She said, "You know, honey, it's such a shame
You'll never be any good at this game
You bruise too easily", so said MaryHer two brothers took me out
Of circulation for the duration
So we went our separate ways
But does she still love me
She still has my door key

Like a bully boy in a Benetton shop
You're never happy with what you've got
Till what you've got is gone, sorry MarySo girl, could be better girl
[Incomprehensible]
The brown eyed girl

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