

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 a 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?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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