

Marie Provost

J Church

Marie Provost did not look her best,
The day the cops broke into her lonely nest,
From the cheap hotels up on Hollywood West,
July 29

She'd been lying there for two or three weeks,
The neighbours said they'd never heard a squeak,
But hungry eyes that cannot speak,
Said even dogs have got to eat

She was a winner that became a dog's dinner,
She never meant that much to me,
Whoah, poor Marie

Marie Provost was a movie queen,
Mysterious angel of the silent screen,
And from the film into a young man's dream,
When Marie crossed that silent screen,

She came out west from old New York,
But when the talkies came she just couldn't cope,
Her public said "Marie take a walk,
All the way back to New York"

She was a winner that became a dog's dinner,
She never meant that much to me,
Now I see, poor Marie

Those Quaalude bombs didn't help her sleep,
As the nights grew long, the days grew bleak,
It's all downhill when you've passed your peak,
Marie got ready for that last big sleep

The cops broke in and they looked all around,
Throwing up everywhere at what they found,
The handywork of the little dachshunds,
The hungry little dachshunds

She was a winner that became a dog's dinner,
She never meant that much to me,
Now I see, poor Marie,
Poor Marie,
Poor Marie,
Poor, poor Marie,
Poor, poor Marie