

Marilyn

Bella White

I overheard a man talking to his friends about some gal named Marilyn

Said she was cooking him a good dinner

But he wished that she was thinner

Well, I hated that man

And my heart went out to poor Marilyn

With so much love to give

Buying trinkets for the bathroom

And good wine for drinking

But you see this man was a menace

He disregarded her presence

And I loathe him as he stands

Taking all he can get from poor Marilyn

He was a nasty man

He was a foolish man

Well, often he did not seem bothered

He was an undeserving father with a cruel hand

He was a mean old man

All the time she spent learning to love again

What he thought was awful

Like her belly growing softer after she birthed their baby daughter

Still can not comprehend

All the sadness that I feel for sweet Marilyn

He was a nasty man

He was a foolish man

It was always one thing or another

He was in search of a younger lover to take his hand

Oh, but no one can

He was a nasty man

He was a foolish man

He was a mean old man

He was a nasty man

He was a mean old man

He was a foolish man

He was a nasty man

He was a mean old man