

# Marilyn

Bella White

I overheard a man talking to his friends about some gal named M  
arilyn  
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 daug  
hter  
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