

# Mary Lou

Bruce Springsteen

You're scrapbook's filled with pictures of all your leading men  
Well baby don't put my picture in there with them  
Don't make us some little girl's dream that can never come true  
Oh baby don't do it to me I won't do it to you  
Mary Lou, I'm not like all those other guys  
Mary Lou, I won't fill your pretty head with their pretty lies  
Mary Lou, and dreams that never, never, never ever will come true  
Mary Lou, that'd only serve to hurt and make you cry like you do  
You've seen all the romantic movies, you dream and take the boys home  
But when the action fades you're left all alone  
You deserve more than this, a real love that can grow  
And I ain't playin' outtakes, girl, from some late late show,  
Mary Lou, you're not like all those other girls  
Mary Lou, so afraid to shake up that real world

Every night you go out looking for true love's satisfaction  
But you always end up setting for just lights, camera, action  
And another cameo role with some bit player you're befriendin'  
You're gonna go broken-hearted looking for that happy ending  
Mary Lou, I've seen all those movies too  
Mary Lou, I know the hurt too much dreaming can do  
Mary Lou, you're gonna end up just another lonely ticket sold  
Mary Lou, crying alone in the theatre as the credits roll