

Sweet Marjorie she's talking to me  
I only say she's right  
Knowing her that's the only way not to be here all  
night

Sweet Marjorie don't talk to me  
Your eyes outshine the stars  
Don't break the spell by saying love is just a farce

She tells me I don't understand her point of view  
And I admit I really think so too  
My arguments don't ever seem to reach her  
'No politics now, please'- but here we go again

She says now this is where we disagree  
You've got to open up your eyes and see  
To live a periscope life like that

I'll tell you where I'm at  
You maybe better off dead

She's so extreme, she won't let me dream  
Won't let me love and caress  
I'm always told to look around and conclude this  
world's a mess

Sweet Marjorie, she's dining with me  
I say let's order some food  
Although the system's wrong- the menu's looking good

I know the whole world fights and kills and hates  
But lady must that always spoil our dates  
I can't imagine that the world would end  
If I would eat my steak now that it's warm