Marie Provost

Nick Lowe

Marie Provost did not look her best The day the cops bust into her lonely nest In the cheap hotel up on Hollywood West July 29

She'd been lyin' there for two or three weeks The neighbors said they never heard a squeak For hungry eyes that could not speak Said even little doggie's have got to eat

She was the winner That became the doggie's dinner She never meant that much to me Woe, poor Marie

Marie Provost was a movie queen Mysterious angel of the silent screen And run like the wind the nation's young men steam When Marie crossed the silent screen

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

She was the winner That became the doggie's dinner She never meant that much to me But now I see, poor Marie

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

The cops came in and they looked around Throwing up everywhere over what they found The handywork of Marie's little dachshund That hungry little dachshund

She was the winner That became the doggie's dinner She never meant that much to me Woe, poor Marie

Poor Marie, poor Marie, poor poor Marie Poor Marie, poor Marie, poor Marie