

Bruce Springsteen, Mary Lou

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, no
Mary Lou, you're not like all those others girls
Mary Lou, so afraid to shake up that real world

Every night you go out looking for true love's satisfaction
But you allways 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