

St. Vincent, Marry Me

Marry me, John
Marry me, John I'll be so good to you
You won't realize I'm gone

Marry me, John
Marry me, John I'll be so sweet to you
You won't realize I'm gone
You won't realize I'm gone

Many people wanna make money, make love
Make friends, make peace with death
But most mainly want to win the game they came to win
They want to come out ahead
But you you're a rock with a heart like a socket I can plug into at will
And will you guess when I come around next?
I hope your open sign is blinking still

So marry me, John
Marry me, John I'll be so good to you
You won't realize I'm gone
You won't realize I'm gone

As for me, I have to agree
I'm as fickle as a paper doll being kicked by the wind
When I touch down again I'll be in someone else's arms

Oh John, c'mon
We'll do what married people do
Oh John, c'mon
(I don't care
what you want
I want to
Marry you)
We'll do what Mary and Joseph did
Without the kid

So marry me, John
Marry me, John
I'll be so good to you
You won't realize I'm gone
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