

The Smiths, Marie's The Name (His Latest Flame)

Very old friend
Came by today
As he was telling everyone in town
Of all the love that he'd just found

And Marie's the name (of his latest flame)

Talked and talked
And I heard him say
That she had the longest blackest hair
Prettiest green eyes anywhere

And Marie's the name (of his latest flame)

The last night of the fair
By the big wheel generator
A boy is stabbed
His money is grabbed
And the air hangs heavy like a dulling wine

She is Famous
She is Funny
An engagement ring
Doesn't mean a thing
To a mind consumed by brass (money), oh

The last night of the fair
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
A hideous trait (on her mother's side)

Then someone falls in love
Someone's beaten up
Someone's beaten up
And the senses being dulled are mine
And someone falls in love
Someone's beaten up
And the senses being dulled are mine

This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
Of a speedway operator
Is all a tremulous heart requires
A schoolgirl is denied
She said : "How quickly would I die
If I jumped from the top of the parachutes ?"

This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
Of a speedway operator
Is all a tremulous heart requires
A schoolgirl is denied
She said : "How quickly would I die
Oh, if I jumped from the top of the parachutes ?"

...Oh, walk home alone
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout

I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout