

C **G** **Fmaj7** **G**
 1. Think of you with pipe and slippers, think of her in bed
Fmaj7 **C** **D** **G**
 Laying there just watching telly, then think of me instead
C **G** **Fmaj7** **G**
 I'll never grow so old and flabby, that could never be
Fmaj7 **G** **C**
 Don't marry her, have me

2. Your love light shines like cardboard, but your work shoes are glistening
 She's a PhD in 'I Told You So', you've a knighthood in 'I'm Not Listening'
 She'll grab your Sandra Bullocks and slowly raise the knee
 Don't marry her, have me

C **Fmaj7**
 R: And the Sunday sun shines down on San Francisco Bay
Fmaj7 **C**
 And you realise you can't make it anyway
Fmaj7 **C**
 You have to wash the car, take the kiddies to the park
Fmaj7 **G** **C**
 Don't marry her, have me

3. Those lovely Sunday mornings, with breakfast brought in bed
 Those blackbirds look like knitting needles trying to peck your head
 Those birds will peck your soul out and throw away the key
 Don't marry her, have me

4. And the kitchen's always tidy, the bathroom's always clean
 She's a diploma in 'Just Hiding Things', you've a first in 'Low Esteem'
 When your socks smell of angels but your life smells of Brie
 Don't marry her, have me

R:

R: