

Not Tonight Marie
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Not tonight, Marie, it's been a day,
Of deals goin' down and bills to pay.
A lousy boss, a double cross,
And golden chances slipped away.
I'm tired, Marie, and so depressed.
I hid my eyes while you undressed.
It's been a long hard day for me.
I'm tired, so not tonight, Marie.

Not tonight, Marie, your hands are cold!
I almost feel I'm growing old.
A few less hairs, a need for chairs,
A dread of hearing fortunes told.
You're lovely, love, I'm proud to say,
But please don't wear that negligee.
You're lying much too close to me,
I'm tired, so not tonight, Marie.

Oh, God, Marie! I've got no chance,
You simply cast that sidelong glance.
You scent the room with sly perfume
And let your lovely fingers dance.
Your lovely lingering fingernails;
A heartless trick, that never fails.
Some night you won't get through to me,
Oh no, but not tonight, Marie!

Not tonight, Marie! The full moon shines,
I'm showing all the danger signs.
To hell with rest, I'll thump my chest,
I'll swing across the room on vines.
Marie, I don't care where or how.
Marie, you've purely had it now.
Some night you won't get through to me,
By God, but not tonight, Marie!