

I can't help that I like to be kissed
And I wouldn't mind if my name changed to Mrs.
This is one side, my conventional side
My attraction to tradition
My vintage disposition
My sincere architecture
And I want to cook him dinner
But I'm more indecisive than ever
And who believes in forever

Who will be the one to marry me?

A girl in the world barking up the wrong tree
A creature conditioned to employ matrimony
Crumbling continuity, I pick up the pieces
The ceremony makes me zealous
As the past quickly ceases
Fear from being neutered
I'm now prude, now defensive
Quickly I'm altered and tempted by new love only rented

Do you believe you'll marry me?
You might be the one to marry me

Back, looking back, looking back at me
I'm not how I used to be
Take me back, take me back into history
Diamond ring, tie me down, just like it used to be

Who will be the one to marry me?
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