

Crazy Mary – Pearl Jam

She lived on the curve of the road
In an old, tar-paper shack
On the south side of the town
On the wrong side of the tracks
Sometimes on the way into town we'd say
"Mama, can we stop and give her a ride"?
Sometimes we did
But her hands flew from her side
Wild eyed, crazy Mary
Down a long dirt road, past the Parson's place
That old blue car we used to race
Little country store
With a sign tacked to the side
Said 'No L-O-I-T-E-A-R-R-I-N-G Allowed'
Underneath that sign
Always congregated quite a crowd
Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around
Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around
Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it
Pass it a, pass it around
One night thunder cracked
Mercy backed outside her window sill
Dreamed I was flying high above the trees
Over the hills
Looked down into the house of Mary
Bare bulb hung, newspaper-covered walls
And Mary rising above it all
Oh oh oh oh
Next morning on the way into town
Saw some skid marks and followed them around
Over the curve, through the fields
Into the house of Mary
That what you fear the most
Could meet you halfway
That what you fear the most
Could meet you halfway

Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around
Take a bottle drink it down pass it, pass it around
Take a bottle drink it down pass it,
Pass it a, pass it around
Pass it a, pass it around



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych