

# 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