

## **Victoria Williams**

### **"Crazy Mary"**

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She lived on a curve in 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 as she shook her head  
And her hands flew from her side  
Wild eyed, crazy Mary

Down along the road, past the Parson's place  
The old blue car we used to race  
Little country store with a sign tacked to the side  
Said, "No L O I T E 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 around

One night thunder cracked mercy backed outside her  
windowsill  
Dreamed I was flying high above the trees, over the  
hills  
Looked down into the house of Mary  
Bare bulb blown, newspaper-covered walls  
And Mary rising up above it all

Next morning on the way into town  
We 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 around

Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around

Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around

Around, around, around, around

Where she stops no, no, nobody knows

No, nobody knows, nobody knows

Nobody knows, no, nobody knows

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