

Chapin Harry

"If My Mary Were Here"

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I would not be so stoned

If my Mary were here

I don't think I'd have phoned you

If my Mary were here

I'm a sad sack Sir Galahad

Who's sword's around his knees

With a Grail no longer holy

And a prayer that's saying - please

I would not be alone

If my Mary were here

But she took off

And Lord I'm lost.

I don't think I'd be drinking

If my Mary were here

And I know what I'd be thinking

If my Mary were here

We'd be wrapping up a blanket

Full of cheddar cheese and wine

Packing up our camper with a rendezvous in mind

And we'd picnic out in Lincoln Park

If Mary were here

But she split
So I got lit
I'm sorry that I called you
In the middle of the night
But you're the one who listens
When I need a little light
I know we haven't talked
Since I dropped you in the dirt
I know you're not my lady now
But Baby, how I hurt.
(I could whistle up an old tune
That your memory might recall
Rustle up some reminiss
'Bout the good old days and all
If I were seeking someone else
I could find a way to hide
But I'm pleading like a pauper, Babe
And it leaves no place for pride)
I would toss away my troubles
When my Mary was here
But now I'm lost inside the rubble
Cause my Mary's not here
So could I come on over
With my heart in my hands
And place it on your pillow

Like a rusty old tin can
I'm drunk and seeing double
And my Mary's not here
Once again
Be the friend
That you've been
And take me in.
Please take me in

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