

Association "Along Comes Mary"

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Every time I think that I'm the only one who's lonely
Someone calls on me
And every now and then I spend my time at rhyme and
verse
And curse those faults in me

And then along comes Mary
And does she want to give me kicks, and be my steady
chick
And give me pick of memories
Or maybe rather gather tales from her fails and
tribulations
No one ever sees

When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

When vague desire is the fire in the eyes of chicks
Whose sickness is the games they play
And when the masquerade is played and neighbor
folks make jokes
At who is most to blame today

And then along comes Mary
And does she want to set them free, and let them see
reality
From where she got her name
And will they struggle much, when told that such a
tender touch of hers
Will make them not the same

When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

And when the morning of the warning's passed, the
gassed and flaccid kids
Are flung across the stars
The psychodramas and the traumas gone
The songs are left unsung and hung upon the scars

And then along comes Mary
And does she want to see the stains, the dead remains

of all the pains
She left the night before
Or will their waking eyes, reflect the lies, and make
them realize
Their urgent cry for sight no more

When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch, sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch, sweet as the punch

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