

Barrett Dave

"Maria"

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Hey Maria, where are ya goin
Put down the suitcase and please bolt the door
Children play'n oh can ya hear 'em
Their calling your name from outside the corridor.
Hey Maria, you know what I'm here for
Didn't bring no ladder, ain't down on my knee
Come and take my hand now, Maria
And just say you'll run away with me
So come on little Maria
We're two bush leaguers on the attack
I'm an ugly Casanova
With a chip on my shoulder
And there ain't no turning back
Hey Maria, there's your Daddy
Look's like he's collecting our bail
He doesn't think we'll make it to Wisconsin
His big hope is that we'll land in jail.
Hey Maria, look out the window
Come on now and tell me what ya see
Cops are book'n and the pimps they are hook'n
This ain't no place for you and me.
So come on little Maria
We're to bush leaguers on the attack
We're just two Casanovas
With a chip on our shoulder
And there ain't no turning back
Now someday Maria, you and I
We'll find ourselves on our own.
And I might me making minimum wage
In some bar room minstrel show
And then someday we'll own it
Like I said we always would
Remember how we were talk'n on the top of my car
hood.
Hey Maria, it's time to go now
Pack up your suitcase, throw in some of my clothes.
Look at the Dukes, they are standing on Ashland
Their wiping the eyes and blow'n they nose.
Hey Maria, we'll come back soon
And we'll stand on our own wealth and fame
Maybe we'll come back and get your Daddy
If the guy will just remember my name.

So come on little Maria
We're two bush leaguers on the attack.
We're just two bosanovas
With chips on our shoulders
And there ain't no turning back.

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