

Barrett Dave "Trade-offs"

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Mary, Mary, quite contrary
Where's your white wine, silver, and gold
Is it locked now in your mansion
Having pity on the eye's of the poor
Now in weary halls of the cathedral
Mary tries to pray for her soul
She doesn't know the price of her penance
She find's herself now very old
And she goes
Oh baby, just one more time
Will you please give me
Some piece of mine
In the moonlight, in the moonlight
In the room with barred up windows
Mary tries to count her gold
She doesn't know the price
Of her wealth now
She finds herself, very old
And she goes
Mary, Mary where have you gone too
Where's your white wine, silver and gold
Is it locked now in your mansion
Having pity on your soul.

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