

## Buried In Verona

### "Call Me Mr In Between"

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I saved up my money to buy my sweetheart some  
flowers  
For Saturday's date and I restlessly counted the hours.  
Then today in the mail I received this short little note  
And I broke down inside at the message that her  
mother wrote.  
Mary Ann regrets she's unable to see you again;  
We're leaving for Europe next week, she'll be busy till  
then.  
They know that she loves me, but poor boys don't fit in  
their plan.  
Good-bye true love, good-bye my sweet Mary Ann.  
The weeks have gone by not a word have I heard since  
then;  
In the papers I read of the far away places she's been.  
I can't eat, I can't sleep for over and over again  
My mind reads that letter and I cry for my Mary Ann.  
Mary Ann regrets she's unable to see you again;  
We're leaving for Europe next week, she'll be busy till  
then.  
They know that she loves me but poor boys don't fit in  
their plan.  
Good-bye true love, good-bye my sweet Mary Ann.  
My Mary Ann died, they said she just wasted away;  
If I could have seen her I know she'd be living today.  
For we loved each other and if they'd have left us  
alone,  
Today she'd be wearing my ring, not a blanket of  
stone.  
Mary Ann regrets she's unable to see you again;  
We're leaving for Europe next week, she'll be busy till  
then.  
They know that she loves me but poor boys don't fit in  
their plan.  
Good-bye true love, good-bye my sweet Mary-Ann

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