

Burl Ives

"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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