

## **Joe Purdy**

### **"Mary May & Bobby"**

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Mary May & Bobby

It was a fine day in the fifth grade  
when Mary May let Bobby walk her home from school.  
He had her books in hand,  
and he was listening to every word she said  
like it was the gospel of the prophecies.  
And he loved the way her hair fell across her dress.  
Went home singing, "Who wrote the book of love"  
and try a little tenderness, yeah.

The next day on the playground,  
Bobby sat Mary down on the swing set behind the  
sandbox  
and she said, "Bobby I just want to play,  
so what is this you have to say?"  
He said, "Mary, marry me.  
We could live out by the sea  
like they do on the movie screen.  
Oh, marry me, Mary May,  
before you go back to play."

It was graduation day.  
They were waiting on a plane to take Mary away.  
Said, "There's nothing left for me here but you.  
Bobby, I hope that you can find yourself through.  
There's so much that I wish to know,  
and I have to do this on my own  
and I hope that you can understand.  
Bobby, write me when you can.

He said, "Take my high school ring,  
so time to time now you can think of me  
and there's just one more thing before you leave..."

He said, "Mary, marry me  
we could live out by the sea  
Oh, like they do on the movie screen.  
Oh, marry me, Mary May,  
before you up and fly away."

There's so much time has passed since that day  
and Mary stopped writing years ago  
and Bobby never took his music on the road.  
Guess he never really gave up hope.  
Now Mary she's got everything she thought she wanted  
got a Ph.D., she is an independent business woman  
climbing up the corporate ladder  
though it really don't seem to matter,  
she is lonely beyond belief.  
So one day she went home  
looking for the only love she'd ever known.

She found him once again,  
playing a circuit at the Holiday Inn,  
still singing the song about the one he lost long ago.  
Just goes to show, you never know.

She took his hand in hers  
not everything she had planned and rehearsed.  
She said, "Bobby, marry me.  
We could live in a apartment building with a window  
view.  
We could take in movies on the weekend  
while planning our vacation.  
Take a honeymoon by the sea.  
Oh Bobby, won't you just marry me?  
Won't you just marry me?  
Oh please, marry me."

It was a fine day in the fifth grade  
when Mary May let Bobby walk her home from school...

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