

David Allan Coe "Crazy Mary"

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In the lamplight burning low AND
Dimly through enchanted woods
She rocks beside the fire that never was lit
And as we ran on by
Pretending to be frightened
We WOULD shout and laugh at Crazy Mary

CHORUS:

Crazy Mary from LONDONDERRY
Lives next door to the cemetery
How many lovers have you buried
We would shout, running scared
ACROSS the green and golden paths
That LED us home, away from Crazy Mary

She would never answer us
JUST SMILE through the window softly
Wild-eyed and wild-haired but we were sure
That in the dark of night
She cursed us soundly, casting spells
And such to turn us into donkeys

So THEY WENT THE SUMMNER YEARS
EACH ONE MORE FLEETING THAN THE LAST ONE
RUSHING DOWN THE GREEN AND GOLDEN PATHS
AND SOON THE WOODS WERE NOT ENCHANTED
ANYMORE
FOR WE WE HAD GROWN AND WE'D FORGOTTEN CRAZY
MARY

SO IT COMES that older now
We stand upon this windswept moor
The lonely STONE before us
Testifies that Crazy Mary ROCKS AND SMILES and
dreams
HeR dreams somewhere
But not where little kids can follow after

And on the stone, these words, dear friend
Please write me down as one who loved
The raven-haired and laughing lads

That swore that they would marry me
BUT soon their sons came running by
And here I lie, forgotten, Crazy Mary.

IN THE LAMPLIGHT BURNING LOW AND DIMLY
THRU ENCHANTED WOODS WE THINK
ABOUT THE SINS THAT WE COMMIT ALONG
THE GREEN AND GODEN PATHS OF GOWING UP
WE LIGHT THE FIRE AND SAY A PRAYER FOR CRAZY
MARY

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