

Tom Verlaine

"Mary Marie"

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(Verlaine)
Dried-up corn
all around your well
fences breaking down
One big mill
so still
don't it look just like a crown
Mary Marie
Can't they see they can't run your ship aground
Mary Marie
Can't they see they can't borrow what you found
Empty boxes
piled up one in another
gleaming in the wind
One huge fountain
shut down completely
and then the glare begins
Mary Marie
what a waste all the hands that just won't try
Mary Marie
if they taste their own bitterness they'll fry
Last night so foggy
Today the rain
I saw the hand come down on the flame
But the light goes on
I still hear your voice
and how the burning remains
Mary Marie
taking leave turning mirrors to the wall.
Mary Marie.

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