

Travelling Wilburys "Maxine"

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It was late in the month of November,
She was loading up the wagon in the rain.
Said she'd be back in the morning,
But she never came through here again.
I'd see her in the market,
She never had much to spend,
These days the market's an old pile of mud
And she never came through here again.
Maxine, Maxine, Maxine
Time plays tricks on your memory,
It seems a long weekend,
She said she'd be back here by Monday,
But she never came through here again.
Some say a saucer landed,
And someone took her in,
They found her blue seraph here on the ground
And she never came through here again.
Maxine, Maxine, Maxine, Maxine.
Maxine, Maxine, Maxine, Maxine.
I bought a tabloid paper,
She was rumored to be in,
Was a photo of a woman on a llama,
But she never came through here again.
And if you should see her,
She may be old by then,
Tell her that I miss her and ask her when
She's ever coming through here again.

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