

Crosley Field "Ave. Maria"

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she's working late
most every night
her son is sick at home.
and she sends
as much money as she can
to her mother in Mexico.

Avenue Maria, heart of gold.
Avenue Maria, bless your soul,
hallelua

I hope your god,
whoever that is,
forgives you for your sins.
'coz you deserve
to be bathed in light
with your Jesus by your side.

Avenue Maria,
Avenue Maria, go on home,
hallelua

no one's seen
Maria in weeks,
I think she went back home.
I heard her son died
Lord, how she cried!
she returned to Mexico.

Avenue Maria, you're getting old.
Avenue Maria, bless your soul,
hallelua.

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