

Morphine "Mary"

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Cross my fingers and I hope to God
I knock on wood and pray with all I've got
You can cross my bow with a cannonball
See the writing on the wall, oh

Well, there's no map and there's no clue
Of where to go and what to do, who to dog
And who to ride, who to hold forever by your side
Yeah, forever by your side

Mary, won't you call my name?
Mary, won't you call my name?
Mary, won't you call my, Mary, won't you call my
Mary, won't you call my name?

Well, I fell into the hands of a rich man's daughter
She led me like a lamb, no bother
To go and live inside a barn
On her daddy's 90 acre farm

Well, hide your daughters in the snow
And watch out for the undertow
Hold both hands against the door
Dig your feet into the floor

Tell ya, there's no map and there's no clue
Where to go and what to do, who to dog
Who to ride, who to hold forever by your side
Yeah, forever by your side

Mary, won't you call my name?
Mary, won't you call my name?
Mary, won't you call my, Mary, won't you call my
Mary, won't you call my name?

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