

Jonny Greenwood "Mary, Mary, So Contrary"

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Mary, oh Mary, so quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
These silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty men all in our room,
When you see contrary Mary,
Told her eye, refuse to terry.
We spoke very soft and slow
Without your pretty men, Mary,
Standing in a row.
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary.

Smoke a high cool cigarette,
Turn around and then we left,
Smiling as the way began to grow,
We got your pretty men all in a row.
Mary, Mary, so quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
These silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty men all in our room,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary.
When you see contrary Mary,
Told her eye, refuse to terry.
We spoke very soft and slow,
We got your pretty men standing in a row.
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
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