

Bertolf

"Mary"

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Too bad I never got to know you
I never got to check how much she's like you
For all I know is the picture in the window
But I can't even tell that your eyes are blue

She says that you might've liked me
And that we would've had something to talk about
I wanna take your little girl and make her happy
But how can I be sure that I'm allowed

So Mary, Mary, Mary
Let me ask you for your daughter's hand
To marry, marry, marry me
Oh, could you make it rain if you understand

We visited your stone day after Christmas
We had to wipe the snow off to clearly see
And as she laid her head down on my shoulder
I saw all I know 'bout you is her grief

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To marry, marry, marry me
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If you understand

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