

Patrick Watson

"Mary"

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As he walks through the door
With her hair in the wind
She's my golden girl

There goes Mary walking down on a sunny road, too
willing
Passing right pass all the guards with a smile we sure
all remember
She looks back once and she laughs out loud
She turns her head and gets back to the original
mission

There's a castle built on a cloud
Just like momma used to raise you by
She walks out to the door
Strange noise twists open
And she changed her smile with precision

Then the man walks out the door
Takes her hand and tells her he wants to see more
Shakes her head and turns away
Shakes, and she climbs away

All she's lookin' for is a place
A place where everything is okay
A place where she can rest her head

Rest her head...

Rest her head...

Rest her head...

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