

All "Mary"

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If you talk to Mary, please don't look at me
'Cause she's never seen me before
Don't call attention to the man outside of me
'Cause she can cut my head off with the blinking of her
eye

And I'm not supposed to be here and I'm too young to
die
See, she carries my confusion in the pocket of her
jeans
Bouncing like a pinball in between extremes

I'm not surprised, this happens all the time
And my hand lights her cigarette inside my mind
And she's never seen me before

So if you talk to Mary, please don't mention me
'Cause she's never seen me before
Just let me hide behind the smoke and pleasantries
'Cause I do my best work with the mannequin brigade

I just peek around the statues, spitting art and foreign
trade
And she looks a hole right through me to a shadow on
the wall
Till I'm sick of my surroundings while I'm not here at all

I'm not surprised this happens all the time
And my hand lights her cigarette inside my mind
And she's never seen me before

Warhol monotone, robotic talk
We're all so smart, we're so perceptive
But her mouth doesn't move
Except to smile to be polite, to be receptive
She burns me with a glance, I look away
I'm safely cool, I'm so deceptive

I'd give my right arm for a different situation
I look around, I see everybody watching me
I set myself up for this stupid situation

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