

Richard Shindell

"On A Sea Of Fleur De Lis"

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I adore thee Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch
And let me live in the arms of a sorry old elm
Give the gypsy moths a realm of their own
For a postman's fee would I work for Thee
From that tree would I swoop down and leave
A billion blue eggs of eternity
And in no time you'd have your own See

Don't just stare
I mean it, really
Hear my prayer
I give it freely
Are you there Fleur-de-Lis?

I adore thee Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch
And let me live in the arms of willow
And fly around not wearing a stitch
For so long has this room been so hollow
We wait at the gate for an echo
In the flesh of your newly cleaned frescoes
Where Jesus holds John to his breast

Wrapped around
And rocking slowly
No one bound
To be so holy
In your gown of fleur-de-lis

I adore thee Mother Mary
But would you change me back to a witch
As a witch would I love you more than any man
So give a wink, give a nod, but give a damn
Be a sport, Mary, and don't tell Dad
He need never know how He's been had
And never you mind about those seven seals
Daddy was a one shot deal

One, two, three
It could be that easy
There we'd be

I with my baby
On a sea of fleur-de-lis

Do-re-mi
It could be that easy
There we'd be
I with my baby
On a sea of fleur-de-lis

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