

Screeching Weasel "Mary Was An Anarchist"

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Mary was a girl with a cause
She was simply fed up
Mary moved out to Berkeley
And stuck pins,, her face as a sort of statement

Against oppression of her sex, yeah

Mary took a walk in the park
With a sign in her hand
Mary threw a rock at a cop
And man she felt like a man

You know the ugliness became her
But now she's gone
She couldn't take it, take it, take it anymore
And what she won

She won a husband who embodies
Everything she hated
And all her friends from years ago
Are selling stocks in IBM right on

Mary finally saw she couldn't
Change the world
Mary often fondly looks back
And pats herself on the back

For a convenient romanticized version
Of the facts of what she'd done
But she didn't change a goddamn single on
Of the oppressive pigs who made her what she was

And the empowerment she felt was just a crumb
Compared to all the butts of jokes that she'd become
And now she's at the kitchen table all alone
And she ended up exactly like her mom

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