

David Alan Coe

"Crazy Mary"

Visit "[Crazy Mary](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

By M. Smith

Crazy Mary from London berry
Lives next door to the cemetery
How many lovers have you buried
We would shout, running scared
Along the green and golden paths
That took us home, away from Crazy Mary

In the lamplight burning low
Dimly through enchanted woods
She rocks beside the fire that never was lit
And as we ran on by
Pretending to be frightened
We'd shout and laugh at Crazy Mary

She would never answer us
Smiled through the window softly
Wild-eyed and wild-haired but we were sure
That in the dark of night
She cursed us soundly, casting spells
And such to turn us into donkeys

So it seems that older now
We stand upon this wind-swept moor
The lonely grave before us
Testifies that Crazy Mary sings and dreams
He dreams somewhere
But not where little kids can follow after

And on the stone, these words, dear friend
Please write me down as one who loved
The raven-haired and laughing lads
That swore that they would marry me
And soon their sons came running by
And here I lie, forgotten, Crazy Mary.

Visit [David Alan Coe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

