

Summer Donna "Virgin Mary"

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Look at the lady with the crazy stare in her eyes
looks way past 50 though she's barely 35
sleeps most days in the city park
every night down at Casey's bar
and if she talks at all you hear her say
"I was a lovely girl in my younger days"
She was the prettiest girl this town had ever seen
but she dressed too gaudy for the likes of the people
here
out every night living life to the full
a string of men at her beck and call
but smalltown people got smalltown ways
and soon she was stuck with a brandnew name
Hey Virgin Mary
Lover of lovers
How many others
Your bed is never empty
it must bring you plenty
Oh that fateful night there was thunder in the air
the women were angry and the men felt like a share
a lynch mob frenzy came over the town
grabbed hold of Mary, threw her down to the ground
the first man there that had Mary laid
staggered back with shock on his face
Hey Virgin Mary
Be true to your name
we've put you to shame
you're not what we thought
the victim of talk!
Hey Virgin Mary
rumour was your ruin
evil talk was your undoing
heavy on the conscience
jealous talk and nonsense
you were really like your name
and we put you to shame
you're not really what we thought
jealous talk and nonsense

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