

Gang Bloodhound

"Along Comes Mary"

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Every time I think that

I'm the only one who's lonely

Someone calls on me

And every now and then

I spend my time at rhyme and verse

And curse those faults in me

And then along comes Mary

And does she want to give me kicks and be my steady
chick

And give me pick of memories

Or maybe rather gather tales from all the fails and
tribulations

No one ever sees

When we met I was sure out to lunch

Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

When vague desire is the fire

In the eyes of chicks whose sickness

Is the games they play

And when the masquerade is played

The neighbor folks make jokes

At who is most to blame today

And then along comes Mary

And does she want to set them free and
Let them see reality
From where she got her name
And will they struggle much
when told that such a tender touch of hers
Will make them not the same
When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch
And when the morning of the warning's passed
The gassed and flaccid kids
Are flung across the stars
The psychodramas and the traumas gone
The songs have all been sung
And hung upon the scars
And then along comes Mary
And does she want to see the stains,
The dead remains of all the pain
She left the night before
Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies
And make them realize
Their urgent cry for sight no more
When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch

Sweet as the punch

Sweet as the punch

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