

## **Jam Pearl**

### **"Crazy Mary"**

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She lived on the curve in the road  
In an old tar paper shack.  
On the south side of the town  
On the wrong side of the tracks.  
Sometimes on the way into town  
We'd say, "Mama can we stop and give her a ride?"  
Sometimes we did  
But she shook her head  
And her hands flew from her side.  
Wild eyed  
Crazy Mary.  
Down a long dirt road  
Past the Parson's place.  
That old blue car  
We used to race.  
Little country store with a sign tacked to the side.  
Said 'NO L-O-I-T-E-R-I-N-G ALLOWED.'  
Underneath that sign always congregated quite a crowd.  
Take a bottle drink it down. Pass it around.  
Take a bottle drink it down. Drink it... Pass it around.  
Pass it a...

A-take a bottle drink it down. Pass it... Pass it a... Pass it around.

One night thunder cracked.

Mercy backed outside my windowsill.

Dreamed I was flying high

Above the trees over the hills.

Looked down into the house of Mary.

A bare bulb on.

Newspaper covered walls.

And Mary rising up above it all.

Oh... Oh... Oh...

Next morning on the way into town

Saw some skid marks and followed them around.

Over the curve,

Through the fields,

Into the house of Mary.

That what you fear the most could meet you halfway.  
(x2)

Take a bottle drink it down. Pass it around.

Take a bottle drink it down. Pass it... Pass it around.  
Pass it a...

Take a bottle drink it down. Pass it... Pass it a... Pass it around.

Oh, pass it a... Pass it around. Pass it a... Pass it a...  
Pass it a...

Oh yeah

