

Traveling Wilburys "Maxine"

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It was late in the month of November
She was loading up the wagon in the rain
Said she'd be back in the morning
But she never came through here again

I'd see her in the market
She never had much to spend
These days the market's an old pile of mud
And she never came through here again

Maxine, Maxine, Maxine

Time plays tricks on your memory
It seems a long weekend
She said she'd be back here by Monday
But she never came through here again

Some say a saucer landed
And someone took her in
They found her blue seraph here on the ground
And she never came through here again

Maxine, Maxine, Maxine, Maxine
Maxine, Maxine, Maxine, Maxine

I bought a tabloid paper
She was rumored to be in
Was a photo of a woman on a llama
But she never came through here again

And if you should see her
She may be old by then
Tell her that I miss her and ask her when
She's ever coming through here again

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