

Lost Trailers, The "Mary"

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You've got walls worth tearing down.
You've got words worth listening to.
But you've been scarred just like your Mama said you might.
But you still treat people right, every night.
But you've got ways to make people drop their pain.
And that's worth everything you take; everything.

Mary, ain't it something; they never thought that you could make it this far.
But now you're standing at the corner of Broad and Hollywood Boulevard.
Mary, ain't it something; they never thought that you could make it at all.
Without a dollar or a place you could fall, but it's all just ahead of you now.

You've got a past worth bringing out.
You've made a path worth following.
But you've got arms that need to hold more than the streets,
And the cold beneath the sheets.
'Cause you've got ways to make me drop me my pain.
And that's worth every mile it takes to LA.
Mary, ain't it something; they never thought that we could make it this far.
But now we're driving past the corner of Broad and Hollywood Boulevard.
Mary, ain't it something; they never thought that we could make it at all.
With out a dollar or a place you could fall, but it's all just ahead of us now.

Mary, ain't it something, we had nothing at all, we had nowhere to fall,
Now, we've got it all.

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