Along Comes Mary

Bloodhound Gang

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 meAnd then along comes Mary

Mary, Mary

Then along comes Mary

Mary, MaryAnd 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
Sweet as the punchWhen vague desire is the fire in
The eyes of chicks whose sickness is the
Games they play

And when the masquerade is played and neighbor Folks make jokes as who is most to Blame todayAnd then along comes Mary

Mary, Mary

Then along comes Mary

Mary, MaryAnd 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
Sweet as the punchAnd 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 are left unsung and hung
Upon the scarsAnd then along comes Mary

Mary, Mary

Then along comes Mary

Mary, MaryAnd does she want to see the stains the Dead remains of all the pains she left the

Night before?

Or will their wakin' 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 punchWhen we met I was sure out to lunch

Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punchWhen we met I was sure out to lunch Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punchWhen we met I was sure out to lunch Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punchWhen we met I was sure out to lunch Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punchWhen we met I was sure out to lunch Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punchWhen we met I was sure out to lunch

Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch Sweet as the punch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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