

Maria Is A Mystery

David Allan Coe

Maria has a music box she winds up most every day
Once a week is all it takes to make the music play
Melody is just some childhood lullaby her mother used to sing to her
And the road down to the city goes right by Maria's door
I often walk right by her house on my way to the store
Up there where those Italian mothers dress their shivering bambinos for the rain
She tells me about Jesus and all his gallant men I tell her about fantasy
Maria she's this lady on my way down to the river Maria she's a mystery
Maria she's a mystery

Yeah passing by this morning I drew a picture in my hand
Our bodies in some candlelight that glowed upon our skin
Maybe if I touched her she would disappear like angels in a dream
She tells me about Jesus
La la la la la la