

Mary Says

Bob Geldof

Mary says she smells the winter coming in
She sniffs the cooling air like some old dog
She says the problem with these endless
summers Is endless summers always have to end

She pack a pen inside an empty pocket
She says it's all she's ever going to need
"I'll write a book of poems if I get hungry"
She looks around just once before she leaves

Everybody's always saying goodbye
Everybody's got some place to leave
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

Beheaded suns will light her crooked pathway
Six-pointed stars illuminate her road
Amputee moons guide her through her darkest
nights And silver armies help to ease her load

She says her problem with these endless summers
Is endless summers always have to end
The thinning sky is throwing lovely shadows
The summer's gone and autumn's almost spent

Everybody's always saying goodbye
Everybody's got some place to leave
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Everybody always says goodbye

Everybody's always saying goodbye
Everybody's got some place to leave
Mary feels the winter coming in
She smelt it on the cooling breeze

Mary says Mary says