Mary queen of Arkansas, it's not too early for dreaming
 The sky is grown with cloud seeds sown and a bastard's love can be redeeming

Mary my queen your soft hulk is reviving
No you're not too late to desecrate the servants are just ri
sing

2. Well I'm just a lonely acrobat, the live wire is my trade I've been a shine boy for your acid brat and a wharf rat of your state

Mary my queen your blows for freedom are missing You're not man enough for me to hate or woman enough for kis sing

The big top is for dreamers, we can take the circus all the way to the border

And the gallows wait for martyrs whose papers are in order But I was not born to live to die and you were not born for que ening

It's not too late to infiltrate the servants are just leaving

3. Mary queen of Arkansas your white skin is deceiving
You wake and wait ooh to lie in bait and you almost got me b
elieving

But on your bed Mary I can see the shadow of a noose
Oh I don't understand how you can hold me so tight and love
me so damn loose

But I know a place where we can go Mary
Where I can get a good job and start out all over again clean
I got contacts deep in Mexico where the servants have been seen