

Lonesome Mary

Chilliwick

I went down to see lonesome Mary
She was sitting all alone
She was crying for the contrariness
That made a desert of her home

She was weeping and a-wailing
You know she does it every day
I said Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary
How can you live that way

She said I don't know
Must be in my soul
I guess I must be the most contrary
Hard to get along with
Person in this world

Ooh, Lonesome Mary
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Yeah, yeah, yeah

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