

## 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  
Ooh, Lonesome Mary  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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Well, it must be in my soul  
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Ooh, Lonesome Mary  
Ooh, Lonesome Mary  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah