

Ah Miss Mary won't you please come home from China.  
Bring a bottle of whiskey and a tin cup for your teeth.  
Don't you sneak into the back door wearing some disguise.  
Knock on the front door in view of the Temperance Guild.

Ah Miss Mary won't you please come home cause I miss ya.  
Your old spinster sister don't always give good advice.  
Look at her she's in love with that drunken bandy-  
legged sheriff.  
He'll unzip her pantsuit, but never leave his fat wife

Ah Miss Mary won't you please come home from China.  
Come home from China.  
Come home from China.

Now that fake old beatnik poet the volunteer fireman.  
He don't care if you come, he don't like I do.  
He's in love with his dog and all his volunteer fireman.  
And he is afraid to let the end of his versus rhyme.