

Mary Bloody Mary

Defleshed

Six weeks after the burial
Of the young beautiful Mary
I walk with a spade towards the
Great cemetery in which she's dead
Mary McEnroe, I've known you since I was two
When we were nine, you were so fine, you were only mine
At twenty-five you met Clive, you became his bride
At twenty-seven you reached heaven because of me
I dig in the mud, a coffin I see in which you must be...
I jump in the grave
Jump in the grave, eager to meet you
In there you lay
In there you lay, a pleasure to meet you again
I carry you up
I carry you up, I just want to see you again...
We dance on the grave and we move like the sea
This process reeks, you've been dead now for weeks
Still you've got charm but I can't find your arms
Mary bloody Mary is dead
But I kept her beautiful head