

Mary Shut The Garden Door

Donald Fagen

They came in under the radar
When our backs were turned around
In a fleet of Lincoln Town Cars
They rolled into our town
Confounded all six senses
Like an opiate in the brain
Mary shut the garden door
Looks a lot like rain

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We pounded Rachel's radio
For reports about the bridge
There was nothing on but static
Nothing in the fridge
We lay there listening to the wind
Whistling through the pines
When we heard the engines idling
Saw the headlights through the blinds

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Rough dreams
Those voices in the kitchen
I woke up
And sensed the new condition
They won
Storms raged
Things changed
Forever

So if you ever see an automaton
In a midprice luxury car
Better roll the sidewalks up
Switch on your lucky star
'Cause this zombie does impressions
But not really to amuse
This ballad is for lovers
With something left to lose

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