

Mother Mary

Far

Like elvis, like everyone
We all die, we all live on in photos
and paperblacks, if we're lucky
we're coming back
Mother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over
over me
We notice
We understand
We throw out all we can
We're on the market, we're up on racks
If we're really lucky we're coming back
I would never decide
Mother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over
over me