

# If My Mary Were Here

Harry Chapin

I would not be so stoned  
If my Mary were here  
I don't think I'd have phoned you  
If my Mary were here  
I'm a sad sack Sir Galahad  
Who's sword's around his knees  
With a Grail no longer holy  
And a prayer that's saying - please  
I would not be alone  
If my Mary were here  
But she took off  
And Lord I'm lost.

I don't think I'd be drinking  
If my Mary were here  
And I know what I'd be thinking  
If my Mary were here  
We'd be wrapping up a blanket  
Full of cheddar cheese and wine  
Packing up our camper with a rendezvous in mind  
And we'd picnic out in Lincoln Park  
If Mary were here  
But she split  
So I got lit

I'm sorry that I called you  
In the middle of the night  
But you're the one who listens  
When I need a little light  
I know we haven't talked  
Since I dropped you in the dirt  
I know you're not my lady now  
But Baby, how I hurt.

(I could whistle up an old tune  
That your memory might recall  
Rustle up some reminisce  
'Bout the good old days and all  
If I were seeking someone else  
I could find a way to hide  
But I'm pleading like a pauper, Babe  
And it leaves no place for pride)

I would toss away my troubles  
When my Mary was here  
But now I'm lost inside the rubble  
Cause my Mary's not here  
So could I come on over  
With my heart in my hands  
And place it on your pillow  
Like a rusty old tin can  
I'm drunk and seeing double  
And my Mary's not here  
Once again  
Be the friend  
That you've been  
And take me in.

Please take me in.