

My Maria

John Cale

My Maria
She's a simple kind of girl
Goes to Mass
Sees the blood of Jesus flow

Ohhh Maria
Ohhh Maria

Then her mother told her baby how her brother died
Streets were fighting and the rivers all ran dry

Ohhh Maria
Ohhh Maria

God bless the child
Who leaves his mother
And gives his all
To see the fight (To see the fight)
To see the fight (To see the fight)
To see the fight (To see the fight)

Death, destruction, God and country
When she fell
Never saw those faces 'til she got to hell

To see the fight (To see the fight)
To see the fight (To see the fight)
To see the fight (To see the fight)