

# My Mary

Merle Haggard

I take a trip every evening  
Strolling down memory lane  
I'm walkin' again those familiar paths  
Dreaming those dreams again.

And I can always see my sweetheart  
Just as she used to be  
Waiting for someone at the garden gate  
And I know that someone is me.

Big brown eyes and pearly hair  
And you'd tell that's Mary  
Rosy cheeks and ruby lips  
Can't you tell that's Mary.

Ofttimes in the evenings we'd go strolling  
Hand in hand together beneath the pepper tree  
And I can feel her hand in mine as I sit alone tonight  
Dreaming of the times I spent with Mary.

Ofttimes in the evenings we'd go strolling  
Hand in hand together beneath the pepper tree  
And I can feel her hand in mine as I sit alone tonight  
Dreaming of the times I spent with Mary.

Oh gee, wouldn't it be wonderful  
To open up the doors of the past  
And live again as yesterday  
But you know no matter where I wander  
No matter where I roam  
There'll always be a place in my heart, boys  
For a girl way back, for a girl that I used to call Mary...