

Mary

Olympic

Mary, Mary

Is many times so lonely
she's unhappy
the reason to cry is always
my guitar, baby

what she will say when she comes
and she will find an empty house
with very few words on it
that I love her
well, I must play, I must play

Well, even so she hopes
believes and dreams
if not today tomorrow evening
I'll be with her, here

Phone is ringin' on my table
I have a guilty look at Mary
and she knows what I will say
and she does at me
"heah", I must play, I must play

Mary, Mary

Is many times so lonely
she's unhappy
the reason to cry is always
my guitar, baby

I'm leaving what she'll say to me
when we'll be together
she'll excuse me
surely she want for ever do at me
like to the others
"heah", I must play, I must play