

# 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