

# Mary

Patrick Watson

As he walks through the door  
With her hair in the wind  
She's my golden girl

There goes Mary walking down on a sunny road, too willing  
Passing right pass all the guards with a smile we sure all remember  
She looks back once and she laughs out loud  
She turns her head and gets back to the original mission

There's a castle built on a cloud  
Just like momma used to raise you by  
She walks out to the door  
Strange noise twists open  
And she changed her smile with precision

Then the man walks out the door  
Takes her hand and tells her he wants to see more  
Shakes her head and turns away  
Shakes, and she climbs away

All she's lookin' for is a place  
A place where everything is okay  
A place where she can rest her head

Rest her head  
Rest her head  
Rest her head