

## Crazy Mary

Pearl Jam

She lived on the curve of the road,  
In an old, tar-paper shack  
On the south side of the town,  
On the wrong side of the tracks

Sometimes on the way into town we'd say:  
"Mama, can we stop and give her a ride?"  
Sometimes we did,  
But her hands flew from her side  
Wild eyed, crazy Mary

Down a long dirt road, past the Parson's place  
That old blue car we used to race  
Little country store  
With a sign tacked to the side  
Said 'No L-O-I-T-E-are-I-N-G Allowed'

Underneath that sign  
Always congregated quite a crowd  
Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around  
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Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around

One night thunder cracked,  
Mercy backed outside her window sill  
Dreamed I was flying high above the trees,  
Over the hills  
Looked down into the house of Mary  
Bare bulb hung, newspaper-covered walls,  
And Mary rising above it all

Next morning on the way into town  
Saw some skid marks and followed them around  
Over the curve, through the fields,  
Into the house of Mary

That what you fear the most,  
Could meet you halfway  
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Could meet you halfway

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