

The Card

Petula Clark

Father puts an ad on the personal page
The print is black and clear
Saying Mary please write
Please don't drop out of site
Mary, we love you dear
Mary, we want you here
Oh, Mary, why did you disappear?

Mother sits at home by the telephone
Her tears won't cease to flow
Praying Mary will call
But there's no call at all
Mary, where did you go?
That's all we want to know
Oh, Mary, call us and say hello

Meanwhile in the city
Mary looks pretty
eating an ice cream cone
With her childhood past
She's free at last
And making it on her own Jimmy puts an ad on the personal page
He can't believe they're through
Darling, I was so blind
But I'm changing my mind
Mary I'll marry you
Just like you want me to
We'll do whatever you want to do

When the ads are in and the type is set
The printer makes a plate
Then it goes off to press
Will the ad bring success?

Jimmy can hardly wait
Mother is in a state
They still don't know that it's much too late

Mary, the escaper, picks up a paper
Reads what the columns say
Walking through a crowd she laughs out loud
And tosses the sheet away
(laughter)