

Hail Mary

Pomplamoose

Oh Mary, I'm not coming home too soon
Tell all our babies that daddy has gone to the moon
My feet were sold to this winding road
My feet were sold, baby, long ago

Oh Mary, I've left you a pile of dough
Under the floor boards near Billy-Joel's radio
Baby I love you, but there's no chance
Baby I love you, but where's romance?

Little Rock, I'm on my way to San Jose
Driving at 90 an hour
The Devil knows me

Oh Mary I think of your eyes every day
If I could see them I surely would not run away
When we were young there was so much time
When I was young there was so much time

Oh Mary, I'm not coming home too soon...