

St. Mary

Rancid

She's got her ticket & she's waitin' at the station
She's got to get away get away as far as she can
Her problems will arise as sure as the sun does shine
She's got to get used to living on the lam

Now Mary's out the door with a loaded .44 in her hand
Shootin' down the law that shot down her dear departed man

When I last saw her she was lookin' troubled
She said this is the 90's I'm gonna be alright
She took the Greyhound into Salinas
I got a letter then she dropped out of sight

Now Mary's out the door with a loaded .44 in her hand
Shootin' down the law that shot down her dear departed man

Shrouded in anger
Encompassed by pain
He was your best friend & you'll never ever ever see him again
Now Mary's out the door with a loaded .44 in her hand