

Mary

The Bolshoi

All that you want, and all you lost
Running wild through your head
Just another little thing that you think about
Lying in your bed

Little things that remind you
Of the days gone by
Best not to look behind you
Keep your eyes on the sky

I thought she was the goddess
When she walked in through that door
Oh Mary, I thought you wanted more

Mary, don't come down here no more
It all got too much
It's kind of hard to keep yourself from falling
When you're, when you're out of luck

I saw her once at the station
Carrying her guilt in her arms
Ain't it weird how the one's who say they love you
Are the ones that do you harm

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When she walked in through that door
Oh Mary, I thought you wanted more

More than just a passing phase, waning up on high
Oh Mary, I thought that you could fly... you could fly

Mary, Mary, Mary, hail Mary
Mary, Mary, Mary, hail Mary

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