

Mary

Venke Knutson

If you're looking for Mary
She's no longer here
She left on a horseback
Few minutes ago
With her eyes catching fire
And her hands were in the air
And I think that she's forgotten
That her bills were due
Weeks ago
Clouds from hell
Carry her away
Fearless like
Angel knights
She rides into the darkness
Of her dizzy world

Arms and legs just floating
Flowing in the wildness of her deep, blue dreams
The money was wasted
In a businessman's brew
The money was wasted
Now she's wasted too
With her eyes catching fire
And her body turned cold
And I think that she's forgotten
The way she breaths
Clouds from hell
Carry her away
Fearless like
Angel knights
She rides into the darkness
Of her dizzy world
Arms and legs just floating
Flowing in the wildness of her deep, blue dreams