

Crazy Mary

Victoria Williams

She lived on a curve in the road, in an old tar-paper shack
On the south side of the town, on the wrong side of the tracks
Sometimes on the way into town we'd say:
"Mama, can we stop and give her a ride?"
Sometimes we did but her hands flew from her side
Wild eyed, crazy Mary

Down along the road, past the Parson's place
The old blue car we used to race
Little country store with a sign tacked to the side
Said "No L-O-I-T-E-are-I-N-G allowed"
Underneath that sign always congregated quite a crowd

Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around
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One night thunder cracked mercy backed outside her windowsill
Dreamed I was flying high above the trees, over the hills
Looked down into the house of Mary
Bare bulb on, newspaper-
covered walls, and Mary rising up above it all

Next morning on the way into town
Saw some skid marks, and followed them around
Over the curve, through the fields, into the house of Mary

That what you fear the most, could meet you halfway
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