Song for Mary

Clem Snide

The voice that whispers
in our head
Suggesting we just stay in bed
Does it seem sweeter-sounding lately
To you as well?Mine sounds a bit like Nat King Cole
Scrambling for change
To pay the toll
This love has lasted longer than we
Did expectWe never would have guessed
We never could have guessed
Becoming somehow turns into become
While the work that we must do is
The work that we must do is
It's never doneMay I audition for the part
Of sweeping up your dusty heart
Well I think I know its darkest corners
Fairly wellAnd may this melody play sweet
Upon those dark deserted streets
Where we forever wait
To meet our mother's heartWe never would have guessed
We never could have guessed
Becoming somehow turns into become
While the work that we must do is
The work that we must do is
It's never done[instrumental section]We never would have guessed
We never could have guessed
Becoming somehow turns into become
While the work that we must do is
The work that we must do isIt's never done
No, it's never done
It's never done
No, it's never done

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