

My Maria

John Cale

My Maria
She's a simple kind of girl
Goes to mass
Sees the blood of Jesus flow Ohh, Maria
Ohh, Maria Then her mother told her
Baby how her brother died
Streets were fighting
And the rivers all ran dry Ohh, Maria
Ohh, Maria God bless the child
Who leaves his mother
And gives his all
To see the fight
(To see the fight) To see the fight
(To see the fight)
To see the fight
(To see the fight) Death, destruction
God and country
When she fell
Never saw those faces
'Til she got to hell To see the fight
(To see the fight)
To see the fight
(To see the fight)
To see the fight
(To see the fight)

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