My Maria

John Cale

My Maria
She's a simple kind of girl
Goes to mass
Sees the blood of Jesus flowOhh, Maria
Ohh, MariaThen her mother told her
Baby how her brother died
Streets were fighting
And the rivers all ran dryOhh, Maria
Ohh, MariaGod 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 hellTo 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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