

# Amory

## Tom Brosseau

When your friends left Princeton for the beach  
without a penny to your name  
Atlantic City and a hotel room where you took all the blame  
When Monsignor Darcy wrote you to find your cousin Clara Paine  
a way to cleanse your robe  
you took after your Mom  
I'd say she'd a done the same

Amory

Now you bleed but you struggled in the Lord above  
you survived the war  
but you lost in love  
may your hair always be auburn  
may your eyes always be green  
clear eyes each time you fall  
for only dealt the hand  
that don't come with a glove

Amory

Oh, Amory

---

Lyrics submitted by Sarah.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>