

Sailor Song (mary ann)

[Regina Spektor](#)

She will kiss you til your lips bleed
But she will not take her dress off
Americana, Tropicana All the sailor boys have demons
They sing oh Kentucky why did you forsake me
It I was meant to sail the sea
Why did you make me
It should have been another state
Oh stay Cause Mary Anne's a bitch
Mary Anne's a bitch Does it matter that our anchor
Couldn't even reach the bottom of a bathtub
And the sails reflect the moon
It's such a strange job
Playing blackjack on the deck
Still
Atop this giant puddle
Dressed in white we quietly huddle with our missiles
And we miss the girls back home
Oh home sweet home Cause Mary Anne's a bitch
Mary Anne's a bitch She will kiss you til your lips bleed
But she will not take her dress off
Americana, Tropicana

Songwriters

Spektor, Regina Published by

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