Mary May & Bobby

Joe Purdy

It was a fine day in the fifth grade
When Mary May let bobby walk her home from school
He had her books in hand
And he was listening to every word she said
Like it was the gospel of the prophecies
And he loved the way her hair fell across her dress
Went home singing who wrote the book of love
And try a little tenderness, yeah

The next day on the playground
Bobby sat Mary down on the swingset behind the sandbox
And she said, bobby I just wanna play,
So what is this you have to say?
He said, Mary, marry me.
We could live out by the sea
Like they do on the movie screen.
Oh, marry me, Mary May,
Before you go back to play

It was graduation day
They were waiting on a plane to take mary away
Said, there's nothing left for me here but you
Bobby, I hope that you can find yourself through
There's so much that I wish to know
And I have to do this on my own
And I hope that you can understand
Bobby, write me when you can

He said, take my high school ring
So time to time now you can think of me
And there's just one more thing before you leave

He said, Mary, marry me
We could live out by the sea
Oh, like they do on the movie screen
Oh, marry me, Mary May,
Before you are fly away

There's so much time has past since that day
And Mary stopped writing years ago

And bobby never took his music on the road
Guess he never really gave up hope
Though Mary shes got everything she thought she wanted
Got a P-H-D, she is an independent business woman
Climbing up the corporate ladder
Though it really don't seem to matter,
She is lonely beyond belief
So one day she went home
Looking for the only love she ever known

She found him once again
Playing circuit at the holiday inn
Still singing the song about the one he lost long ago
Just goes to show you never know

She took his hand in hers
Not everything she had planned and rehearsed
She said, bobby, marry me
We could live in a apartment building with the window hue
We could take in movies on the weekend
Or plan our vacation
Take a honeymoon by the sea
Oh bobby, wont you just marry me?
Wont you just marry me?
Oh please, marry me

It was a fine day in the fifth grade
Mary may let bobby walk her home from school

You're my skinny dippin' girl, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

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