

Mary Beth

Peter Yarrow

The seagull in the dusty dawn is floating on the wind - his wings are still.
And below the weary streets are breathing,
Softly they are watching.
They are not quite ready for the dawn.

Oh, Mary Beth, I love you and the city is so empty.
I dare not find my comfort in the beauty of the morn.
Below the weary streets are breathing,
Softly they are watching.
They are not quite ready for the dawn.

One by one the street lights close their eyes to greet the sun... to greet the sun.
I hear my footsteps falling on the pavement to a knock beside me.
What a hollow sound they make below.
Why, with all this beauty, can I not enjoy myself alone?
Is there a piece of me that's waiting?
Am I incomplete in hating all the times I never spent with you before?

Mary Beth, I love you and the city is so empty.
I dare not find my comfort in the beauty of the morn.
Below the weary streets are breathing,
Softly they are watching.
They are mine full of the coming of my dawn.
Mary Beth, I love you...
Mary Beth... I love you.

Lyrics submitted by Jess Franklin.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>