

# Mary

## All

If you talk to Mary, please don't look at me  
'Cause she's never seen me before  
Don't call attention to the man outside of me  
'Cause she can cut my head off with the blinking of her eye  
And I'm not supposed to be here and I'm too young  
to die  
See, she carries my confusion in the pocket of her jeans  
Bouncing like a pinball in between extremes  
I'm not surprised, this happens all the time  
And my hand lights her cigarette inside my mind  
And she's never seen me before  
So if you talk to Mary, please don't mention me  
'Cause she's never seen me before  
Just let me hide behind the smoke and pleasantries  
'Cause I do my best work with the mannequin brigade  
I just peek around the statues, spitting art and foreign trade  
And she looks a hole right through me to a shadow on the wall  
Till I'm sick of my surroundings while I'm not here at all  
I'm not surprised this happens all the time  
And my hand lights her cigarette inside my mind  
And she's never seen me before  
Warhol monotone, robotic talk  
We're all so smart, we're so perceptive  
But her mouth doesn't move  
Except to smile to be polite, to be receptive  
She burns me with a glance, I look away  
I'm safely cool, I'm so deceptive  
I'd give my right arm for a different situation  
I look around, I see everybody watching me  
I set myself up for this stupid situation  
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