

# Mother Mary

## Eels

People talking sound like dogs  
Barking through the trees  
Making no sense at all  
Meaning nothing to me Mother Mary quite contrary  
I did not mean to let you go so quick People talking crack me up  
They don't have a little clue  
What it's like to be me?  
What it's like to lose you? Mother Mary I grow weary  
I did not mean to let you go so quick People talking sound like dogs  
Barking up the wrong tree  
Take a good man down  
And set the Evil free Mother Mary quite contrary  
I did not mean to let you go so quick

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