

Mary Ann

Bob Dylan

Oh, fare thee well, my own true love
Fare thee well but for a while
The ship is waiting and the wind blows high
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann
Ten thousand miles away from home
Ten thousand miles or more
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn
If I never no more return to you, Mary Ann
Oh, don't you see that crow fly high?
She'll surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you
Let the day turn to night, my dear, Mary Ann
If I had a flask of gin and sugar here for two
And a great big bowl for two to mix it in
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear, Mary Ann
Yes, I'd pour a drink for you, my dear, Mary Ann

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