

# Crazy Mary

Bonnie Koloc

In the lamplight burning low  
And dimly thru enchanted woods  
She rocked beside the fire  
That was never lit  
And as we ran on by  
Pretending to be frightened  
We would shout and laugh at Crazy Mary

Crazy Mary from Londonderry  
Lives next door to the cemetery  
How many lovers have you buried  
We would shout running scared  
Across the green and golden paths  
That led us home  
Away from Crazy Mary

She would never answer us  
Just smile thru the window softly  
Wild-eyed and wild-haired  
But we were sure that in the dark of night  
She cursed us soundly  
Casting spells and stuff  
To turn us into donkeys

So they went the summer years  
Each one more fleeting than the last one  
Rushing down the green and golden paths  
And soon the woods were not enchanted any more  
For we had grown  
And we'd forgotten Crazy Mary

So it comes that older now  
We stand upon this windswept moor  
The lonely stone before us testifies  
That Crazy Mary rocks and smiles  
And dreams her dreams somewhere  
But not where little kids can follow after

And on the stone these words: dear friend  
Please write me down as one who loved

The raven-haired and laughing lads  
Who swore that they would marry me  
But soon their sons came running by  
And here I lie forgotten, Crazy Mary

In the lamplight burning low  
And dimly thru enchanted woods  
We think about the sins that we commit  
Along the green and golden paths of growing up  
We light the fire  
And say a prayer for Crazy Mary

Crazy Mary from Londonderry  
Lives next door to the cemetery  
How many lovers have you buried

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