Mary Queen of Arkansas

Bruce Springsteen

Mary queen of Arkansas, it's not too early for dreamin'
The sky is grown with cloud seed sown and a bastard's love can be redeeming
Mary, my queen, your soft hulk is reviving
No, you're not too late to desecrate, the servants are just risingWell, I'm just a lonely acrobat, the live wire is my trade
I've been a shine boy for your acid brat and a wharf rat of your state
Mary, my queen, your blows for freedom are missing
You're not man enough for me to hate or woman enough for kissingThe big top is for dreamers, we can take the circus all the way to the border
And the gallows wait for martyrs whose papers are in order
But I was not born to live to die, and you were not born for queenin'
It's not to late to infiltrate, the servants are just leavin'Mary queen of Arkansas, your white skin is deceivin'
You wake and wait to lie in bait and you almost got me believin'
But on your bed, Mary, I can see the shadow of a noose
I don't understand how you can hold me so tight and love me so damn looseBut I know a place where we can go, Mary
Where I can get a good job and start out all over again clean
I got contacts deep in Mexico where the servants have been seen

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