Old Mary

The Dead Weather

Old Mary full of grease Your heart stops within you Scary are the fruits of your tomb And harsh are the terms of your sentenceOld Mary, sister of mine Mother to the world, carry this burden Now until the moment of your last breath Now until the moment of your last breathOld Mary full of grease Your heart stops within you Scary are the fruits of your tomb And harsh are the terms of your sentenceOld Mary, sister of mine Mother to the world, carry this burden Now until the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breathNow till the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breathNow till the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breath Now till the moment of your last breath

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