

Mother Mary

PRIORY

It's supper time but he stays outside
He tends to feel the world, the sun is high
He drowns himself in a bottle of rye
The young men live while the old men...Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
In a bed where I can sleep
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry me
To a place where I can sleep
The days are hard but there's mouths to feed
And his old hands still sewing seed
Remembered when he was young, he made that creek
Until the mortal core [?]Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
In a bed where I can sleep
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry me
To a place where I can sleepThe days are hard
The days are hard
The days are hard
The days are hard
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry me
To a place where I can sleep

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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