

# St. Mary

## Rancid

She's got her ticket and she's waitin' at the station  
She's got to get away  
as far as she can  
Her problems will arise as sure as the sun does shine  
She's  
got to get used to living on the line

Now Mary's out the door with a loaded  
.44 in her hand Shootin' down the law that shot down her dear departed man  
When I last saw her she was lookin' troubled She said this is the 90's I'm  
gonna be alright  
She took the Greyhound in to Salinas I got a letter then that  
she dropped out of sight Shrouded in anger Encompassed by pain He was your  
best friend and now you'll never ever ever see him again

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