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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