Mother Mary

Far

Like Elvis, like everyone
We all die, we all live on in photos
And paperbacks, if we're lucky
We're coming backMother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over, over meWe notice
We understand
We throw out all we canWe're on the market
We're up on racks
If we're really lucky
We're coming backMother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over meLike Elvis, like everyone
We all die, we all live on in photos
And paperbacks, if we're lucky
We're coming backI would never decide
I would never decideMother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over, over
Mother Mary over, over me

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