

# 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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