

Maria is a Mystery

David Allan Coe

By David Allan Coe And J. Bolotin

MARIA HAS A MUSIC BOX SHE WINDS UP MOST EVERY DAY
ONCE A WEEK IS ALL IT TAKES TO MAKE THE MUSIC PLAY
MELODY IS JUST SOME CHILDHOOD LULLABY HER MOTHER
USED TO SING TO HER.

AND THE ROAD DOWN TO THE CITY GOES RIGHT BY MARIA'S DOOR
I OFTEN WALK RIGHT BY HER HOUSE ON MY WAY TO THE STORE
UP THERE WHERE THOSE ITALIAN MOTHERS
DRESS THERE SHIVERING BAMBINOS
FOR THE RAINSHE TELLS ME ABOUT JESUS AND ALL HIS GALLANT MEN
I TELL HER ABOUT FANTASY

MARIA SHE'S THIS LADY ON THE WAY DOWN TO THE RIVER
MARIA, SHE'S A MYSTERY
YEA PASSING BY THIS MORNING I DREW A PICTURE IN MY HEAD
OUR BODIES IN SOME CANDLELIGHT THAT GLOWED UPON OUR SKIN
MAYBE IF I TOUCHED HER SHE WOULD DISAPPEAR
LIKE ANGELS IN A DREAM.

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