

Sweet Mary

Rusted Root

Where are you now
That my sweet Mary done died
Alone, alone, alone Somewhere you say
Where my sweet Mary held her grave
In her arms like an infant odyssey You can hush my little darlin
Dont you cry
Hush beneath the dreams
We did roam 'Cause I do believe
It will be just like the color
When the purple sings
When I will know for sure She was held to the blade
Laid down my sweet Mary dear
She laid down upon the cold winters floor And I remember what she said
When she saw the snow turn to red
She said, Lord, let me be the Lord
Let me be the Lord You can hush my little darlin
Dont you cry
Hush beneath the dreams
We did roam 'Cause I do believe
It will be just like the color
When the purple sings
When yes, this angel will cover us

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