

# Mary Jane's Last Dance

Tom Petty

She grew up in an Indiana town  
Had a good lookin' momma who never was around  
But she grew up tall and she grew up right  
With them Indiana boys on an Indiana night  
Well she moved down here at the age of eighteen  
She blew the boys away, it was more than they'd seen  
I was introduced and we both started groovin'  
She said, "I dig you baby but I got to keep movin'...on, keep movin' on"  
Last dance with Mary Jane  
One more time to kill the pain  
I feel summer creepin' in and I'm  
Tired of this town again  
Well I don't know what I've been told  
You never slow down, you never grow old  
I'm tired of screwing up, I'm tired of goin' down  
I'm tired of myself, I'm tired of this town  
Oh my my, oh hell yes  
Honey put on that party dress  
Buy me a drink, sing me a song,  
Take me as I come 'cause I can't stay long  
Last dance with Mary Jane  
One more time to kill the pain  
I feel summer creepin' in and I'm  
Tired of this town again  
There's pigeons down in Market Square  
She's standin' in her underwear  
Lookin' down from a hotel room  
Nightfall will be comin' soon  
Oh my my, oh hell yes  
You've got to put on that party dress  
It was too cold to cry when I woke up alone  
I hit the last number, I walked to the road  
Last dance with Mary Jane  
One more time to kill the pain  
I feel summer creepin' in and I'm  
Tired of this town again

Songwriters

PETTY, TOM Published by

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