

# Maxine

## The Traveling Wilburys

It was late in the month of November  
She was loading up the wagon in the rain  
Said she'd be back in the morning  
But she never came through here again I'd see her in the market  
She never had much to spend  
These days the market's an old pile of mud  
And she never came through here again Maxine, Maxine, Maxine Time plays tricks on your memory  
It seems a long weekend  
She said she'd be back here by Monday  
But she never came through here again Some say a saucer landed  
And someone took her in  
They found her blue seraph here on the ground  
And she never came through here again Maxine, Maxine, Maxine, Maxine  
Maxine, Maxine, Maxine, Maxine I bought a tabloid paper  
She was rumored to be in  
Was a photo of a woman on a llama  
But she never came through here again And if you should see her  
She may be old by then  
Tell her that I miss her and ask her when  
She's ever coming through here again

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