

If My Mary Were Here

Harry Chapin

I would not be so stoned
If my Mary were here
And I don't think I'd have phoned you
If my Mary were here I'm a sad sack Sir Galahad
Who's sword's around his knees
With a Grail no longer holy
And a prayer that's saying please I would not be alone
If my Mary were here
But she took off
And Lord I'm lost You know I don't think I'd be drinking
If my Mary were here
And I know what I'd be thinking
If my Mary were here We'd be wrapping up a blanket
Full of cheddar cheese and wine
And packing up our camper
With a rendezvous in mind And we'd picnic out in Lincoln Park
If Mary were here
But she split
So I got lit I'm sorry that I called you
In the middle of the night
But you're the one who listens
When I need a little light I know we haven't talked
Since I dropped you in the dirt
I know you're not my lady now
But Baby, how I hurt I would toss away my troubles
When my Mary was here
But now I'm lost inside the rubble
'Cause my Mary's not here So could I come on over
With my heart in my hands
And place it on your pillow
Like a rusty old tin can I'm drunk and seeing double
But my Mary's not here
Once again be the friend
That you've been
And take me in Please take me in

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