Mary Ruth

Anna Aaron

Mary Ruth is mine.
Lovely as I love her.
She would never hide
herself with another.
And I lost myself in the drying winter cold.
Dont know a thing about life but I am in love with your soul.
Mary Ruth my light,
kicking as I stole her.
There behind the shed
I made her body older.
There had been a storm
rolling from the mountain.
Now that her back was worn
everything came down.
She said I lost myself in the drying winter cold.
Dont know a thing about life but Im in love with your soul.
Oh my darling wait
wait for me to throw out
all my sails or brakes
till the summer she said.

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