

Mary Mary (Stigmatic mix)

Chumbawamba

No virgin me
For I have sinned
I sold my soul
For sex and gin
Go call a priest
All meek and mild
And tell him "Mary
Is no more a child." It's raining stones
It's raining bile
From the luxury
Of your denial
So I don't deny
I don't make do
I'll press alarms
Place bets on truth
I'm so up and down
And I love what's not allowed
I was lost now I see:
And now I'm growing old
Disgracefully
Whatever happened to Mary?
I'll spit on floors
And do more drugs
Burn every bill
Get drunk on love
Wear next to nothing
In the pouring rain
Be a bad example
And do it all again
I'll be uncared
I'll cause such scenes
And I'll never talk
Of used-to-be's
Tattoo my face
I won't go grey
Be a dancing queen
I'm growing old disgracefully
I'm so up and down
And I love what's not allowed
I was lost, now I see:
And now I'm growing old
Disgracefully
Whatever happened to Mary? Mary, Mary
Quite contrary

Songwriters

HUNTER, NIGEL/BRUCE, DUNCAN/NUTTER, ALICE/WATTS, LOUISE Published by

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