

All the Pieces of Mary

[Julie Miller](#)

All the pieces of Mary go 'round like a wheel of misfortune inside her brain,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round 'til she finds somebody who can take the pain,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round; starts with a stare and then she's gone away,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round; maybe she'll be gone away for good someday. What's the matter?

She's so fragile,
She gets shattered,
She goes crazy from the clatter in her head,
Poor Mary,
Mary.

All the pieces of Mary go 'round like a wheel of misfortune inside her brain,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round; she can float and fly up above her bed,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round; it's a cast of characters for all occasions,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round like a carnival ride in her imagination. Don't remind her,
She goes backwards if you find her clock is broken,
It's much kinder just to wait for Mary,
Mary. Mary, go 'round. Her amnesia is her only anesthesia,
She's so glad her memory's so bad - isn't it, Mary?
Mary.

All the pieces of Mary go 'round, she just can't remember what she can't forget,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round 'til she burns right down like a cigarette,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round; now she's all grown up with no place to go,
All the pieces of Mary go 'round - where they'll stop, no one can know
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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