

Crazy Mary

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In the lamplight burning low AND

Dimly through enchanted woods

She rocks beside the fire that never was lit

And as we ran on by

Pretending to be frightened

We WOULD shout and laugh at Crazy Mary

CHORUS: Crazy Mary from LONDONDERRY

Lives next door to the cemetery

How many lovers have you buried

We would shout, running scared

ACROSS the green and golden paths

That LED us home, away from Crazy Mary

She would never answer us

JUST SMILE through the window softly

Wild-eyed and wild-haired but we were sure

That in the dark of night

She cursed us soundly, casting spells

And such to turn us into donkeys

So THEY WENT THE SUMMNER YEARS

EACH ONE MORE FLEETING THAN THE LAST ONE

RUSHING DOWN THE GREEN AND GOLDEN PATHS

AND SOON THE WOODS WERE NOT ENCHANTED ANYMORE

FOR WE WE HAD GROWN AND WE'D FORGOTTEN CRAZY MARY

SO IT COMES that older now

We stand upon this windswept moor

The lonely STONE before us

Testifies that Crazy Mary ROCKS AND SMILES and dreams

HeR dreams somewhere

But not where little kids can follow after

And on the stone, these words, dear friend

Please write me down as one who loved

The raven-haired and laughing lads

That swore that they would marry me

BUT soon their sons came running by

And here I lie, forgotten, Crazy Mary.

IN THE LAMPLIGHT BURNING LOW AND DIMLY

THRU ENCHANTED WOODS WE THINK

ABOUT THE SINS THAT WE COMMIT ALONG

THE GREEN AND GODEN PATHS OF GOWING UP

WE LIGHT THE FIRE AND SAY A PRAYER FOR CRAZY MARY

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