

Mary's Fancy

David Soul

I remember Mary's Fancy
With painted rugs on veranda doors
And Kit who cooks surprises in foods
From the Grenadines and Guadeloupe
And the old man sang as he measured the rum
And sang in the street band, walking by on the road
Then at night and sometimes afternoons
My visitor would slip through curtain doors
She was far too young
The moon turned gold to bronze
As the afternoons slipped down into the sea
Oh I remember Mary's Fancy
Walking along in sun-dried clothes
From the beach to the town, to the top of the hill
Wherever we went led back to our room
And the sails we watched from our shadowy bed
With flags of ships waiting out in the bay
She was far too young
When the easy rain
Held us prisoner for the night
And what we did in the place was everything
And beauty shed her grace on thee
Mary's Fancy stands there still
An empty shell on a dried out hill
But once together we laughed and wept
Now the memory of my love is kept
Where ships sail in to sail away
In a sense she'll return like another day
And love that made it Mary's Fancy
Love that made it Mary's Fancy - gone.

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