# Crazy Mary

## Pearl Jam

She lived on a curve in the road
An old tar paper shack
On the south side of the town
On the wrong side of the tracks
Sometimes on the way into town
We'd say, "Mother can we stop and give her a ride?"
Sometimes we did, but her hands flew from her side
Wild eyed crazy MaryDown a long dirt road
Past the Parson's place
The old blue car
We used to race
Our little country store with a sign tacked to the side
Said, "No L O I T E R I N G allowed"
Underneath that sign congregated quite a crowdTake a bottle drink it down
Pass it around
Take a bottle drink it down
Pass it around
Pass it a
Take a bottle drink it down
Pass it a, pass it a, pass it aroundOne night a thunder cracked
Mercy backed outside her windowsill
I dreamed I was flying
High above the trees, over the hills
Looked down into the house of Mary
A bare bulb's on
Newspaper covered walls
And Mary rising up above it allNext morning on the way into town
We saw some skidmarks and followed them around
Over the curve, through the fields into the house of Mary
That what you fear the most
Could meet you halfway
That what you fear the most
Could meet you halfwayTake a bottle drink it down
Pass it around
Take a bottle drink it down
Pass it around, pass it a
Take a bottle drink it down
Pass it a, pass it a, pass it around, around
Pass it a, pass it a, pass it around, 'round, 'round

Oh yeah

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