Down In Mary's Land

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Fields of green by the side of the road
Going down in Mary's land
Roll down the window feel the cool of a grove
Hit the palm of your outstretched hand
Radio's playing a tune from the country
Fiddle and an old time band
Race with the moon to the edge of the water
Down in Mary's land, down in Mary's land
East of Virginia where the bay meets a river
Down in Mary's land
The wind pulls your sleeve like a long lost lover
Whose heart can't understand
How you ever could leave the view you behold
Ain't it fine and ain't life grand
When you don't need nothing
But some beer and a bushel
Down in Mary's land
Gonna sleep with the stars and a slice of the moon
Hanging right above my bed
Gonna dream not of things that I've left behind
But those I've found instead
Down in Mary's land
Radio's playing a tune from the country
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