

# All, Mary

If you talk to Mary please don't look at me  
Cause she's never seen me before  
Don't call attention to the man outside of me  
Cause she can cut my head off with the blinking of her eye  
And I'm not supposed to be here and I'm too young to die  
See, she carries my confusion in the pocket of her jeans  
I go bouncing like a pinball in between extremes  
I'm not surprised, this happens all the time  
And my hand lights her cigarette inside my mind  
And she's never seen me before  
So if you talk to Mary please don't mention me  
Cause she's never seen me before  
Just let me hide behind the smoke and the pleasantries  
Cause I do my best work with the mannequin brigade  
I just peek around the statues spitting art and foreign trade  
She looks a hole right through me to a shadow on the wall  
Till I'm sick of my surroundings while I'm not here at all  
I'm not surprised this happens all the time  
And my hand lights her cigarette inside my mind  
And she's never seen me before  
Warhol monotone, robotic talk, we're all so smart we're so perceptive  
But her mouth doesn't move, except to smile to be polite  
To receptive  
She burns me with a glance. I look away  
I'm safely cool, I'm so deceptive  
I'd give my right arm for a different situation  
Convince myself I see everybody watching me  
I set myself up for this stupid situation