

Chapin Harry, If My Mary Were Here

Chapin Harry

Best Of Harry Chapin 3

If My Mary Were Here

I would not be so stoned

If my Mary were here

I don't think I'd have phoned you

If my Mary were here

I'm a sad sack Sir Galahad

Who's sword's around his knees

With a Grail no longer holy

And a prayer that's saying - please

I would not be alone

If my Mary were here

But she took off

And Lord I'm lost.

I don't think I'd be drinking

If my Mary were here

And I know what I'd be thinking

If my Mary were here

We'd be wrapping up a blanket

Full of cheddar cheese and wine

Packing up our camper with a rendezvous in mind

And we'd picnic out in Lincoln Park

If Mary were here

But she split

So I got lit

I'm sorry that I called you

In the middle of the night

But you're the one who listens

When I need a little light

I know we haven't talked

Since I dropped you in the dirt

I know you're not my lady now

But Baby, how I hurt.

(I could whistle up an old tune

That your memory might recall

Rustle up some reminiss

'Bout the good old days and all

If I were seeking someone else

I could find a way to hide

But I'm pleading like a pauper, Babe

And it leaves no place for pride)

I would toss away my troubles

When my Mary was here

But now I'm lost inside the ruble

Cause my Mary's not here

So could I come on over

With my heart in my hands

And place it on your pillow

Like a rusty old tin can

I'm drunk and seeing double

And my Mary's not here

Once again

Be the friend

That you've been

And take me in.

Please take me in.