

# Grace Potter and the Nocturnals, Ah, Mary

She's skilled at the art of deception and she knows it  
She's got dirty money that she plays with all the time  
She waters the garden but maybe she just likes the hoses  
She puts herself just a notch above humankind

Ah, Mary  
She'll bake you cookies, then she'll burn your town  
Ah, Mary  
Ashes ashes but she won't fall down

She's the beat of my heart, she's the shot of a gun  
She'll be the end of me and maybe everyone  
She's the beat of my heart, she's the shot of a gun  
She'll be the end of me and maybe everyone

Call her a bully, she'll blow up your whole damn playground  
Pour her a drink and watch it go straight to her head  
She'll take you so high up and cover her eyes as you fall down  
Then in the morning don't be surprised if you're dead

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She's the beat of my heart, she's the shot of a gun  
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Ah, Mary

She's the beat of my heart, she's the shot of a gun  
She'll be the end of me and maybe everyone  
Ah Mary, Mary, Mary, America  
Ah Mary, Mary, Mary, America  
America