

# Jim Reeves, My Mary

(Mary, big brown eyes Mary ruby lips)

I take a trip every evening  
Journey down a memory lane  
Strolling again those familiar paths  
Dreaming those dreams again.

I can always see my sweetheart  
Dressed like she used to be  
Waiting for someone by the garden gate  
I know that someone is me.

Big brown eyes, ruby lips,  
Can't you tell it's Mary  
Rosy cheeks, curly hair  
Can't you tell it's my Mary.

All times in the evenings we'd go strolling  
Hand in hand together beneath the pepper trees  
I can feel her hand in mine as I sit alone tonight  
Dreaming of the hours I've spent with my Mary.

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