

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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