

Pearl Jam, Crazy Mary

She lived on the curve of the road, in an old, tar-paper shack
On the south side of the town, on the wrong side of the tracks
Sometimes on the way into town we'd say:
'Mama, can we stop and give her a ride?'
Sometimes we did, but her hands flew from her side
Wild eyed, crazy Mary

Down a long dirt road, past the Parson's place
That old blue car we used to race
Little country store with a sign tacked to the side
Said 'No L-O-I-T-E-R-I-N-G Allowed'
Underneath that sign always congregated quite a crowd
Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around (3x)

One night thunder cracked, mercy backed outside her windowsill
Dreamed I was flying high above the trees, over the hills
Looked down into the house of Mary
Terrible thoughts, newspaper-covered walls, and Mary rising above it all

Next morning on the way into town
Saw some skid marks and followed them around
Over the curve, through the fields, into the house of Mary
That what you fear the most, could meet you halfway (2x)
Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around (3x)