## Alice Peacock, I Am Mary

I am Mary, I was pretty You may remember me from the ninth grade The boys would hold me And my friends told me The world would know me someday I've made choices, heard some voices Fought the battles inside my head Life's a fabric but when I grabbed it All I got was a handful of threads There's a stairwell, I know so well 'Cause it gets cold out in the street A crumpled dollar to start a fire So that I could warm my feet Police stations, investigations Of a fire burning bright They showed me pictures Of those children And told me I was there that night Conversations, medications All my friends have left me now No one could see them But now I need them To help me figure all this out Why do they feed me Give me TV And a blanket for my feet But something's workin' 'Cause it starts hurtin' When it all comes back to me