

# Black Mary, The Loving Time

It reads like a fairytale  
And that's what it was  
Young man in his prime  
Young girl from the cross  
The most perfect of strangers  
And then the night closed in  
And the holy ground took care of everything  
Now she was a fine one  
And he was a handsome man  
One look was enough  
And away they ran  
They spent many happy hours  
And then the night closed in  
And the holy ground took care of everything  
Oh what's the use in complaining  
In for a penny in for a pound  
I remember the loving time  
And nothing else really counts  
And I recall the promise they made  
With a faith I can but admire  
That she'd be the one he adored  
And he'd be her heart's desire  
It didn't come true in the end  
They went their separate ways  
He couldn't change what he was  
She wasn't ready to wait  
They couldn't live in the daylight  
They let the night close in  
And the holy ground took care of everything  
I remember the loving time  
And nothing else really counts