

# Bloodhound Gang, Along Comes Mary

Every time I think that  
I'm the only one who's lonely  
Someone calls on me  
And every now and then  
I spend my time at rhyme and verse  
And curse those faults in me

And then along comes Mary  
And does she want to give me kicks and be my steady chick  
And give me pick of memories  
Or maybe rather gather tales from all the fails and tribulations  
No one ever sees  
When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

When vague desire is the fire  
In the eyes of chicks whose sickness  
Is the games they play  
And when the masquerade is played  
The neighbor folks make jokes  
At who is most to blame today

And then along comes Mary  
And does she want to set them free and  
Let them see reality  
From where she got her name  
And will they struggle much  
when told that such a tender touch of hers  
Will make them not the same  
When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

And when the morning of the warning's passed  
The gassed and flaccid kids  
Are flung across the stars  
The psychodramas and the traumas gone  
The songs have all been sung  
And hung upon the scars

And then along comes Mary  
And does she want to see the stains,  
The dead remains of all the pain  
She left the night before  
Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies  
And make them realize  
Their urgent cry for sight no more  
When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

Sweet as the punch  
Sweet as the punch  
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