

# Bruce Springsteen, Mary Queen Of Arkansas

Mary queen of Arkansas, it's not too early for dreamin'  
The sky is grown with cloud seed sown and a bastard's love can be redeeming  
Mary, my queen, your soft hulk is reviving  
No, you're not too late to desecrate, the servants are just rising  
Well I'm just a lonely acrobat, the live wire is my trade  
I've been a shine boy for your acid brat and a wharf rat of your state  
Mary, my queen, your blows for freedom are missing  
You're not man enough for me to hate or woman enough for kissing

The big top is for dreamers, we can take the circus all the way to the border  
And the gallows wait for martyrs whose papers are in order  
But I was not born to live to die and you were not born for queenin'  
It's not too late to infiltrate, the servants are just leavin'

Mary queen of Arkansas, your white skin is deceivin'  
You wake and wait to lie in bait and you almost got me believin'  
But on your bed Mary I can see the shadow of a noose  
I don't understand how you can hold ma so tight and love me so damn loose

But I know a place where we can go, Mary  
Where I can get a good job and start all over again clean  
I got contacts deep in Mexico where the servants have been seen