

Bruce Springsteen, Mary's Place

I got seven pictures of Buddha
The prophet's on my tongue
Eleven angels of mercy
Sighin' over that black hole in the sun
My heart's dark but it's risin'
I'm pullin' all the faith I can see
From that black hole on the horizon
I hear your voice calling me

Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain
Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain, let it rain
Meet me at Mary's place, we're gonna have a party
Meet me at Mary's place, we're gonna have a party
Tell me how do we get this thing started
Meet me at Mary's place

Familiar faces around me
Laughter fills the air
Your loving grace surrounds me
Everybody's here
Furniture's out on the front porch
Music's up loud
I dream of you in my arms
I lose myself in the crowd

Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain
Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain, let it rain
Meet me at Mary's place, we're gonna have a party
Meet me at Mary's place, we're gonna have a party
Tell me how do you live broken-hearted
Meet me at Mary's place

I got a picture of you in my locket
I keep it close to my heart
A light shining in my breast
Leading me through the dark
Seven days, seven candles
In my window light your way
Your favorite record's on the turntable
I drop the needle and pray
Band's countin' out midnight
Floor's rumblin' loud
Singer's callin' up daylight
And waitin' for that shout from the crowd
Waitin' for that shout from the crowd
Waitin' for that shout from the crowd
Waitin' for that shout from the crowd
Waitin' for that shout from the crowd

Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up
Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up, turn it up

Meet me at Mary's place, we're gonna have a party
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