

# Connells, Running Mary

I was running Mary.  
And the days were growing long.  
And I was minding mine,  
I was doing nothing wrong.

And the news you sent me.  
and the bar's upon the door.  
And this one caught me blind--  
Couldn't stop me anymore.

Tell me how much do I forgive  
'Cause you laid one in on me, but I'm all right.  
Tell me how much--this goes on and on.

I was running barely  
And it's hard to face me more.  
And I was minding mine,  
And doing nothing more