

Harry Chapin, If My Mary Were Here

I would not be so stoned
If my Mary were here
I don't think I'd have phoned you
If my Mary were here
I'm a sad sack Sir Galahad
Who's sword's around his knees
With a Grail no longer holy
And a prayer that's saying - please
I would not be alone
If my Mary were here
But she took off
And Lord I'm lost.

I don't think I'd be drinking
If my Mary were here
And I know what I'd be thinking
If my Mary were here
We'd be wrapping up a blanket
Full of cheddar cheese and wine
Packing up our camper with a rendezvous in mind
And we'd picnic out in Lincoln Park
If Mary were here
But she split
So I got lit

I'm sorry that I called you
In the middle of the night
But you're the one who listens
When I need a little light
I know we haven't talked
Since I dropped you in the dirt
I know you're not my lady now
But Baby, how I hurt.

(I could whistle up an old tune
That your memory might recall
Rustle up some reminisce
'Bout the good old days and all
If I were seeking someone else
I could find a way to hide
But I'm pleading like a pauper, Babe
And it leaves no place for pride)

I would toss away my troubles
When my Mary was here
But now I'm lost inside the rubble
Cause my Mary's not here
So could I come on over
With my heart in my hands
And place it on your pillow
Like a rusty old tin can
I'm drunk and seeing double
And my Mary's not here
Once again
Be the friend
That you've been
And take me in.

Please take me in.