

Joe Ely, Maria

Bringing in the New Year's Eve alone
The glitter of the party life turns my face to home.
Lovers and acquaintances all through the land
Celebrate a grain of time down miles and miles of sand

The Wheel of Fortune has stopped again
Though the winning number was lost in the wind
But I heard a gypsy swear it was stolen by someone
Who steers a lonesome chariot in circles around the sun.

Maria, I love you.
Maria, I miss you.

The clock strikes twelve and canons are fired
The echo is heard till a year from tonight.
The old man with his sickle just lay down and die
While I held the baby's hand who danced where he lie.

Maria, I love you.
Maria, I miss you.

(Repeat, Repeat, Repeat next year)