

Luka Bloom, Mary Watches Everything

Images of innocence
Coming through the prison walls
One fine day in England
Justice calls

Mary watches everything
In her living room alone
Televisions flickering
With the volume down

Everything is changing
In the outside world
There are signs of re-arranging
Softer spoken words
Here men talk in whispers
Of a woman or a girl
Things are only changing
In the outside world

Images of people
Turning power on its head
They walk across that danger zone
So many died or fled

Mary watches everything
In her living room alone
Televisions flickering
With the volume down

Everything is changing
In the outside world
There are signs of re-arranging
Softer spoken words
Here men talk in whispers
Of a woman or a girl
Things are only changing
In the outside world

Mary watches everything
She never heeds the bell
When the genuine and the curious ones
Come and ask if she is well
They talk and talk and hang around like everyday
Mary stays inside
Voices fade away

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In the outside world
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Softer spoken words
Here men talk in whispers
Of a woman or a girl
Things are only changing
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