## 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

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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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Softer spoken words
Here men talk in whispers
Of a woman or a girl
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