

# Marianne Faithfull, Mary Ann (Version 2)

Fare thee well, my own true love  
Fare thee well a while,  
For the ship is a-waiting and the wind blows free  
And I am bound away for the sea,  
Mary Ann.

If I had a flask of gin,  
Whiskey there for two  
And a great big bowl for to mix them in  
I'd mix a drink for you my dear  
Mary Ann.

The lobster boiling in the pot,  
The bluefish on the hook;  
The pain they bear is nothing like

The ache I bear for you, my dear  
Mary Ann.

Fare thee well, my own true love  
Fare thee well a while,  
For though I go I'll surely come again  
Though it be ten thousand miles, my dear  
Mary Ann.

Fare thee well, my own true love  
Fare thee well, my dear,  
For the ship is a-waiting and the wind blows free  
And I am bound away for the sea,  
Mary Ann.