

# Men At Work, Maria

Maria was born in the country  
She loved her homeland  
Maria was from a poor family  
For their girl they had greater plans

Across the sea not yet twenty  
Sailed our Maria, a man to see  
Perhaps marry dreams our Maria  
This was to be eventually for our Maria

Maria made plans for the future  
Sh had sons to her man  
Maria grew sad as the years passed  
She did not understand  
You must believe me  
Though its not easy, trust in me  
My life's been wasted  
There's nothing sacred I can see  
Though we're together  
It seems we've never known the way  
These lives we started  
Now broken hearted everyday

Maria works in the factory  
She makes shoes for the man  
Maria lives for her family  
Now she does what she can.

Hold on to me  
Hold on to me Maria  
For this was to be  
A tragedy for our Maria

Oh Maria don't you cry  
Oh Maria dry your eyes