

Rusted Root, Sweet Mary

Where are you now
that my sweet Mary done died
Alone, alone, alone
Somewhere you say
where my sweet Mary
Held her grave
in her arms
like an infant odyssey

Well you can
hush my little darlin'
don't you cry
Hush beneath the dreams
we did roam
cause I do believe
it will be
just like the color when
the purple sings
When I will know
for sure.

She was held to the blade
laid down my sweet Mary dear
She laid down upon
the cold winter's floor
and I remember what she said
when she saw the snow turn
to red
She said lord let me be the lord
Let me be the lord

Well you can
hush my little darlin'
don't you cry
Hush beneath the dreams
we did roam

Cause I do believe it will be
just like the color when
the purple sings
when yes this angel
will cover us.
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