

# The Association, Along Comes Mary

Every time I think that I'm the only one who's lonely  
Someone calls on me  
And every now and then I spend my time in rhyme and verse  
And curse those faults in me

And then along comes Mary  
And does she want to give me kicks , and be my steady chick  
And give me pick of memories  
Or maybe rather gather tales of all the fails and tribulations  
No one ever sees

When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

When vague desire is the fire in the eyes of chicks  
Whose sickness is the games they play  
And when the masquerade is played and neighbor folks make jokes  
As who is most to blame today

And then along comes Mary  
And does she want to set them free, and let them see reality  
From where she got her name  
And will they struggle much when told that such a tender touch as hers  
Will make them not the same

When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

And when the morning of the warning's passed, the gassed  
And flaccid kids are flung across the stars  
The psychodramas and the traumas gone  
The songs are left unsung and hung upon the scars

And then along comes Mary  
And does she want to see the stains, the dead remains of all the pains  
She left the night before  
Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies, and make them  
Realize their urgent cry for sight no more

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Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch