

The Manhattan Transfer, 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 at rhyme
and verse and curse those faults in me
But then Along Comes Mary-and does she wanna
give me kicks and be my steady chick
and give me pick of memories-
Or maybe rather gather tales from 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 in the games they play-
And when the masquerade is played and neighbor
folks make jokes about who is most to blame today
And the Along Comes Mary-and does she wanna
set them free
and make them see realities from which she
got her name-
And will they struggle much when told that such a
tender touch
of 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

(Breakdown)
Oh here she comes along - along she comes
Oh Mary comes along - oh here she comes
Ba ba ba - Ba ba ba
Sweet as the punch

Then 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 the Along Comes Mary - And does she wanna
see the stains-
the dead remains of all the pains she sent the night
before
Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies and make
them realize their urgent
cries for sight no more

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