

# Willie Nelson, My Mary

I take a trip every evening scrolling down memory lane  
I'm walkin' again those familiar paths dreaming those dreams again  
And I can always see my sweetheart just as she used to be  
Waiting for someone at the garden gate and I know that someone is me  
Big brown eyes and pearly hair and you'd tell that's Mary  
Rosy cheeks and ruby lips can't you tell that's Mary  
Ofttimes in the evenings we'd go scrolling  
Hand in hand together beneath the pepper tree  
And I can feel her hand in mine as I sit alone tonight  
Dreaming of the times I spent with Mary  
( fiddle - guitar )  
Ofttimes in the evenings...  
Oh gee wouldn't it be wonderful to open up the doors of the past  
And live again as yesterday  
But you know no matter where I wander no matter where I roam  
There'll always be a place in my heart boys  
Fofr a girl away back for a girl that I used to call Mary