

Mary Ann Regrets

Burl Ives

I saved up my money to buy my sweetheart some flowers
For Saturday's date and I restlessly counted the hours.
Then today in the mail I received this short little note
And I broke down inside at the message that her mother wrote.

Mary Ann regrets she's unable to see you again;
We're leaving for Europe next week, she'll be busy till then.
They know that she loves me, but poor boys don't fit in their plan.
Good-bye true love, good-bye my sweet Mary Ann.

The weeks have gone by not a word have I heard since then;
In the papers I read of the far away places she's been.
I can't eat, I can't sleep for over and over again
My mind reads that letter and I cry for my Mary Ann.

Mary Ann regrets she's unable to see you again;
We're leaving for Europe next week, she'll be busy till then.
They know that she loves me but poor boys don't fit in their plan.
Good-bye true love, good-bye my sweet Mary Ann.

My Mary Ann died, they said she just wasted away;
If I could have seen her I know she'd be living today.
For we loved each other and if they'd have left us alone,
Today she'd be wearing my ring, not a blanket of stone.

Mary Ann regrets she's unable to see you again;
We're leaving for Europe next week, she'll be busy till then.
They know that she loves me but poor boys don't fit in their plan.
Good-bye true love, good-bye my sweet Mary-Ann