

# Mary Marie

Tom Verlaine

Dried-up corn  
All around your well  
Fences breaking down  
One big mill  
So still  
Don't it look just like a crown  
Mary Marie  
Can't they see they can't run your ship aground?  
Mary Marie  
Can't they see they can't borrow what you found?  
Empty boxes  
Piled up one in another  
Gleaming in the wind  
One huge fountain  
Shut down completely  
And then the glare begins  
Mary Marie  
What a waste all the hands that just won't try  
Mary Marie  
If they taste their own bitterness, they'll fry  
Last night so foggy  
Today the rain  
I saw the hand come down on the flame  
But the light goes on  
I still hear your voice  
And how the burning remains  
Mary Marie  
Taking leave turning mirrors to the wall  
Mary Marie