

# Mary Shut The Garden Door

Donald Fagen

They came in under the radar  
When our backs were turned around  
In a fleet of Lincoln Town Cars  
They rolled into our town  
Confounded all six senses  
Like an opiate in the brain  
Mary shut the garden door  
Looks a lot like rain

Mary shut the garden door  
Mary shut the garden door

We pounded Rachel's radio  
For reports about the bridge  
There was nothing on but static  
Nothing in the fridge  
We lay there listening to the wind  
Whistling through the pines  
When we heard the engines idling  
Saw the headlights through the blinds

Mary shut the garden door  
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Rough dreams  
Those voices in the kitchen  
I woke up  
And sensed the new condition  
They won  
Storms raged  
Things changed  
Forever

So if you ever see an automaton  
In a midprice luxury car  
Better roll the sidewalks up  
Switch on your lucky star  
'Cause this zombie does impressions  
But not really to amuse  
This ballad is for lovers  
With something left to lose

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