

My Mary

Merle Haggard

I take a trip every evening
Strolling 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 strolling
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.

Ofttimes in the evenings we'd go strolling
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.

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
For a girl way back, for a girl that I used to call Mary...