

# Mary Jane's Last Dance

Tom Petty

She grew up in an Indiana town  
Had a good-lookin' mama who never was around  
But she grew up tall and she grew up right  
With them Indiana boys on them Indiana nights

Well, she moved down here at the age of eighteen  
She blew the boys away, was more than they'd seen  
I was introduced and we both started groovin'  
I said, "I dig you baby, but I got to keep movin' on"  
Keep movin' on

Last dance with Mary Jane  
One more time to kill the pain  
I feel summer creepin' in  
And I'm tired of this town again

Well, I don't know, but I've been told  
You never slow down, you never grow old  
I'm tired of screwin' up, tired of going down  
Tired of myself, tired of this town

Oh, my my, oh, hell yes  
Honey, put on that party dress  
Buy me a drink, sing me a song  
Take me as I come 'cause I can't stay long

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One more time to kill the pain  
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There's pigeons down on Market Square  
She's standin' in her underwear  
Lookin' down from a hotel room  
The nightfall will be comin' soon

Oh, my my, oh, hell yes  
You got to put on that party dress  
It was too cold to cry when I woke up alone  
I hit my last number and walked to the road

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