Along Comes Mary

Bloodhound Gang

Every time I think that
I'm the only one who's lonely
Someone calls on me
And every now and then
I spend my time at rhyme and verse
And curse those faults in me

And then along comes Mary
And does she want to give me kicks and be my steady chick
And give me pick of memories
Or maybe rather gather tales from all the fails and tribulations
No one ever sees
When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

When vague desire is the fire
In the eyes of chicks whose sickness
Is the games they play
And when the masquerade is played
The neighbor folks make jokes
At who is most to blame today

And then along comes Mary
And does she want to set them free and
Let them see reality
From where she got her name
And will they struggle much
when told that such a tender touch of hers
Will make them not the same
When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

And when the morning of the warning's passed
The gassed and flaccid kids
Are flung across the stars
The psychodramas and the traumas gone
The songs have all been sung
And hung upon the scars

And then along comes Mary
And does she want to see the stains,
The dead remains of all the pain
She left the night before
Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies
And make them realize
Their urgent cry for sight no more
When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch

Sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch
Sweet as the punch

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