

Mary Sunshine Rain

Dada

Mary won't be comin' 'round no more
I won't touch her violet hair
That fell like rain and filled the air
With roses

Mary won't be comin' 'round no more
She won't look into my eyes
And tell me I'm the only one
Who knows her

Mary won't be changing me no more
She won't reach into my mind
And fill those gutters with red wine
And reason

Mary won't be changing me no more
I guess that I knew all along
That she'd be leaving with the song
Of season

Sunshine rain

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And fill those gutters with red wine
And reason

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