

## Mother Mary

Eels

People talking sound like dogs  
Barking through the trees  
Making no sense at all  
Meaning nothing to me

Mother mary  
Quite contrary  
I did not mean to let you go  
So quick

People talking crack me up  
They don't have a little clue  
What it's like to be me  
What it's like to lose you

Mother mary  
I grow weary  
I did not mean to let you go  
So quick

People talking sound like dogs  
Barking up the wrong tree  
Take a good man down  
And set the evil free

Mother mary  
Quite contrary  
I did not mean to let you go  
So quick