

## Mother Mary

Far

Like elvis, like everyone  
We all die, we all live on in photos  
and paperblacks, if we're lucky  
we're coming back  
Mother Mary over, over  
Mother Mary over  
over me  
We notice  
We understand  
We throw out all we can  
We're on the market, we're up on racks  
If we're really lucky we're coming back  
I would never decide  
Mother Mary over, over  
Mother Mary over  
over me