

Quite Contrary

Jason Webley

She is my ripe tomato,
She's my carrot on a stick,
I've been drunk upon her juice so long,
I don't know where I am

Now show me the way home,
Show me the way home,
Show me the way back home.

She says the cup is broken,
Now she tells me it is full,
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
I don't know where to go

Now show me the way home,
Show me the way home,
Show me the way back home.

She whispers surrender,
Come blind to my side,
I will be on the twelve o'clock train.
And I walk through the world,
Stunned by beauty,
I am King today.
But I watch the hours,
And the boxcars go by,
Still I am waiting in the rain.
Oh my muse,
Oh my lady,
Why hast thou forsaken me?

Now show me the way home,
Show me the way home,
Show me the way back home