

## Goodbye Mary

Molly Tuttle

Goodbye Mary, I must go  
Where I'm bound I don't know  
Here's a ticket and my mother's golden ring  
Golden ring, ring  
Here's a ticket and my mother's golden ring

Oh, Thomas, you're a liar  
You betray me with desire  
You promised to build a rocker soon  
A rocker soon, soon  
You promised to build a cradle soon

Worried Mary, rest your head  
Take the train like I said  
Change in Scottsville for the old Red River Line  
River line, line  
Change in Scottsville for the old Red River Line

Damn you, Thomas and the rest  
It's more than distress  
The doctor says the baby's too far along  
Too far along, 'long  
The doctor says the baby's too far along

Weary Mary, don't despair  
If you should stumble on the stairs  
Or ride careless down the rocky road  
The rocky road, road  
Ride careless down the rocky road

I've tried all but in vain  
Wicked Thomas, curse your name  
But in the old toolshed there is a wire  
There is a wire, wire  
In the old toolshed there is a wire

Dearest Mary, now I write  
I've heard of your plight  
I'll pray every day upon your soul  
For your soul  
I'll pray every day upon your soul

Dearest Thomas, from my cell  
I'm calmed down, but please will  
You put pretty flowers on her grave?  
On her grave, grave  
Put pretty flowers on her grave  
Will you put pretty flowers on her grave?