

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?