

# Marjoria

Rayland Baxter

I was told by a man in a mirror  
To let it all go this time  
So I shook his hand and now everything's clearer  
I did it myself this time

But there's no thanks for Marjoria  
What did I do  
No there's no thanks for Marjoria for these blues

Now there she goes like a train through my station  
There used to be nothing to hide  
There once was a friend, but now there's a stranger  
That hides right behind those blue eyes

But there's no thanks for Marjoria  
What did I do  
No there's no thanks for Marjoria for these blues

But there's no thanks for Marjoria  
What did I do  
No there's no thanks for Marjoria for these blues  
For these blues