

Hail Mary

The Bolshoi

Like a child, alone and lost
Well, I'm alright, but what's the cost
Well, I'm afraid, to say my friend
That it's too late, to start again

Where Mary goes now I must follow
Like a pig I wall-wall-wallow

Like a dog
Or a cat
Talk to me
Yak, Yak, Yak
Mirror me, mirror you
TV Screen
I'm so keen

Mary, Mary

Mary's the girl with the sun in her hair
She does TV and magazines
Mary, hail Mary, what have we done?
She don't come down the club any more

There was a boy, well he had none
He watched TV, just like everyone
Says of Mary "Well it upsets me
I'd love to come but she won't let me"

Like a dog
Or a cat
Talk to me
Yak, Yak, Yak
Mirror me, mirror you
TV Screen
I'm so keen

Mary, Mary

Mary's the girl with the sun in her hair
She does TV and magazines
Mary, hail Mary, what have we done?
She don't come down the club no more

Mary packed up, went away
That was a year ago Thursday
The streets are all empty... Now
The streets are all empty... Now