

Mary, Mary

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Mary, Mary, was it hard on you?
When they took your baby
and your man was untrue.

Left you alone with a story to tell,
you told it often and you told it well.

And everyone believed you.
You told it so many times,
you believed it, too.
That's the funny thing about lies.

Oh, Mary, Mary
was it hard on you?

Mary, Mary, did you see his face?
When he beat you down, did you cry in disgrace?
Said not to tell no living soul.
Did you pray to God with a keen and woal?
God gave you a baby.
God gave you a man.
Just like you wanted, but maybe...
God didn't give you no plan.

Oh, Mary, Mary
was it hard on you?

Mary, Mary, why don't you know?
We forgave you long ago.
Everyone lies and everyone steals.
Everyone cries and everyone heals.

God gave us our babies.
Gave us hard times, too.
It ain't all perfect, but maybe
that's the funny thing about the truth.
Oh, Mary, Mary-
We've forgiven you.