Pearl Jam, Crazy Mary

She lived on the curve of the road, in an old, tar-paper shack On the south side of the town, on the wrong side of the tracks Sometimes on the way into town we'd say: 'Mama, can we stop and give her a ride?' Sometimes we did, but her hands flew from her side Wild eyed, crazy Mary

Down a long dirt road, past the Parson's place That old blue car we used to race Little country store with a sign tacked to the side Said 'No L-O-I-T-E-R-I-N-G Allowed' Underneath that sign always congregated quite a crowd Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around (3x)

One night thunder cracked, mercy backed outside her windowsill Dreamed I was flying high above the trees, over the hills Looked down into the house of Mary Terrible thoughts, newspaper-covered walls, and Mary rising above it all

Next morning on the way into town Saw some skid marks and followed them around Over the curve, through the fields, into the house of Mary That what you fear the most, could meet you halfway (2x) Take a bottle, drink it down, pass it around (3x)