

# Brenda Lee, Mary's Going Out Of Her Mind

She combs through her silver hair  
With a brush that isn't there  
As she looks into the mirror  
With the strangest stare  
She smears her lipstick on  
And rubs her tired eyes  
Then she plays with her favorite dolly  
And sings it a lullaby  
Mary's goin' out of her mind  
Waitin' for the man who left her behind

Mary's goin' out of her mind  
Livin' in a crazy nightmare all the time  
He's been gone three years but she doesn't know  
To her he's still there  
'Cause he promised he never would go  
And Mary's goin' out of her mind

Well tonight there's a special dinner  
With a table set for two  
She pours from an empty bottle  
And says, "Darlin', here's to you"  
She looks at the empty chair  
And sees him smilin' sittin' there  
She sings Happy Birthday  
As she cuts his cake with care  
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Well now her party's over  
And she lays down to cry  
She doesn't hear the radio  
That's been on since last July  
She gets up and whispers goodnight  
And kisses his photograph  
Then she stumbles around in a daze  
And just starts to laugh  
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