

# Fisher, Mary

I woke up and Mary was still gone,  
Thought if I stopped hurting, she would come back to me.  
Walk right through the door and say "Aha!  
I was only joking, didn't you look silly crying."  
But I wake up and Mary is still gone.

I looked at the clock and it was still  
Lying on the floor exactly where I threw it,  
Both hands smashed against its silver face.  
My feeble attempt to stop time, but time goes on.  
And wake up and Mary is still gone.

Mary was it necessary  
To leave before the party?  
I know it's selfish to say  
You always brought the cake, now  
What will I eat with all these tears?

I looked at the list and saw her name,  
Kid myself she never got an invitation,  
Kid myself I'm sure somehow she knew  
My stupid attempt to find some way to move on.  
but I wake up and Mary is still gone.

Mary is still gone.