

# Mary I'm Comin' Back Home -- Eric Andersen

Strum 3/4

<sup>D</sup>I'm ridin' the rails of the heartland, tryin' to get back on my <sup>G</sup>feet.  
Blowin' like dust on the <sup>D</sup>prairie, tryin' to get two ends to <sup>D</sup>meet.

<sup>D</sup>Mary's back home with the children, she waits by the door every day.  
Some mornings she thinks it's a <sup>D</sup>bad dream, and <sup>A</sup>prays it'll just blow <sup>D</sup>away.

Chorus:

<sup>G</sup>Mary, I'm tired of this <sup>D</sup>travelin', I'm tired of bein' <sup>A</sup>alone.  
In just a few days I'll be <sup>D</sup>makin' my way, I think: <sup>D</sup>Mary I'm <sup>A</sup>comin' back <sup>D</sup>home.

<sup>D</sup>These hotels are dark and they're dirty, the walls feelin' like you're <sup>G</sup>inside.  
In the noise and the dark of the <sup>D</sup>city, I long just to lay by your <sup>D</sup>side.

<sup>D</sup>I go down for a black cup of coffee, the waitress looks tired but <sup>G</sup>kind.  
I keep lookin' for life in these <sup>D</sup>faces, but only keep seeing your <sup>D</sup>eyes.

Chorus

Break

<sup>D</sup>I got a ticket one way on the Greyhound, the pay wasn't too bad this <sup>G</sup>round.  
If I ever get back where I <sup>D</sup>came from, they can put me right into the <sup>D</sup>ground.

<sup>D</sup>The miles get me closer and closer, soon I'll see some familiar <sup>G</sup>sights.  
I can already hear all the <sup>D</sup>voices, so <sup>A</sup>Mary please put on the <sup>D</sup>light.

Chorus

<sup>G</sup>I think: <sup>D</sup>Mary <sup>A</sup>I'm <sup>D</sup>comin' back home.