

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

18 - Mary Jane's last dance

Par Tom Petty

Album : Greatest hits

She grew up in an Indiana town

Had a good-looking mama who never was around

But she grew up tall and she grew up right

With them Indiana boys on an Indiana night

Whoo-ooh!

Whoo-ooh!

Well, she moved down here at the age of 18

She blew the boys away, it was more than they'd seen

I was introduced and we both started grooving

She said, "I dig you, baby, but I got to keep movin'

On, keep movin' on"

Last dance with Mary Jane

One more time to kill the pain

I feel summer creepin' in and I'm

Tired of this town again

Whoo-oo!

Whoo-oo!

Well, I don't know, but I've been told

You never slowed down, you never grow old

Tired of screwin' up, tired of goin' down

Tired of myself, tired of this town

Oh my, my, oh hell, yes

Honey, put on that party dress

Buy me a drink, sing me a song

Take me as I come 'cause I can't stay long

Last dance with Mary Jane

One more time to kill the pain

I feel summer creepin' in and I'm

Tired of this town again

There's pigeons down on Market Square

She's standin' in her underwear

Lookin' down from a hotel room

The nightfall will be comin' soon

Oh my, my, oh hell, yes

You got to put on that party dress

It was too cold to cry when I woke up alone

I hit my last number and walked to the road

Last dance with Mary Jane

One more time to kill the pain

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