

It was love at first sight,
Inside of 221B that night.

When she walked up to the living room,
And he was waiting there for her.

He said, "Jim... thinks you're Hot,"

"And Greg really thinks you're really hot"

And for reasons explained badly by Suethors,

"I think you're hot... too"

"And she smiled as their lips met"
In a scene we'll not forget,
'Cause it was very, very very wrong...

That's the life of a Mary Sue

With sparkling wilver eyes;
Molly envies you.

Harry's somehow teenage daughter,
Unknown for now to her brother,

Makes me wish my name was...
"Tabitha Watson" too.

That's the life of a Mary Sue

You joined Lestrade's team,
Impressed even Mycroft it seems,
And for your sleeping wear,
Black high heels and somehow not much else.

In love with Sherlock Holmes it's true,
But John is also in love with you.

And so is Lestrade, Anderson, Molly, Mycroft, Moriarty, Sebastian Moran, all of the yarders, a
group of random people and Sally Donovan too.

That's the life of a Mary Sue.

You "quirky" genius;
John worships you.

You're obsessed with Moriarty,
Can I skip this part please?

Horrid spelling,
Really doesn't bother you

That's the life of a Mary Sue

oh, the agents on their knees,
They plead:
"LORD, DON'T MAKE STULOCK"
So desperately

And so we smash you to the floor,
To the floor!

But that's the life of a Mary Sue,
Nobody reads your stories but you.

Stulock Holmes we'll keep on slaying
And you'll do all the hating

Saying "Nobody understands Jawn like you"
That's the life of a Mary Sue,
That the life sporking Sherlock Sues,
That's the life of a Badslash Sue,
That's the life of a Mary Sue.