

Brandy

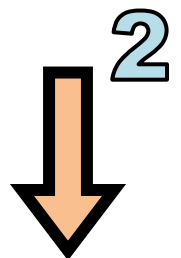
Looking Glass - '72

There's a port - on a western bay
And it serves - a hundred ships a day
Lonely sailors - pass the time away
And talk about their homes

And there's a girl - in this harbor town
And she works - layin' whiskey down
They say, Brandy, - fetch another round
She serves them whiskey and wine

[The sailors say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl"
"What a good wife you would be"
"Yeah, your eyes could steal a sailor from the sea"

Brandy - wears a braided chain
Made of finest silver from the North of Spain
A locket - that bears the name
Of the man that Brandy loved



He came - on a summer's day
Bringin' gifts - from far away
But he made it clear he couldn't stay
No harbor was his home

[The sailors say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl"
"What a good wife you would be"
"But my life, my love and my lady is the sea."

{ **Yeah, Brandy** -used -to -watch -his -eyes
When he told his sailor story
She could **feel** the ocean fall and rise
She saw its ragin' glory
But he had always told the truth,
Lord, he was an honest man
And Brandy does her best to understand

At night - when the bars close down
Brandy walks - through a silent town
And loves a man who's not around
She still can hear him say

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