

# Mandy

## The Manhattan Strings

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
She said everything you've learned, yeah you've been told  
How can I get you to forget for awhile  
She's at my door, won't leave me alone  
And she says that she'll make my pain go by  
But I know about Mandy  
'Cause Mandy, you never forget  
If she was a blonde, I'd tell her go home  
But Mandy's a brunette  
And she got nothing left to wear  
She'll get your heart  
Forget your heart  
She'll get your heart again  
And she got nothing left to wear  
She'll get your heart  
Forget your heart  
She'll get your heart again, yeah, my friend  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey  
She said everything you've earned, yeah, you've rolled  
I'll double it up if you give me a try  
She's at my door, won't leave me alone  
And she said that she'll make my pain fly by  
She's the slot machine of the century  
Part Vietnamese and Hindi  
She'll set you free like the enemy retreat  
In the back of a black Cadillac limousine  
And she got nothing left to wear  
She'll get your heart  
Forget your heart  
She'll get your heart again  
And she got nothing left to wear  
She'll get your heart  
Forget your heart

She'll get your heart again, yeah, my friend

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

And she got nothing left to wear

She'll get your heart

Forget your heart

She'll get your heart again

And she got nothing left to wear

She'll get your heart

Forget your heart

She'll get your heart again, yeah, my friend

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Hey ya hey hey, hey ya hey hey

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>