

Sweet Lady Mary

Rod Stewart

Sweet Lady Mary has to rest her poor head
Wakes in the morning with her breakfast in bed
I tried to help her but I did not know, how
I tried to love her but it's all over now
Nothing left to comfort me

Except a sunny day

Steal away

Steal away

Over the stones along the dusty old road
With every footstep one more tale is told
With every turning one more side to see
Sweet Lady Mary's seen the last of me

A lesson is learnt

I'll never come this way again

I'll steal away

Steal away

Her Spanish habits are so hard to forget

The lady lied with every breath, I accept
Was a matter of time before my face did not fit

I knew all along I'd have to quit

Anyway now, I better not

Waste anymore of your time

I'll steal away

Steal away

I think I'll go back home and start all again
Where the Gulf stream waters tend to ease the pain
And on a new day when I've mended the wound
Sweet Lady Mary's gate, I swear, I'll be bound

But before I sit down again

And waste anymore of your time

I better steal away

Steal away

Steal away

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