

# Brandy

## R.H.C.P.:

There's a port on a western bay  
And it serves 100 ships a day  
Lonely sailors pass the time away  
And talk about their lives

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

They say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl  
What a good wife you would be  
You 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 a man that Brandy loved.

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

Brandy, you've a fine girl,  
What a good wife you would be  
But my life, my love and my lady is the sea.

Brandy used to watch his eyes  
When he told his sailing stories  
She could feel the ocean fall and rise  
She saw its raging 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

Brandy, you've a fine girl,  
What a good wife you would be  
But my life, my love and my lady is the sea.

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