Sally

Johnny Flynn

Sad about her winsome glance
And mad about the town
Kicking years (?)
And every boy's a clown
Leave a trial of dusted boots
And choose a toecap
Then go kiss me here or kick me there
And lovers won't be friends

[Chorus:]
I'm a plow
And you're a furrow
I'm a fox
And you're a burrow
I'm a weed
And you the rose
You're a man
And I'm low

Sally was a daisy chain
And Sally was a rock
And Sally let her hair hang low
And Sally wore a frock
Someone saw a local boy
Crawl along the shore
Well must be someone's son
They thought
They should have thought some more

[Chorus:]

Sally saw the boy come near
Right beneath the sun
Breathing hard and cockle proud
And Sally's heart was won
Not a boy she knew at first
Not a face she'd seen
All whispered through her ready lips
I'll be the best I've been

[Chorus:]

And it's forty's fingers in her face
Grubby mitts, saving grace
Hope to live, or wait to die
Why don't you like

Chervil gloves and half cocked eyes
Bring nature to their deviled lives
Winsome missus wantoning lads
Aging in their passing fads
Leave a trial of dusted boots
And choose a toecap
Then go kiss me here or kick me there
And lovers might be friends

[Chorus:]

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