

Sandy

John Mayall

Oh, where is my Sandy?
What does she do each day and night?
Well, I follow her behaviour
The way she do it just ain't right

Well, she's taken my pendant
It's lying on her breast
But if I was her lover
I'd lay her down and take the rest

Well, I stood by her doorway
She couldn't see me from afar
But it hurt me to see her
Step inside another man's car

Well, I knew I'd be waiting
For her to come to me in vain
But I'll still be waiting
When she takes me for a fool again

Well, Sandy, oh, Sandy
The way you do, it just ain't right
The way you do
It just ain't right