

Sally Free And Easy

Marianne Faithfull

Sally, free and easy,
That should be her name.
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Took a sailor's lovin'
For a nursery game.

Oh, the heart she gave him
Was not made of stone.
Oh, the heart she gave him
Was not made of stone.
It was sweet and hollow
Like a honeycomb.

Think I'll wait till morning,
See the ensign down.
Think I'll wait till sunrise,
See the ensign down.
See my coffin coming,
To my burial groud'.

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