

Wings "Sally G."

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By Paul McCartney

Sowhere to the south of New York City
Lies the friendly state of Tennessee,
Down in Nashville toen I met a pretty
Who made a pretty big fool out of me.
And they call her Sally,
Sally G, why d'you wanna do the things you do to me?
You're my Sally, Sally G
Took the part that was the heart of me, Sally G.
The night life took me down to Printers Alley,
Where Sally sang a song behind a bar.
I ran my eyes across her as she sang a tangled mime,
I used to love to hear her sweet guitar.
And they call her Sally,
Sally G, why d'you wanna do the things you do to me?
You're my Sally, Sally G
Took the part that was the heart of me, Sally G.
Me and Sally took up,
Things began to look up,
Me and her were going strong.
Then she started lyin',
I could see our love was dyin'.
I heard a voice say,
"Move along, move along".
Well now. I'm on my own again,
I wonder if she ever really understood.
I never thought to ask her what the letter "G" stood for,
But I know for sure it wasn't good.
And they call her Sally,
Sally G, why d'you wanna do the things you do to me?
You're my Sally, Sally G
Took the part that was the heart of me, Sally G.
Sally G

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