

Alan Stivell

"Sally Free And Easy"

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

Though the heart she gave me,
Was not made of stone,(2X)
It was sweet and hollow,
Like a honey comb,

Think I'll wait till sunset,
See the ensign down,(2X)
Then I'll take the tideway,
To my buryin' groun',

Sally, free and easy,
That should be her name,(2X)
When my body's landed,
Hope she dies of shame.

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