

## Gerry Boulet

# "Syncopatin' Sandy"

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Now I was just a kid way back in my hometown  
There was a crazy little man who once came around  
Syncopatin' Sandy was the stranger's name  
Playing marathon piano, that was Sandy's game.

He played all day, he played all night  
After 48 hours he was still alright  
We fed him whiskey from a paper cup  
And we wondered how long he could keep it up.

How long? how long?  
How long? how long?

Well his eyes are rollin' and he can't even speak  
The spirit's willing but the flesh is weak  
How long? how long?  
How long? how long?

People would come and the people would go  
And the people all agreed it wasn't much of a show  
They all said Sandy must be weak in the head  
And if he didn't stop soon he would drop down dead.

He played all day, he played all night  
After 96 hours he was still alright  
We fed him whiskey from a paper cup  
And we wondered how long he could keep it up.

How long? how long?  
How long? how long?

Well his eyes are rollin' and he can't even speak  
The spirit's willing but the flesh is weak  
How long? how long?  
How long? how long?

(fade)  
How long? how long?

Drums: Liam Genockey  
Bass Guitar: Pete Zorn

Keyboards: Ian Lynn  
Woodblocks: Frank Ricotti  
Acoustic Guitar: Gerry Rafferty  
Clarinets/Strings Arranged By: Wil Malone  
String Leader: Gavin Wright  
Vocals: Gerry Rafferty

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