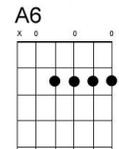


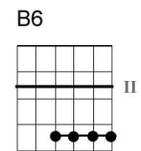
Brandy (You're a Fine Girl) by Eliot Lurie (1971)

A E/G# C#m7 B
 Doo doo

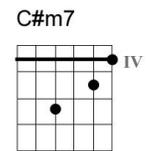
E A6(¼) B6(¼) C#m7(½) F#m7(½) A(½) D(½) A(½)
 There's a port, on a west ern bay, and it serves, a hundred ships a day
 E A6(¼) B6(¼) C#m7(½) F#m7(½) A/B(½) E
 Lonely sailors, pass the time a way, and talk about their homes



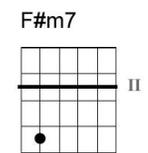
And there's a girl, in this harbor town, and she works, layin' whiskey down
 They say Brandy, fetch another round, she serves them whiskey and wine



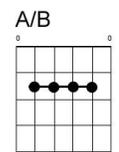
C#m7 A C#m7 A
 The sailors say Brandy, you're a fine girl. What a good wife you would be
 E B7 A(½) E(½) A(½) A/B(½)
 Your eyes could steal a sailor, from the sea



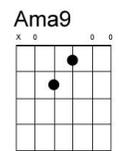
Brandy, wears a braided chain, made of the finest silver from the north of Spain
 A locket, that bears the name, of a man that Brandy loved
 He came, on a summer's day, bringin' gifts, from far a-way
 But he made it clear, he couldn't stay, no harbor was his home



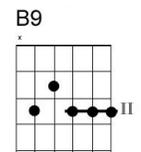
The sailors say Brandy, you're a fine girl. What a good wife you would be
 But my life, my love and my lady is the sea



C#m7 E Ama9 B9
 Yea Brandy used to watch his eyes when he told his sailor's story
 C#m7 E Ama9 B9
 She could feel the ocean fall and rise, she saw its ragin' glory
 C#m7 D/A C#m7 A
 But he had always told the truth, Lord, he was an honest man
 E B7 A6(½) E(½) A(½) A/B(½)
 And Brandy does her best to understand



At night, when the bars close down, Brandy walks through a silent town
 And loves a man, who's not around, she still can hear him say



The sailors say Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be
 But my life, my love and my lady is the sea