

# Sandy

John Mayall

Oh, where is my Sandy?  
What does she do each day and night?  
Well, I follow her behaviour  
The way she do it just ain't right

Well, she's taken my pendant  
It's lying on her breast  
But if I was her lover  
I'd lay her down and take the rest

Well, I stood by her doorway  
She couldn't see me from afar  
But it hurt me to see her  
Step inside another man's car

Well, I knew I'd be waiting  
For her to come to me in vain  
But I'll still be waiting  
When she takes me for a fool again

Well, Sandy, oh, Sandy  
The way you do, it just ain't right  
The way you do  
It just ain't right