

Paul McCartney, Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reggae

Sally G

Paul McCartney

Somewhere to the south of New York City

Lies the friendly state of Tennessee

Down in Nashville town I met a pretty

Who made a pretty big fool out of me

Chorus:

And they call her Sally, Sally G

Why d'you want to 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 Printer's Alley

Where Sally sang a song behind the bar

I ran my eyes across her as she sang a tangled mime

I used to love to hear her sweet guitar

Chorus

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

Chorus

(Take it chaps)

Sally G.....

From: "Tara N. Larkin";