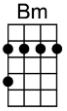
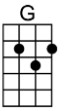
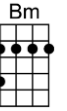
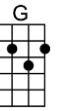
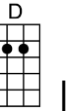
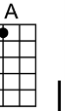
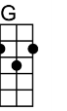
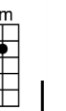
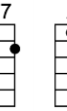

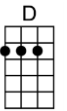
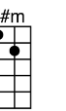
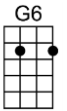
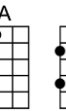
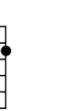
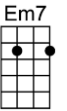
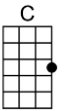
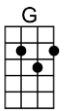


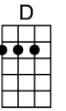
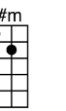
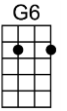
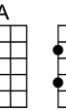

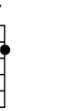
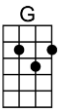
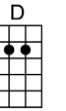
# BRANDY (YOU'RE A FINE GIRL)-Elliot Lurie

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

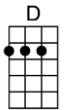
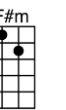
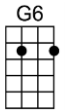
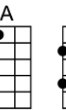
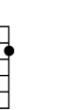
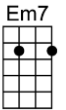
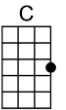
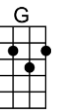
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

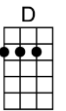
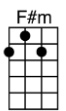
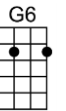
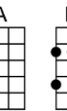

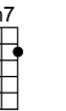
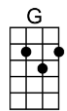
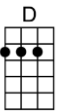
There's a port on a west- ern bay, and it serves a hundred ships a day  
 Brandy wears a braid-ed chain, made of finest silver from the north of Spain

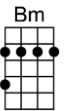
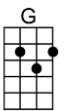
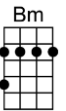
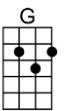
Lonely sailors pass the time a - way, and talk a-bout their homes  
 A locket that bears the name of the man that Brandy loves

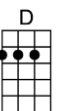
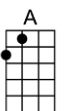
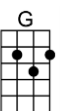
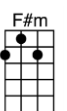
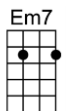
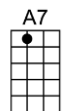
There's a girl in this har - bor town, and she works, laying whiskey down  
 He came on a sum-mer's day, bringing gifts from far a-way

They say "Brandy, fetch anoth-er round," she serves them whiskey and wine  
 But he made it clear he could-n't stay, no harbor was his home

The sailors say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
 The sailor said, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be

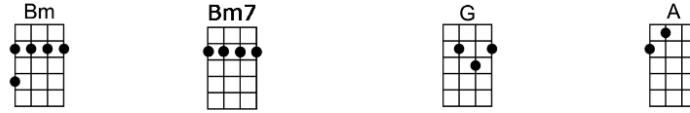
     

Yeah, your eyes could steal a sailor from the sea." (2nd verse)  
 But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea."

p.2. Brandy



Yeah, Brandy used to watch his eyes when he told his sailor's story



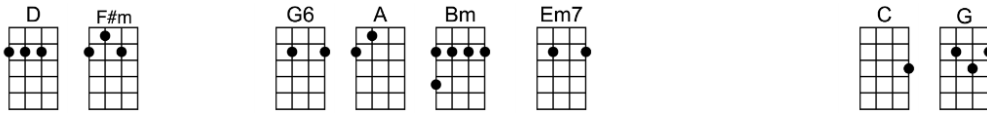
She could feel the ocean fall and rise, she saw its raging glory



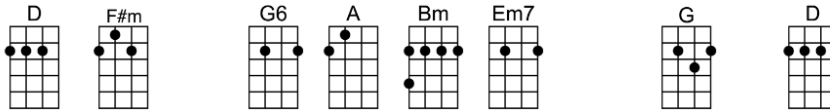
But he had always told the truth, Lord, he was an honest man



Brandy does her best to under-stand.



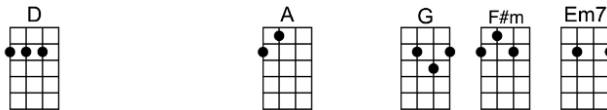
At night, when the bars close down, Brandy walks through a silent town



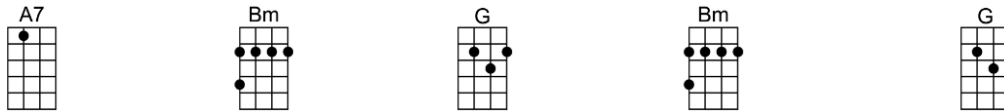
And loves a man who's not a - round, she still can hear him say....



She hears him say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be



But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea."



She hears him say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be



But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea."

# BRANDY (YOU'RE A FINE GIRL)-Elliot Lurie

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | Bm | G | Bm | G | D | A | G F#m | Em7 A7 |

D F#m G6 A Bm Em7 C G  
There's a port on a west-ern bay, and it serves a hundred ships a day  
Brandy wears a braid-ed chain, made of finest silver from the north of Spain  
D F#m G6 A Bm Em7 G D  
Lonely sailors pass the time a - way, and talk a-bout their homes  
A locket that bears the name of the man that Brandy loves

D F#m G6 A Bm Em7 C G  
There's a girl in this har - bor town, and she works, laying whiskey down  
He came on a sum-mer's day, bringing gifts from far a-way  
D F#m G6 A Bm Em7 G D  
They say "Brandy, fetch anoth-er round," she serves them whiskey and wine  
But he made it clear he could-n't stay, no harbor was his home

Bm G Bm G  
The sailors say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
The sailor said, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
D A G F#m Em7 A7  
Yeah, your eyes could steal a sailor from the sea." (2nd verse)  
But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea."

Bm Bm7 G A  
Yeah, Brandy used to watch his eyes when he told his sailor's story  
Bm Bm7 G A  
She could feel the ocean fall and rise, she saw its raging glory  
Bm CMA7 Bm G  
But he had always told the truth, Lord, he was an honest man  
D A G F#m Em7 A7  
Brandy does her best to under-stand.

D F#m G6 A Bm Em7 C G  
At night, when the bars close down, Brandy walks through a silent town  
D F#m G6 A Bm Em7 G D  
And loves a man who's not a-round, she still can hear him say..

Bm G Bm G  
She hears him say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
D A G F#m Em7  
But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea."  
A7 Bm G Bm G  
She hears him say, "Brandy, you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
D A G F#m Em7 D  
But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea."