

## Sally Free And Easy

Marianne Faithfull

Sally, free and easy,  
That should be her name.  
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Took a sailor's lovin'  
For a nursery game.

Oh, the heart she gave him  
Was not made of stone.  
Oh, the heart she gave him  
Was not made of stone.  
It was sweet and hollow  
Like a honeycomb.

Think I'll wait till morning,  
See the ensign down.  
Think I'll wait till sunrise,  
See the ensign down.  
See my coffin coming,  
To my burial groud'.

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