

Shaky Nancy

Richard Thompson

Here she comes and there she goes
Nothing on her fingers, nothing on her toes
Why she comes nobody knows
Here comes shaky Nancy

Don't be believing, she melts in your hand
Runs with the tide and she shifts with the sand
She'll send you a message and turn to stone
She's a hard girl, Nancy

One cold morning, ice on the sea
Shaky Nancy won't you lean on me
Must mean something, how can you lose?
There's nothing choosy or chancy

Oh here she comes and there she goes
Nothing on her fingers, nothing on her toes
Why she comes nobody knows
Here comes shaky Nancy