

kissed you — that you were the trou - bl - in' kind, 'Cause the hon - ey drips — from your sweet lips; One

taste and I'm out — of my mind. I love you so much, — I know what I'll do, — I'm clip - pin' your wings; — Your

fly - in' is through, 'Cause I'm cra - zy a - bout you, You But - ter - fly. — You fly. —

**BRANDY**  
(You're A Fine Girl)

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Words and Music by ELLIOT LURIE

Moderately There's a port on a west - ern bay — and it serves a hun - dred ships a day — Lone - ly sail - ors pass the

Brandy wears a braid - ed chain, made of finest silver from the north of Spain — A lock - et that

time a - way — and talk a - bout their homes. — There's a girl in this har - bor town, and she works lay - ing

bears the name of the man that Bran - dy loves. — He came on a sum - mer's day — Bring - ing gifts from —

night when the bars close down. Bran - dy walks thru a

whis - key down They say "Bran - dy, fetch an - oth - er round," she serves them whis - key and wine. The sail - ors say "Bran - dy you're a fine

far a - way. But he made it clear he could - n't stay, — no har - bor was his home. The sail - ors say "Bran - dy, you're a fine

si - lent town and loves a man who's not a - round She still can hear him say. She hears him say.)

— girl, — what a good wife — you would be; — Your — eyes could steal a sail - or from the sea. —

— girl, — what a good wife — you would be; — but my life, my lover, my la - dy is — the sea. —

Bran - dy used to watch his eyes, when he told his sail - or's sto - ry. — She could feel the o - cean

fall and rise — she saw its rag - ing glo - ry. — But he had al - ways told — the truth, — Lord, he was an hon - est

man; — Bran - dy does her best to un - der - stand. — At