

# Glass Looking, Brandy (You're A Fine Girl)

There's a port on a western bay  
And it serves a hundred ships a day  
Lonely sailors pass the time away  
And talk about their homes

And there's a girl in this harbor town  
And she works layin' whiskey down  
They say "Brandy, fetch another round"  
She serves them whiskey and wine

The sailors say "Brandy, you're a fine girl" (you're a fine girl)  
&quot;What a good wife you would be&quot; (such a fine girl)  
&quot;Yeah your eyes could steal a sailor from the sea&quot;  
(dooda-dit-dooda), (dit-dooda-dit-dooda-dit)

Brandy wears a braided chain  
Made of finest silver from the North of Spain  
A locket that bears the name  
Of the man that Brandy loves

He came on a summer's day  
Bringin' gifts from far away  
But he made it clear he couldn't stay  
No harbor was his home

The sailor said "Brandy, you're a fine girl" (you're a fine girl)  
&quot;What a good wife you would be&quot; (such a fine girl)  
&quot;But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea&quot;  
(dooda-dit-dooda), (dit-dooda-dit-dooda-dit)

Yeah, Brandy used to watch his eyes  
When he told his sailor stories  
She could feel the ocean foam rise  
She saw its ragin' glory

But he had always told the truth, lord, he was an honest man  
And Brandy does her best to understand  
(dooda-dit-dooda), (dit-dooda-dit-dooda-dit)

At night when the bars close down  
Brandy walks through a silent town  
And loves a man who's not around  
She still can hear him say

She hears him say "Brandy, you're a fine girl" (you're a fine girl)  
&quot;What a good wife you would be&quot; (such a fine girl)  
&quot;But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea&quot;  
(dooda-dit-dooda), (dit-dooda-dit-dooda-dit)

&quot;Brandy, you're a fine girl&quot; (you're a fine girl)  
FADE

&quot;What a good wife you would be&quot; (such a fine girl)  
&quot;But my life, my lover, my lady is the sea&quot;