

Rod Stewart, Sweet Lady Mary

(Wood, Stewart, Lane)

Sweet Lady Mary has to rest her poor head
Wakes in the morning with her breakfast in bed
I tried to help her, but I did not know how
I tried to love her, but it's all over now
Nothing left to comfort me, except a sunny day
Steal away, steal away

Over the stones along the dusty old road
With every footstep one more tale is told
With every turning one more side to see
Sweet Lady Mary's seen the last of me
A lesson is learnt, I'll never come this way again
I'll steal away, steal away

Her Spanish habits are so hard to forget
The lady lied with every breath, I accept
Was a matter of time before my face did not fit
I knew all along I'd have to quit.
Anyway now, I better not waste anymore of your time
I'll steal away, steal away

I think I'll go back home and start all again
Where the Gulf Stream waters tend to ease the pain
And on a new day when I've mended the wound
Sweet Lady Mary's gate I swear I'll be bound
But before I sit down again and waste anymore of your time
I better steal away, steal away

Ooh-hoo
Steal away-ay.