

Gerry Rafferty, Syncopatin' Sandy

When I was just a kid way back in my hometown
There was a crazy little man who once came around
Syncopatin' Sandy was the stranger's name
Playing marathon piano, that was Sandy's game.

He played all day, he played all night
After 48 hours he was still alright
We fed him whiskey from a paper cup
And we wondered how long he could keep it up.

How long? how long?
How long? how long?

Well his eyes are rollin' and he can't even speak
The spirit's willing but the flesh is weak
How long? how long?
How long? how long?

People would come and the people would go
And the people all agreed it wasn't much of a show
They all Sandy must be weak in the head
And if he didn't stop soon he would drop down dead.

He played all day, he played all night
After 96 hours he was still alright
We fed him whiskey from a paper cup
And we wondered how long he could keep it up.

How long? how long?
How long? how long?

Well his eyes are rollin' and he can't even speak
The spirit's willing but the flesh is weak
How long? how long?
How long? how long?

(fade)
How long? how long?

Drums: Liam Genockey
Bass Guitar: Pete Zorn
Keyboards: Ian Lynn
Woodblocks: Frank Ricotti
Acoustic Guitar: Gerry Rafferty
Clarinets/Strings Arranged By: Wil Malone
String Leader: Gavin Wright
Vocals: Gerry Rafferty