

Hey Sandy

Christy Moore

Bm A Bm A

Em

The sun was hot and the air was heavy and the marching men came by

D

You stood at the door and you watched them pass you asked the reason why

Em

The sound of steel on their jackboot heel came pounding through your head

D

Em

A

Your reason is past, they've come at last, with the blessings of the dead.

D

A

G

D

Hey Sandy, hey Sandy why are you the one?

D

A

G

D

All the years of growing up are wasted now and gone.

Em

A

Did you see them turn did you feel the burn of the bullets as they flew?

D

A

G

D

Hey Sandy, hey Sandy just what did you do?