

Sanguine Sam
Patrick Goble

Oh ah!

Rogers taught me to be neighborly
Told me everyone believed in me
So I road on up to Buffalo
Pan handled pinstripe suit, 99 below

Then I made my way to hombres' shack
And cried "Oh Lordy!" as I dropped my sack
"You can't be him," I said so anxiously
But there he was making a spot of tea

Sanguine Sam, old son, I'm so pleased to see the rumors are true
Sanguine Sam, how can it be that you have never been blue?
Sanguine Sam!

Now let me, now let me, now let me, now let me
Now let me tell you

Oh, oh, oh, oh yeah!

Oh ah!

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