

## Seems So Long Ago, Nancy

It seems so long ago,  
Nancy was alone,  
looking at the Late Late show  
through a semi-precious stone.  
In the House of Honesty  
her father was on trial,  
in the House of Mystery  
there was no one at all,  
there was no one at all.

It seems so long ago,  
none of us were strong;  
Nancy wore green stockings  
and she slept with everyone.  
She never said she'd wait for us  
although she was alone,  
I think she fell in love for us  
in nineteen sixty one,  
in nineteen sixty one.

It seems so long ago,  
Nancy was alone,  
a forty five beside her head,  
an open telephone.  
We told her she was beautiful,  
we told her she was free  
but none of us would meet her in  
the House of Mystery,  
the House of Mystery.

And now you look around you,  
see her everywhere,  
many use her body,  
many comb her hair.  
In the hollow of the night  
when you are cold and numb  
you hear her talking freely then,  
she's happy that you've come,  
she's happy that you've come.