GYPSY
Ralph McTell

Our fathers out of India come
And stopped where they found water
And the gadgo boys with their greedy eyes
Coveted our daughters, coveted our daughters.
And the moon shone into the seas across the palms with silver
There was music that night in the dark campsite
And the music made you shiver; to be the gypsy.

La, la, la, la, etc.

Across the deserts our fathers come
With dancing boy, and bear, and drum
And the gadgo boys with their greedy eyes
Coveted our freedom, coveted our freedom.
And we fit in your landscape as the sixth to the five senses
But the pastures close as the cowboy knows
And the world's cut up by fences, to catch the gypsy.

La, la, la, la, etc.

And the colours fade on the caravans
And old roads bend in change
And the vigilantes move us on
But still we do remain, and while we do remain
Your ways only keep us on the paths we have chosen.
When it's cold at night, and the fire won't light
And the children's hands are frozen, and it's hard to be the gypsy.

La, la, la, la, etc.

Oh, the fire that burns, the cage, the key, the dancer of delight,
The flame that burns behind your eyes
Yet flickers in your sight, flickers in your sight.
And you may die of cold because the ways that you have chosen
Has warmed your hands, but not your heart and left your poor soul frozen.
Let the gypsy dance.

La, la, la, la, la, etc.

Now if the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover
That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over.
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