

## Gypsy King

Kitty Wells

His laugh was music to my ears it touched like summer sun  
But when I looked into his eyes my heart told me to run  
For there are so a wanderer a veever of dreams  
A restless carefree bagabum a roving gypsy king  
He sang me through fairy lands of love while his guitar would r  
ing  
Like the tone he soon was gone my roving gypsy king  
He made no promises to break left no string to untie  
And when he was ready there was no goodbye  
Knowing I would lose him still I dare to dream  
Love would make a prisoner of my roving gypsy king  
He sang me through...  
Now he's left me all alone my roving gypsy king