

# Gypsy Driftin'

Toby Keith

I learned quick my eighteenth summer  
Diggin' ditches for the man  
You can't be a guitar strummer  
Cussin' that shovel in your hand

Took my paycheck to a pawn shop  
Bought a Silvertone guitar  
Wrote a song about a beer joint  
Went and played it in a bar

It's hard as hell out on this highway  
But I'm still addicted to the show  
When that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me  
A gypsy driftin' down the road

Buses, trucks and lit up stages  
Angel faces with no names  
Stadium of savin' graces  
Stand and singing with a flame

It's hard as hell out on this highway  
But I'm still addicted to the show  
When that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me  
A gypsy driftin' down the road

I go on when I'm too tired to sleep  
And I go on, sing when I can't speak  
I go on and on and on and on

It's hard as hell out on this highway  
But I'm still addicted to the show  
When that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me  
A gypsy driftin' down the road  
And when that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me  
A gypsy driftin' down the road, down the road