

# Gypsy Boy

Billy Joe Shaver

The painted lantern circus  
With the wagons swinging slowly  
On a cold October morning  
On a day that should be holy

Winding through the forest  
As the sun is just a-breakin'  
And I am only seven  
And a gypsy in the makin'

Winds a-blowin' through me  
And the canvas flaps a-tearin'  
And the folks is talkin' low now  
'Cause they don't want me to hear 'em

And Uncle says there's trouble  
With the bulls along the border  
And I'm a-wond'rin' why  
And a-wishin' I were older

Many years ago it seems  
And many summers ending  
The wagon wheels is rustin'  
And the axles is a-bendin'

And Grandma's bones is bleachin'  
And our hearts is still a-dyin'  
But I'm a Gypsy Boy  
And there ain't no time for cryin'

Now it's getting colder  
And the air is growin' ugly  
And the wolves is gettin' bolder  
And there ain't no sun above me

And I think it's time to move now  
But I don't know where we're goin'  
And I know it won't be long now  
Before it starts to snowin'

Babies cryin' softly  
And the women are a-sighin'  
And somewhere in a wagon  
There's a soul that must be dyin'

'Cause the crepe is hangin' black  
From the window of each lorry  
And we'll likely camp at sunset  
So's the body can be buried

So the carts will rumble  
Though there ain't no road to travel  
And I listen to the grindin'  
Of the wooden wheels on gravel

And the sad songs and the old songs  
Will warm me and they'll hold me

'Til my head at last grows weary  
And the arms of sleep enfold me

For I am a Gypsy Boy  
And my home is where you find me  
For I am a Gypsy Boy  
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