

## Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me

Billy Joe Shaver

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinkers  
Moving does more than that drinking for me  
Willy, he tells me that doers and thinkers  
Say moving's the closest thing to being free

He's a rosined, he's a rigging, he laid back his wages  
He's a dead set on riding on the big rodeos  
My woman's tight with an overdue baby  
Willy keeps yelling, "Hey gypsy, let's go"

Willy, you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther  
Ready rolled from the same makings as me  
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freezes over  
Willy, the wandering gypsy and me

Now ladies, we surely will take up your favors  
And we'll surely warn ya there never will be  
A single soul living can put brand or handle  
On Willy, the wandering gypsy and me

Well, they dance on the mountains and they shout in the canyons  
And they swarm in a loose herd like wild buffaloes  
Jamming our heads full of figures and angles  
Telling us shit that we already know

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Ready rolled from the same makings as me  
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freezes over  
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