

# Gypsy Girl

Dean Brody

She grew up in san diego  
Her body was painted by the summer sun  
She rented surfboards to make her dollars  
So she could drift to towns along the ocean

Well i met her one night when the black crows played beach  
She wanted to dance so she came to me  
The yellow moon the drums and the white rain in her hair  
I fell in love with her so deep

Gypsy girl why do you run?  
Your pretty feet must be so tired  
Why don't you stay a while in my arms?  
Gypsy girl why are you scared of love?

You say love it hurt you  
Yes it did  
But it's love that could save you  
If you could let it back in

She lives out of her red volkswagen  
Curtains on the windows where she sleeps at night  
She says boy you and me we could be ramblers  
If you could learn to hold me but not too tight

Let me drive away from time to time

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