

Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me

George Strait

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

Now he's a rosined, he's rigging, he's laid back his wages
He's dead set on riding on the big rodeo
And my woman's tight with an overdue baby
And Willy keeps a-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're gonna ramble 'til Hell freezes over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

Now, ladies, we surely will take of your favors
And we'll surely warn you there never will be
A single soul living that could put brand or handle
On Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

They dance on the mountains, they shout in the canyons
Swarm in a loose herd like a wild buffalo
Jammin' our heads full of figures and angles
And tellin' us things we already know

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