

# The Gypsy's Wife

Leonard Cohen

And where, where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight  
I've heard all the wild reports, they can't be right  
But whose head is this she's dancing with on the threshing floor  
Whose darkness deepens in her arms a little more

And where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?  
Where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?

Ah the silver knives are flashing in the tired old cafe  
A ghost climbs on the table in a bridal negligee  
She says, "My body is the light, my body is the way"  
I raise my arm against it all and I catch the bride's bouquet

And where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?...

Too early for the rainbow, too early for the dove  
These are the final days, this is the darkness, this is the flood  
And there is no man or woman who can't be touched  
But you who come between them will be judged

And where, where is my Gypsy wife tonight?...