

# Gypsy Lady

Peter Bradley Adams

There's a gypsy lady  
And she's dancing tonight  
She moves in and out  
Of silver light

Just when you see her  
Then she's gone in the dark  
High on the wind  
Her head against the stars

There's men who've loved her  
There's men who've tried  
Some think they've known her  
Some got inside

She don't seem to notice  
She's got her eyes on the moon  
Her smile full of secrets  
She sings herself a tune

Out along the endless highway  
Where that lonesome whistle blows  
I dream she flies on a snow white dove  
I dream she finds me  
I dream she carries me home

There's a gypsy lady tellin' stories tonight  
With children all 'round her lost in delight  
There's ancient voices whisperin' soft in her ears  
A band of angels that only she can hear

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Where that lonesome whistle blows  
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