

Gipsy

Pretty Balanced

Wearing a string of fairies around her neck
Tells me she's gone and nothing will bring her back
Whether the future's bright or we're out of luck
Don't try to argue much she won't give a fuck
She's dying
She's dying
She's dying
She's dying
Pack a few things and put on your strangest dress
Where we're all going none of us could care less
Hitting the road as hard as a gypsy can
Don't even ask we don't even have a plan
And as her skin rips off and her bones poke through
Strange as her beauty grows she won't have a clue
Soles of her feet worn down but she stretches on
Smaller she grows but will she ever be gone
She's dying
She's dying
She's dying
She's dying
Pack a few things and string up your rings and beads
Sick of the war and other disgraceful deeds
Hitting the road as hard as the dying can
Don't even as we don't even have a plan