

# Gypsy

Ralph McTell

Our fathers out of India come  
And stopped where they found water  
And the gadgo boys with their greedy eyes  
Coveted our daughters, coveted our daughters  
And the moon shone into the seas across the palms with silver  
There was music that night in the dark campsite  
And the music made you shiver, to be the gypsy

La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Across the deserts our fathers come  
With dancing boy and bear and drum  
And the gadgo boys with their greedy eyes  
Coveted our freedom, coveted our freedom  
And we fit in your landscape as the sixth to the five senses  
But the pastures close as the cowboy knows  
And the world's cut up by fences, to catch the gypsy

La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

And the colours fade on the caravans  
And old roads bend in change  
And the vigilantes move us on  
But still we do remain, and while we do remain  
Your ways only keep us on the paths we have chosen  
When it's cold at night, and the fire won't light  
And the children's hands are frozen, and it's hard to be the gypsy

La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Oh, the fire that burns, the cage, the key, the dancer of delight  
The flame that burns behind the eyes  
Yet flickers in your sight, flickers in your sight  
And you may die of cold because the ways that you have chosen  
Has warmed your hands, but not your heart and left your poor soul frozen  
Let the gypsy dance

La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Now if the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover  
That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over  
If the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover  
That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over

Now if the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover

That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over  
If the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover  
That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over

Now if the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover  
That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over  
If the gypsy cannot dance, in your heart you may discover  
That the flame needs air to burn, and soon it'll be all over

...