Gypsy Joe And Me

Skeeter Davis

We might have slept in the mayor's yard or camped by the river banks
We fed ourselves from the fruit of the land and quenched our th irst with rain
We never did allow no roots to grow beneath our feet
Life just had no pattern for Gypsy Joe and me
All we had was each other and the rags upon our backs
The closest thing to a home we new was some abandoned shack
But we had all we wanted and the rest we didn't need
Life was free and simple for Gypsy Joe and me

Now Gypsy was my little dog I found by the road in a ditch
And so I named him Gypsy cause that name just seemed to fit
Oh and Joe he was my man he was the flower of my soul
Though he never said he loved me I just always seemed to know
While standing by the highway a thumbin' for a ride
The speeding wheels of a passing car took Gypsy's life
I lost him where I found him and his loss was misery
Now there's no more Gypsy there's just Joe and me

Well the winter came and the snow did fall and the night was co ld and still
And the rags we wore were not enough and Joe he caught the chil l
He told me how he loved me and in my arms he went to sleep
Now there's no more Gypsy no more Joe there's just me
While standing here on the edge of this bridge looking down I s ee
The face of Joe and Gypsy a looking up at me
And somewhere in the distance I can hear them calling me
Tonight we'll be together again Gypsy Joe and me
Tonight we'll be together again Gypsy Joe and me

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