

## Like Gypsies Do

The Weeks

Shake like a gypsy, dress like a king  
She said she loves me but she says the strangest things  
She said now I walk on fire I burn through cigarettes  
I built empires on lies and dirty sex  
Wait in the shadows cold like a king built it from ashes  
But she told me everything  
My sinners glory, my glory gold is good  
They swore they'd make it better  
But I knew they never could

Oh lord, broke hands don't need no fixin'  
Please God, don't let my point go missing  
Oh know, my Chevy's hot and ready  
Yes God please keep my hands held steady  
He knows me better than my baby  
Oh no, not even you could save me  
No I can't be now better than myself

She don't know what she's doing

Kiss her like concrete, that joker has been had  
She said she hates me but my lovin's not that bad  
Hold my eyes shut so I can't see a thing  
I swear I love you, do you know what that means?  
Held down from glory those words don't mean a thing  
She say she loves my baby, but my baby she loves me  
That gypsy woman she said my trail is hot  
Ride through the evening boy I said give it all you got

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