

Gypsy Epilogue

Tony Joe White

A gathering of spirits
A scattering of souls
We all are born naked
Some will grow old

Can't eavesdrop on the future
Or tap dance to the past
Time can't be measured
But this moment will last

A stillness had fallen
In the high desert snow
A bird flew out of nowhere
With nowhere to go

The ghost heart stays with her
When she's alone in the dark
No one can see
But they hear the dogs bark