Gypsy Lady

Peter Bradley Adams

There's a gypsy lady
And she's dancing tonight
She moves in and out
Of silver lightJust when you see her
Then she's gone in the dark
High on the wind
Her head against the starsThere's men who've loved her
There's men who've tried
Some think they've known her
Some got insideShe don't seem to notice
She's got her eyes on the moon
Her smile full of secrets
She sings herself a tuneOut along the endless highway
Where that lonesome whistle blows
I dream she flies on a snow white dove
I dream she finds me
I dream she carries me homeThere's a gypsy lady tellin' stories tonight
With children all 'round her
Lost in delight
There's ancient voices whisperin' soft in her ears
A band of angels that only she can hear

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