

# The Gypsy King

Patrick Wolf

Drawing a line  
A ship in a harbour  
Yes I will go  
Ill be going there soonA blue map of Cornwall  
Up on a bedroom wall  
Drawing a line  
Ill be following soonBut how do I follow?  
What road to be choosing?  
Do I follow the star  
Or the gypsy king?I recall when I was younger  
There was a fire  
To travel the world  
And shine with a passion  
But as ambition shoots blank  
Day by Day  
On a train from Edinburgh  
To the Kings Cross rain.I see a small house  
Built on the sea  
I could live there alone  
With a horse and a ukuleleBut how do I get there?  
What road to be choosing?  
When the seasons so high  
For losingHow do I follow  
What road to be choosing?  
Do I follow the star  
Or the Gypsy King?

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