

Gypsies, Tramps & Thieves

[Cher](#)

I was born in the wagon of a traveling show
My momma used to dance for the money they'd throw
Papa would do whatever he could
Preach a little Gospel, sell a couple bottles of Dr. Good
Gypsies, tramps and thieves
We'd hear it from the people of the town
They'd call us, gypsies, tramps and thieves
But every night all the men would come around
And lay their money down
Picked up a boy just south of Mobile
Gave him a ride, filled him with a hot meal
I was 16, he was 21, rode with us to Memphis
And papa would've shot 'im if he knew what he'd done
Gypsies, tramps and thieves
We'd hear it from the people of the town
They'd call us, gypsies, tramps and thieves
But every night all the men would come around
And lay their money down
I never had schoolin' but he taught me well
With his smooth, southern style
Three months later I'm a gal in trouble
And I haven't seen him for a while, oh ho
I haven't seen him for a while, oh ho
She was born in the wagon of a traveling show
Her momma had to dance for the money they'd throw
Grandpa would do whatever he could
Preach a little Gospel, sell a couple bottles of Dr. Good
Gypsies, tramps and thieves
We'd hear it from the people of the town
They'd call us, gypsies, tramps and thieves
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