

# Gypsy Biker

## Bruce Springsteen

The speculators made their money on the blood you shed  
Your momma's pulled the sheets up off your bed  
Profiteers on Jhames Street sold your shoes and clothes  
Ain't nobody talkin' because everybody knows  
We pulled your cycle up back the garage and polished up the chrome\*  
Our gypsy biker coming home Sister Mary sits with your colors, but Johnny's drunk and gone  
This old town's been roused, which side you on?  
They would march up over the hill, this old fools parade  
Shouting victory for the righteous for you must hear the grace  
Ain't nobody talkin', but just waiting on the phone  
Gypsy biker coming home Whoa! [Guitar solo] We rode into the foothills, Bobby brought the gasoline  
We stood around the circle as she lit up the ravine  
The spring hot desert wind rushed down on us all the way back home [Harmonica bridge] To the dead, well it  
don't matter much 'bout who's wrong or right  
You asked me that question, I didn't get it right  
You slipped into your darkness, now all that remains  
Is my love for you brother, life's still unchanged  
To him that threw you away, you ain't nothing but gone  
My gypsy biker's coming home And now I'm out countin' white lines  
Countin' white lines and getting stoned  
My gypsy biker's coming home Whoa! [Guitar solo] La la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la  
[fades]

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