

Gypsy

Kim Boekbinder

I'm in love with a gypsy
Oh, woe is me
And you would know my pain
If you'd ever loved a gypsy I'm in love with a gypsy
I never know where she is
I never show if she wants to be touched
If she wants to be kissed She never calls, she never writes
She always shows up in the middle of the night
Oh the irony, I've been captured by a gypsy I'm in love with a gypsy
I tried to let her go
But the harder I try
The more I know
I'm in love with gypsy
I just can't let her be
She wanted her freedom
And so took mine from me She never calls
She never writes
She shows up with 23 friends in the middle of the night
Oh the irony, I've been captured by a gypsy I tried to keep her
Without tying her down
But the more love I gave her
The more she left town
I said no strings attached
But I didn't mean it
Now when she leaves
Oh god do I feel it She never calls, she never writes
She always shows up in the middle of the night
Oh the irony, I've been captured by a gypsy Now I just can't leave
What if she came by
If I wasn't here
She might never try again
I'm stuck in a cage
I'm afraid to lose
It's made of her absence
Oh god am I confused She never calls
She never writes
Last night she showed up with 23 friends, they all needed to be fed
Oh the irony, I've been captured by a gypsy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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