

Gypsies, Tramps & Thieves

[Cher](#)

I was born in the wagon of a travelin' show
My mama used to dance for the money they'd throw
Papa would do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel
Sell a couple bottles of doctor good[Chorus:]
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 downPicked up a boy just south of Mobile
Gave him a ride, filled him with a hot meal
I was sixteen, he was twenty-one
Rode with us to Memphis
And papa would of shot him if he knew what he'd done[Chorus]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
I haven't seen him for a while, ohShe was born in the wagon of a travelin' show
Her mama had to dance for the money they'd throw
Grandpa'd do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel
Sell a couple bottles of doctor good[Chorus]

Songwriters

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