The Gypsy

Quincy Jones And His Orchestra

Step inside my tent, said she, "I'd like to read you palm"
Leave the dollar in the jar, this won't take very long
Leave the circus noise behind, close your eyes, relax your mind
I'll tell you, if you should quit now or if you should go on
Then I said, "Now what do ya see?"
She said, "Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee"
Where'll I go, what'll I be?
She said, "Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee"
She threw some sawdust in the air and her hands began to shake
She told me, the town where I was born, she almost knew the date
She lit a candle with her eyes and then she made the table rise
She took the dollar from the jar and then she guessed my weight
Then I said, "Now what do ya see?"
She said, "Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee"
You are so old, you are so wise
Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dy
Give me a sign, tell it to me
She said, "Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee"
Then she spoke most quietly
Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee
When you we a child at school they taught you quite a lot
You were told when you should speak and when you should not
You were taught to read and write, to take your lessons home at night
A little knowledge serves you well but the golden rule does not
Then I said, "Now what do ya see?"
She said, "Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee"
Where'll I go, what'll I be?
She said, "Deedlee-dum, deedlee-dee"
Then when I came home that night to lie in bed awake
I thought of that old gypsy and the words that she had said
And now I see with due respect, the more we learn the worse we get
So if you feel you've no regrets, go have your fortune read
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