

Gypsys On the Boulevard

Cris Cab

I went on down to [Bourbon Street]
I had a few dollars to spend
I saw this young girl looking at me
She was whispering to her friend
She said, my oh my mister mister
Won't you get me out of here
I've been waiting for my sister
But, she's lost her way I fear I search up, I search down, and around the block
She's not there at all
I give up, she's not down, so we ran we walked
I followed her into a wall
Yeah, her friends kicked in my jaw
And I swear they ran away with it all
Yeah, her friends kicked in my jaw
And I swear they ran away with it all
Cris Cab]
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard I went back down to Bourbon Street
As soon as I could speak again
To look for the girl that cheated me
And all of her stupid friends
I said wait until I find them
And bring my wrath down hard
Get back all my money
And my plastic credit cards
I search up, I search down, and around the block
They're nowhere to be found
They went up and back down and around I walked
And pummeled them to the ground
Look who's laughing now
As I pummeled them to the ground
I Said look who's laughing now
As I pummeled them to the ground Cris Cab]
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard
Ohh Oh Oh, Gypsys on the boulevard I made away with their sneakers

Ohhh oh oh
Nike and Jordans are keepers
Shit even their jackets will keep me warm
But, I bet you won't catch them on the Boulevard, no moreCris Cab]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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