

# Gypsy Girl

## Wet Wet Wet

Ten years before my time,  
I sang a song to a friend of mine,  
About a girl working for a dime. I didn't know that gypsy girl  
But I knew about her kind of thrill,  
Her love was cheap  
And always up for sale. Ooh, picture this,  
I was alone,  
But when I fell in love I was alone  
With my gipsy girl. Now gypsy lady lost her soul  
And she's so scared of growing old  
But words don't age for me to turn to gold. Gypsy girl with raven hair  
Holds my hope into the air  
She's the one that never seems to care. Ooh, picture this,  
I'm not alone  
But when I sing your song I'm not alone  
With my gypsy girl. La la la...  
La la la...  
La la la... La la la...  
La la la...  
La la la... Ooh, picture this,  
I'm not alone  
But when I sing your song I'm not alone  
With my gypsy girl.

Lyrics provided by

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