

Willy the Wandering Gypsy and Me

Waylon Jennings

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinkers
And moving does more than the same thing for me
Willy he tells me that doers and thinkers
Say, Movin' is a closest thing to being free
He rosins his riggins laid back his wages
He's dead certain ridin' the big rodeo
My woman's tight with an overdue baby
And Willy keeps yelling, Hey Gypsy let's go
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makins as me
Well, I reckon we're gonna ramble till Hell freeze us over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Well ladies we surely will take of your favors
And we'll surely warn you there never will be
A single soul living that could put brand or handle
On Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
We'll dance on the mountains, shout in the canyons
Swarm it ain't loose herd like a wild buffalo
Jammin' our heads full of figures
And angles and tellin' us stuff that we already know
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makins as me
Well, I reckon we're gonna ramble till Hell freezes over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Yeah, Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makins as me
And I reckon we're gonna ramble till Hell freeze us over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>