Gypsy Love Songs

Richard Thompson

Tropical night, Malaria moon
Dying stars of the silver screen
She danced that famous Gypsy dance
With a hole in her tambourineI was young enough and dumb enough
I swallowed down my Mickey Finn
She'd hijacked a few hearts all right
I went into a tailspinDon't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up againI put my arm around her waist
Says she, young man, you're getting warm
The room was going somewhere without me
And she laughed as she read my palmDon't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up againStillborn love, passionate dreams, pitiful greed
And the silver tongues of the tinker girls
Who throw their book of life at you
But don't know how to readShe was third generation Transylvanian
I was the seventh son of a seventh son
I begged the band don't play that tune
Please don't beguine the begunWhen I awoke, she'd cut and run
She stole my blueprints and my change
Just a horseshoe and a note on the bed
And all it said was--strangeDon't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up again

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