Gypsy Driftin

Toby Keith

I learned quick my eighteenth summer
Diggin' ditches for the man
You can't be a guitar strummer
Cussin' that shovel in your hand
Took my paycheck to a pawn shop
Bought a Silvertone guitar
Wrote a song about a beer joint
Went and played it in a bar
It's hard as hell out on this highway
But I'm still addicted to the show
When that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me
A gypsy driftin' down the road
Buses, trucks and lit up stages
Angel faces with no names
Stadium of savin' graces
Stand and singing with a flame
It's hard as hell out on this highway
But I'm still addicted to the show
When that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me
A gypsy driftin' down the road
I go on when I'm too tired to sleep
And I go on, sing when I can't speak
I go on and on and on and on
It's hard as hell out on this highway
But I'm still addicted to the show
When that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me
A gypsy driftin' down the road
And when that crazy crowd calls out it keeps me
A gypsy driftin' down the road, down the road

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