

# 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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