

A Young Gypsy

Joan Baez

A young gypsy fell out in a slumber
Heading north with a driver he knew
Someone he'd lived with and trusted
A young woman who trusted him too That very same day the young gypsy
Had come from a farm in the west
Where the children had played through the heat of the day
Affording the gypsy no rest And the gypsy's bones were weary
And the front seat looked secure
And the gypsy slept on until the sun it was gone
And the stars pierced the eyes of the girl at his side The next morning's day would be Easter
He'd dress in his only fine shirt
And shuffle through clusters of strangers
With his gaze and his shoes in the dirt And the woman who loved him would watch him
Protect him from curious stares
For the womenfolk tend to be friendly
And the gypsy's as young as he's fair And the evening brought on laughter
And jars of bright red wine
And the gypsy drank some and the gypsy had fun
And his dancing got wild and the grandmothers smiled Sleeping came easily after in the arms of the woman
That fold up the secrets and dreams of the gypsy
That will never be sought or be sold
In fact, they will never be told for the gypsy is two years old

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