

Black Gypsy

Jeremy Cohen

Broken bottles, broken songs
Broken people been in town too long
Where's everyone gone?
Ooh baby
This city gonna break your heart
Oh gypsy, please tell me
Where everyone's gone
Never had a second name
Never spoke of why we came
Fellowship and gloriousness
The loneliness of pain
Sitting in the rain
Why is the soul of me?
Where is my heart?
Where is the part of me
That I would give to you?
If kindness were my style
Where is the soul of me?
Where is my heart?
In my own time
Better leave it behind
In a thousand bottles of wine
Oh, precious plans of standing strong
Why is life taking so long?
I would tell you everything

If I only had the words to explain
Don't know nothing but the rain
Why is the soul of me?
Where is my heart?
Where is the part of me
That I would give to you?
If kindness were my style
Where is the tenderness?
Where is the warmth
In my own soul
That I let it grow old?
Oh, it's getting so cold
Broken bottles, broken songs

Broken faces been in town too long

Where has everyone gone?

Oh baby

This city gonna break your heart

Oh gypsy, please tell me

Where everyone's gone

Oh gypsy, please tell me

Where everyone's gone

Where everyone's gone

Where everyone's gone

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