

Gypsy Boots

Hanoi Rocks

I'm just a white boy,
lived like a gypsy all my life One in a billion born with a baby-face like mine
Got these boots made for rockin', kickin' ass and steppin' over lines
Passed down to me from my daddy's daddy's dad
In my family tree the fruit is bitter, bold and bad
Got real deep roots, these gypsy boots of mine Struttin' the fine line, steel-toes sharp just like my mind
My reputation preceeds me, I always get what's mine in time
You can't spike me with the evil seed of doubt
You can't tell me what my life could be about
'Less you've walked in these gypsy boots of mine These gypsy boots, they don't wear down
It's in my blood, I roam around and around...

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