Melissa

Steve Alaimo

Crossroads, seem to come and go, yeah.
The gypsy flies from coast to coast,
Knowing many, loving none,
Bearing sorrow, having fun.
But, back home he'll always run,
To sweet Melissa.
Mmmm-hmmm.

Freight train, each car looks the same, all the same.
And no one knows the gypsy's name,
And no one hears his lonely sighs,
There are no blankets where he lies.
Lord, in his deepest dreams the gypsy flies,
With sweet Melissa.
Mmmm-hmmm.

Again, the mornin's come.
Again, he's on the run.
A sunbeam's shinin through his hair.
Fear not to have a care.
Well, pick up your gear and gypsy roll on.
Roll on.

Crossroads, will you ever let him go? Lord, Lord.
Or will you hide the dead man's ghost?
Or will he lie, beneath the clay?
Or will his spirit float away?
But, I know that he won't stay,
Without Melissa.
Yes, I know that he won't stay, yeah,
Without Melissa.
Lord, Lord, it's all the same.
Mmmmm-hmmmmm.

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