

Electro Gypsy

Savlonic

There he is - the Electro Gypsy;
In his caravan, it's the future man.
See him play a tune upon his Yamaha,
A guitar won't do, they are too old school! Watch him going door to door,
Selling pegs and lucky heather,
Dropping fine electric beats,
Wearing trousers made of leather. Chorus:

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Moog and a Casio Here he is - the Electro Gypsy;
He stands motionless while he drops a melody,
Plays future music long into the night,
'til his fingers bleed - well, that's alright. Watch him going door to door,
Selling pegs and lucky heather,
Dropping fine electric beats,
Wearing trousers made of leather. Chorus:

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Moog and a Casio Yamaha

Yamaha

Yamaha

Yamaha There he goes - the Electro Gypsy;
Everywhere he goes he needs to take a generator,
Power is not what he craves, my friend -
It's just the means to his electro end. There he is - the Electro Gypsy;
In his caravan, it's the future man.
See him play a tune upon his Yamaha,
A guitar won't do, they are too old school! Watch him going door to door,
Selling pegs and lucky heather,
Dropping fine electric beats,
Wearing trousers made of leather. Chorus

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Moog and a Casio Yamaha Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

Yama Yamaha

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Yama Yamaha
Moog and a Casio.

Lyrics provided by

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