# 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 CasioHere 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 CasioYamaha
Yamaha
Yamaha
YamahaThere 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
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