

# I Recall a Gypsy Woman

**Matt Hurter**

Silver coins that jingle jangle  
Fancy shoes that dance in time  
Oh the secrets of her dark eyes  
They did sing a gypsy rhyme Yellow clover in tangled blossoms  
In a meadow silky green  
Where she held me to her bosom  
Just a boy of seventeen I recall a gypsy woman  
Silver spangles in her eyes  
Ivory skin against the moonlight  
And the taste of life's sweet wine Soft breezes blow from fragrant meadows  
And stir the darkness in my mind  
Oh gentle woman, you sleep beside me  
Little know who haunts my mind Gypsy lady I hear your laughter  
And it dances in my head  
While my tender wife and babies  
Slumber softly in their beds I recall a gypsy woman  
Silver spangles in her eyes  
Ivory skin against the moonlight  
And the taste of life's sweet wine

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