

Gypsy Boots

Terri Clark

Baby, don't blame me
If I can't get loving you right
Baby, don't blame me
If I can't get loving you right
I ain't cut out for aprons
Or staying home at night
Well, my mama was a hippie
And my daddy was a rolling stone
Well, my mama was a hippie
And my daddy was a rolling stone
Well, it don't matter what you call me honey
My middle name is Roam
'Cause I was born in gypsy boots
With a guitar on my back
Rebel soul and attitude
Just like Johnny Cash
Well, this is just another town
And I'm only passing through
And I get around, in my gypsy boots
I don't wanna rock no babies

But baby, I'll rock you
I don't wanna rock no babies
But baby, I'll rock you
And I'll take off everything
But my gypsy boots
Hey, I'm a country song
The kind that makes you cry
Well, I'm a country song
The kind that makes you cry
And I'll drink up all your whiskey
And leave you high and dry
'Cause I was born in gypsy boots
With a guitar on my back
Rebel soul and attitude
Just like Johnny Cash
Well, this is just another town
And I'm only passing through
And I get around in my gypsy boots

Hey, I get around in my gypsy boots

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