

Willy the Wandering Gypsy and Me

Tom T. Hall

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinker
But moving does more than that drinking for me
Willy he tells me that doers and thinkers
Say moving's the closest thing to being free
He rosined his riggin', he laid back his wages
He's dead set on ridin' the big rodeos
My woman's tight with an overdue baby
And Willy keeps yelling, "Hey Big T, let's go!"
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makings as me
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freezes over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Now ladies we surely will take up your pleasures
But I've gotta warn ya there never will be
A single soul living can put brand or handle
On Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Well they dance on the mountains and they shout in the canyons
And they swarm in a loose herd like wild buffaloes
Jammin' our heads full of figures and angles
And tellin' us stuff that we already know
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makings as me
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freezes over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Would you believe Billy Joe Shaver and me?

Songwriters

Tom T. Hall
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