Homeless

J.J. Cale

She said, "She had no money"
But he was in doubt
He told her "I used to be in too
But now he was out
Spare some small change lady
And I'll be on my way"She looked into his eyes
And deep in his soul
I know she was wonderin'
If he was in control
She muttered to herself
"Those beggars where do they all come from?He said, "I'm not a homeless man
I'm a gypsy by trade
And I'm travelin' this land
I'm not a homeless manHe moved through the streets
With his headband low
Never thinkin' he would ever see
That woman again, you know
Just sleepin' in the doorways
And alleys like he always hadThe years rolled by
And later on
He spotted an old woman
All tattered and worn
Hard times had got her
Her clothes were ragged and oldShe said "I'm not a homeless woman
I'm a gypsy by trade
And I'm travelin' this land
I'm not a homeless womanSometime in the daytime
Sometimes at night
You will see a couple walkin'
They'll come into sight
Pushin' their carts
And holdin' handsIf you ask to help
They'll just run away
Like little children out to play
And if you ask
"Who are you?
They'll always say"I'm not a homeless man
I'm a gypsy by trade
And I'm travelin' this land"

She's not a homeless woman
I'm not a homeless man"I'm not a homeless man
I'm a gypsy by trade
And I'm travelin' this land"
She's not a homeless woman

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