

## Gypsy Love Songs

Richard Thompson

Tropical night, Malaria moon  
Dying stars of the silver screen  
She danced that famous Gypsy dance  
With a hole in her tambourine

I was young enough and dumb enough  
I swallowed down my Mickey Finn  
She'd hijacked a few hearts all right  
I went into a tailspin

Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me  
No more gypsy love songs  
Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me  
No more gypsy love songs  
Don't stir it up again

I put my arm around her waist  
Says she, young man, you're getting warm  
The room was going somewhere without me  
And she laughed as she read my palm

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Stillborn love, passionate dreams, pitiful greed  
And the silver tongues of the tinker girls  
Who throw their book of life at you  
But don't know how to read

She was third generation Transylvanian  
I was the seventh son of a seventh son  
I begged the band don't play that tune  
Please don't beguine the begun

When I awoke, she'd cut and run  
She stole my blueprints and my change  
Just a horseshoe and a note on the bed  
And all it said was--strange

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