

Gypsy

William Clark Green

I'm driving down the highway with nowhere to go
Another tune comes on that old broke down radio
This one's for the gypsy that never could come clean
Tied up in the wine and all the mescaline

She never felt lonesome just a happy flower child
Influenced by the drugs in her compost pile
She's never one to ask, beg, or plead
Because the moonshine and the refer is the only thing she needs

I lost my mind but not my will
Come on gypsy to the moonshine still
I need a drink before I go insane
We'll watch the chickens peck around the farm
Sing with the crickets on the front yard
We'll toast the clouds feeling no pain
And we'll dance in the rain

Sometimes I wonder why I lead this life
Broke down in the honky-tonks damn near every night
I'm nothing worth saving, I'm nothing worth grace
Another bar another town, same old lines with a different face

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