

Gypsy Girl

artist:Wet Wet Wet , writer:Clark/Cunningham/Mitchell/Pellow

Ten years before my time
I sang a song to a friend of mine
'bout a girl working for a dime

I didn't know that gypsy girl
but I knew about her kind of thrill
Her love was cheap and always up for sale

ooh picture this, I was a-lone
but when I fell in love
I was a-lone, ooh with my gypsy girl

Now a gypsy lady lost her soul
and she's so scared of growin' old
but words don't age for me
they turn to gold

Gypsy girl with raven hair
holds my hope into the air
she's the one that never seems to care.

ooh picture this, I not a-lone
but when I sing a song
I'm not a-lone, with my gypsy girl
with my gypsy girl
la la la la la, la la la la la

ooh picture this, I'm not a-lone
but when I sing your song
I'm not a-lone, with my gypsy girl
My gypsy girl