

Willy the Wandering Gypsy and Me

Waylon Jennings

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinkers
And moving does more than the same thing for me
Willy he tells me that doers and thinkers
Say,? Movin' is a closest thing to being free?

Willy rosins his rigging laid back his wages
He's dead certain ridin' the big rodeo
My woman's tight with an overdue baby
And Willy keeps yelling,? Hey Gypsy let's go?

Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makins as me
Well, I reckon we're gonna ramble till Hell freeze us over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

Well ladies we surely will take up your favors
And we'll surely worn you there never will be
A single soul living that could put brand or handle
On Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

We'll dance on the mountains, shout in the canyons
Swarm it ain't loose herd like a wild buffalo
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 makins as me
Well, I reckon we're gonna ramble till Hell freeze us over
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Yeah, Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makins as me
And I reckon we're gonna ramble till Hell freeze us over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me