

The Gypsy And The Rose

Al Stewart

Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose
I was led on I suppose
For the Gypsy was always out of reach.

I crossed her palm with silver just to know
What the future had to hold
But she only turned her back on me.

The Gypsy said no man could make her stay
I followed anyway, living only day to day
I left the rose as quiet as the night
Whatever she felt then, she kept inside.

Ah, the years they seemed to change my Gypsy's soul
She grew weary of the road
Looking 'round for a better way to live.

She traded in her caravan for gold
Pretty things to have and hold
Always wanting more than I could give.

Came the day I just had to go
She screamed: 'I should have known but I never thought I'd fall
,

I said: 'You're the one who had the crystal ball'
'Perhaps you never saw me there at all'.

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It was Romany I chose
I was only caught up in a dream.

If you see someone wearing Gypsy clothes
Be wary of the pose
For she may not be all that she seems.

The Rose moved on, she left here long ago
For where, nobody knows just to find another life
I think about her sometimes in the night
I never knew the red rose from the white.

Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose.

I was torn between the Gypsy and the Rose.