

Gypsy Eyes

Alela Diane

Paper pockets was my pastel
And from marching maps my finger nails
I scratching for a brave
That's not been wrong yet
That's not been wrong yet

'Cause I was a child with fits of fury
I was a child with fits of fury

And I didn't love my god less
And I didn't need my full skirt
Oh, I didn't love my god less
And I didn't need my full skirt

To beg green gypsy eyes
To beg green gypsy eyes

But I've seen you in narrow streets
I've turned some rocky ground
So I prune my trees back
For a stand tall garden
And I've counted some closets
So I, counted some closets

But now I'll knock my
Now I'll knock my
Sorrow shadows
I'll knock my sorrow, shadows

'Cause I was a child with fits of fury
Oh, I was a child with fits of fury

And I didn't love my god bless
And I didn't need my full skirt
Oh, I didn't love my god bless
And I didn't need my full skirt

To beg green gypsy eyes
To beg green gypsy eyes

Do you see this holy, holy spirit
Round my neck
Do you see I wear
This holy spirit round my neck
But it's for my sister swallow

So play me pardon
Father son
Play me pardon
Father son
Father son
Father son

'Cause I was a child with fits of fury
Oh, I was a child with fits of fury

And I didn't love my god bless

And I didn't need my full skirt
Oh, I didn't love my god bless
And I didn't need my full skirt

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