

## Melissa

The Allman Brothers Band

Crossroads  
Seem to come and go, yeah  
The Gypsy flies  
From coast to coast

Knowing many, loving none  
Bearing sorrow havin' fun  
But back home he'll always run  
To sweet Melissa, mmm

Freight train  
Each car looks the same, all the same  
And no one knows  
The gypsy's name

No one hears his lonely sighs  
There are no blankets where he lies  
In all his deepest dreams the gypsy flies  
With sweet Melissa, mmm

Again the morning's come  
Again he's on the run  
Sunbeams shining through his hair  
Appearing not to have a care  
Well, pick up your gear  
And gypsy roll on, roll on

Crossroads  
Will you ever let him go? Lord, Lord  
Will you hide the dead man's ghost  
Or will he lie, beneath the clay  
Or will his spirit float away?

But I know that he won't stay  
Without Melissa  
Yes, I know that he won't stay  
Without Melissa  
Just won't stay