

Gypsies Tramps & Thieves

Anti-Nowhere League

Oi gippo!

Well I was born in a wagon of a travelling show
Mumma used to dance for the money they'd throw
Grandpa did whatever he could
He used to preach a little bible
And fill a couple of bottles of doctor's good

Gypsies, tramps & thieves
We hear it from the town
Gypsies, tramps & thieves
Our kids would come around
And lay their money down

Picked up this young girl while out in my car
Took her for a ride, but took her too far
She's sixteen, I'm twenty-one
I had to take her down to Brighton
Her daddy would've shot me
If he knew what I'd done

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I'm a gypsy king with a sovereign ring
I'm a sweet talking guy
You gave me a gun so I'm out on the run
And you'll not see me for a while...
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