

I Recall A Gypsy Woman

B.J. Thomas

Silver coins that jingle jangle,
Fancy shoes that dance in time.
Oh, the secrets of her dark eyes,
They did sing a gypsy rhyme.

Yellow clover in tangled blossoms,
In a meadow, silky green.
Where she held me to her bosom,
Just a boy of seventeen.

I recall a gypsy woman,
Silver spangles in her eyes.
Ivory skin against the moonlight,
And the taste of life's sweet wine.

Soft breezes blow from fragrant meadows,
And stir the darkness in my mind.
Oh, gentle woman, you sleep beside me;
Little know who haunts my mind.

Gypsy lady, I hear your laughter,
And it dances in my head.
While my tender wife and babies,
Slumber softly in their beds.

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