

Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me

Billy Joe Shaver

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinkers
Moving does more than that drinking for me
Willy, he tells me that doers and thinkers
Say moving's the closest thing to being free

He's a rosined, he's a rigging, he laid back his wages
He's a dead set on riding on the big rodeos
My woman's tight with an overdue baby
Willy keeps yelling, "Hey gypsy, let's go"

Willy, you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther
Ready rolled from the same makings as me
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freezes over
Willy, the wandering gypsy and me

Now ladies, we surely will take up your favors
And we'll surely warn ya there never will be
A single soul living can put brand or handle
On Willy, the wandering gypsy and me

Well, they dance on the mountains and they shout in the canyons
And they swarm in a loose herd like wild buffaloes
Jamming our heads full of figures and angles
Telling us shit that we already know

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