

Sister Gypsy

Blackmore's Night

And she danced through the wood
Like a gypsy girl should,
And she laughed in the face of the fire
Under the black velvet skies
With the moon in her eyes,
Head held high, tambourine held higher.

And she laughed at the fools
Who played by the rules
And she wondered just what would have been,
If she set them all free
Into her fantasy.
Free to dance through the woods again.

A dangerous game
To know her name,
She was wild, she was free
She was calling to me,
Sister Gypsy we're one and the same.

And she danced through the trees
For those who believed
She she was one with the earth and the sky,
In a moment she's gone
But her memory lives on
Like a shooting star through the night.

A dangerous game
To know her name,
She was wild, she was free
She was calling to me,
Sister Gypsy we're one and the same

I can see her in you
Kindred spirits are few,
When you find one you hold on for good,
And if you lose your way
If you path goes astray,
She will lead you back to the wood.

A dangerous game
To know her name,
She was wild, she was free
She was calling to me,
Sister Gypsy we're one and the same.

She was wild, she was free
She was calling to me
Sister Gypsy we're one and the same..