

Gypsy Road

Bruce Dickinson

Living in the city
Can be a cold and lonely place to be
Living in the shadows
Where there is no sun, there is no breeze
Drinking stale water
Having to pay for the privilege
Talk about your freedom
I'll take you where I think it is

Gypsy road is the highway that I run to
Gypsy road, welcome to your dreams
Gypsy road is the highway that I run to
Gypsy road, oh, gypsy road

Living by my own rules
A rebel yell and a rebel creed
Keep your life simple
Try not to take what you don't need
Think about freedom
Dream a little every day
Suddenly you'll find yourself there
Follow me, walk this way (yeah)

Gypsy road is the highway that I run to
Gypsy road, welcome to your dreams
Gypsy road is the highway that I run to
Gypsy road, oh, gypsy road
Gypsy road
(alright)

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I'll find my dreams
You'll find yours, too