

She's a Gipsy

Cliff Richard

Satin sheets in her bedroom
Picasso hung in the hall
Only cover for a secret lover
Who she's expecting to call

Oooh-though the lady tries
She can't hide the gipsy inside

She's a gipsy, and the lady's her disguise
She's a gipsy, see the fire in her eyes
And she'd sell off all her diamond rings,
The rubies and the pearls
If she could buy the freedom of a gipsy girl

She never touches her steinway
Plays the tables instead
Oooh-win or lose she still leaves with only
A dream to take her to bed

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