

Black Gypsy

Emmylou Harris

Broken bottles, broken songs
Broken people been in town too long
Where's everyone gone

Ooh, baby this city gonna break your heart
Oh, gipsy please tell me
Where everyone's gone

Never had a second name
Never spoke of why we came
Fellowship and Gloriousness
The loneliness of pain
Sitting in the rain

Why is the soul of me
Where is my heart
Where is the part of me
That I would give to you
If kindness were my style

Where is the soul of me
Where is my heart
In my own time
Better leave it behind
In a thousand bottles of wine

Oh, precious plans of standing strong
Why is life taking so long
I would tell you everything
If I only had the words to explain
Don't know nothing but the rain

Why is the soul of me
Where is my heart
Where is the part of me
That I would give to you
If kindness were my style

Where is the tenderness
Where is the warmth
In my own soul
That I let it grow old
Oh, it's getting so cold

Broken bottles, broken songs
Broken faces been in town too long
Where has everyone gone

Oh, baby this city gonna break your heart
Oh, gipsy please tell me
Where everyone's gone

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