

Gypsy Days

Gino Vannelli

Once I knew a woman
Who lived in Gypsy ways
We made Gypsy love
In those my Gypsy days

She wore broadcloth and rock jewels
And second hand lace
Her queenly tatters hung over
Her perfect form and grace

We would talk for hours about any thing
From the front page news to Yeats
About the New Jerusalem that quietly waits in everyone
And then she'd fill the room with spring root and sage
As we lay by candle light
Our bodies locked in love from midnight to the morning sun
When we were one

She walked the earth lightly
One inch above this world
A dreamy blue-eyed moon goddess
With an Andalusian swirl

She was a fierce of spirit
Innocence unchained
No heir to the ills of Adam
My Paradise regained

Then she led me down to the edge of town
Where we lit our Buddha sticks
As we floated high above herringbone bricks in dark galleries
A street lamp made her eyes to shine
Like a beacon in the night
Offering this mariner a guiding light on stormy seas
And memories

...

Once I loved a woman
Who lived in Gypsy ways
Would that I could return
To those my Gypsy days