

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