

## I Recall A Gypsy Woman

Hank Thompson

Silver coins that jingle jangle fancy shoes that dance in time  
Oh the secrets of her dark eyes they did sing a gypsy rhyme  
Yellow clover in tangled blossoms in a meadow silky green  
Where she held me to her bosom just a boy of seventeen  
I recall a gypsy woman silver spangles in her eyes  
Ivory skin against the moonlight and the taste of life's sweet  
wine  
Soft breezes blow from fragrant meadows stir the darkness in my  
mind  
Oh gentle woman you sleep beside me and little know who haunts  
my mind  
Gypsy lady I hear your laughter and it dances in my head  
While my tender wife and babies slumber softly in their bed  
I recall a gypsy woman