

# The Gypsy

Harry Connick, Jr.

In a quaint caravan  
There's a lady they call The Gypsy  
She can look in the future  
And drive away all your fears

Everything will go right  
If you only believe The Gypsy  
She could tell at a glance  
That my heart was so full of tears

She looked at my hand  
and told me  
My lover was always true  
Then all that once I knew, dear  
Somebody else was kissing you  
But I'll go there again  
'Cause I want to believe  
The Gypsy  
That my lover is true  
And will come back to me some day  
She looked at my hand  
and told me  
My lover was always true  
Then all that once I knew, dear  
Somebody else was kissing you  
But I'll go there again  
'Cause I got to believe  
The Gypsy  
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