

Gypsy Rose

Jackie Greene

She tells me I'm the poster-boy for American sadness
And the madness is in the mirror that's a-hangin' on your wall
Cause' if it all ends tomorrow, then the sorrow that you sing a
bout
Will mean a whole lot of nothing when there's no one left at al
l

She likes to talk religion with nearly every one she meets,
She' discrete as a lover, but she wears outrageous clothes
And she complains about the weather when there's nothing left t
o complain about
She says her name is Heather, but I do believe it's Rose

Gypsy Rose, where you going to?
you should know, that i could follow you
all my life, ain't what it seems to be
Gypsy Rose, Part of you is part of me

She can speak in tounoges of ancient times, piece of riddle