

Roll Gypsy Roll

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Ridin' on a greyhound, countin' those white lines
Destination I don't know and I'm feelin' like I'm dyin'
Well ten years on this road, my its took its toll
But the man with the plan says the band has got to go
I said roll gypsy roll
Lord just pick up your bags and go

Met many a woman on my way down the line
Every woman that I met I left satisfied
I made lots of money, just how much I don't know
But most of the money I done stuck up my nose
I said roll gypsy roll
Lord just pick up your bags and go

Gypsy's life's a story and its one that's never told
He's always hungry, he's always on the go
With no tomorrow, its how it seems to be
When you're moving around from town to town

Made lots of money just how much I don't know
But most of the money I done stuck up my nose
And maybe that's the reason I don't know where I'm going
I don't know