

Gypsy Boots

Terri Clark

Baby don't blame me if I can't get lovin' you right
Baby don't blame me if I can't get lovin' you right
I ain't cut out for aprons or stayin home at night

Well my momma was a hippie and my daddy was a rollin' stone
Yeah, my momma was a hippie and my daddy was a rollin' stone
It don't matter what you call me honey, my middle name is Gone

I was born in gypsy boots with a guitar on my back
Rebel soul and attitude just like Johnny Cash
This is just another town and I'm only passin' through
And I get around
In my gypsy boots

Don't wanna rock no babies, but baby I'll rock you
Don't wanna rock no babies, but baby I'll rock you
And I'll take off everything but my gypsy boots

I'm a country song, the kind that makes you cry
Yeah, I'm a country song, the kind that makes you cry
I'll drink up all your whiskey & leave you high and dry

Cuz I was born in gypsy boots with a guitar on my back
Rebel soul and attitude just like Johnny Cash
This is just another town and I'm only passin' through

And I get around
In my gypsy boots

And I get around
In my gypsy boots