

Out behind the gypsy's

Tom Paxton

Out behind the gypsy's, drinking someone's wine,
Out behind the gypsy's, drinking someone's wine,
Someone passed the smoke around,
Just a friendly toke around.
I declare we all felt fine
I declare we all felt fine

Out behind the gypsy's waiting for a sign,
Out behind the gypsy's waiting for a sign,
Someone spoke in mumbling words,
Dreamed and spoke in mumbling words;
It might be the words were mine
It might be the words were mine.

And I dream them over and over.
They come to me like a lover.
I dream that I do discover
Peace in my life, peace in my life.

Stars were on our shoulders dropping from the trees,
Stars were on our shoulders dropping from the trees.
Now the moon was in our hair,
No one knew who put it there;
There were words upon the breeze,
There were words upon the breeze.

And I dream them over and over.
They come to me like a lover.
I dream that I do discover
Peace in my life, peace in my life.