

The Last Of The Gypsies

Trooper

He woke up in the back of the van
Five in the mornin'
With the rest of the band
Waitin' for sunrise
He picked up his old guitar

With five hundred miles left to go
He started playin' soft and low
He didn't play no rock n' roll
He sang a gypsy song

Ladies, lock up your daughters
Home where they belong
Don't let 'em go where the lights are bright
And the gypsy sings his song

Don't let your restless boys
Be tempted by the sound of singin' and dancing
'Cause the last of the gypsies
Are comin' to town

As he sat on his suitcase and played
His thoughts started drifting away
Back down the highway
To the night before

To the people, the noise, and the light
And the singing late into the night
And the slippin' away
Back to the road

Ladies, lock up your daughters
Hold the brothers down
Don't let 'em go to the show tonight
When the gypsies come to town

He grew up with a need to be free
Just like the gypsies of old used to be
Ain't he just like you and me

So he's out on the road with the boys
Playing their guitars and makin' noise
Singing their songs every night
Just like a gypsy band

Ladies, lock up your daughters
Home where they belong
Don't let 'em go where the lights are bright
And the gypsy sings his song

Don't let your restless boys
Be tempted by the sound of singin' and dancing
'Cause the last of the gypsies
Are comin' to town