

## GYPSY

3-22-14  
(#19)

1. They pour in in droves  
from the land down by the coves,  
In flocks at the docks  
by the inlet of the sea.  
They say they dance in a trance caused by the moon  
to the song they call *the gypsy tune*.

[HOT INSTRUMENTAL!]

2. Legends speak in whispers  
'bout the life and times of Frank,  
The leader of their crimes  
who survived walking the plank.  
Then how mysteriously  
his main rivals' ships all sank;  
The pirate still hailed  
as their greatest who ever sailed.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT VERSE 1]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. With violins and bowstrings  
with dazzling gems and earrings,  
With loot and potions raked from oceans  
and many other things.  
Weary-worn they bear the scorn  
their style of living brings,  
Shrouded in the mystery of the history  
their music sings.

[INSTRUMENTAL X 2]

4. Troubles seem to lie in wait  
calling them to a settled fate,  
Struggles forcing them to flee  
as if their inborn destiny.  
Some say it's a curse centuries old  
from birth to death, they're told,  
Even their children's children's children  
can never break the mold.

[REPEAT VERSE 1, AND REPEAT LAST TWO LINES AGAIN]

[INSTRUMENTAL, REPEATED INTO FADEOUT]

[END]

Written: March 22, 2014