

Rutherford Mike

"Romani"

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There never was a moment I wasn't sure
I would be someone who roamed the world
And when the time was ready and so was I
get out of here onto the streets
Who'll make everything better, who'll make everything
better.
The life that I was living, the great outdoors
Stars up above me everynight, as I lay down my head
Who'll make everything better, who'll make everything
better.
Get out of bed I hear them singing all along the way
You're where you want to be out on the open road
again
Ain't that peculiar, you're on you're own again
You're on your own, on your own, I guess you always
were.
One day you come to realise you're getting old
No one to share the lonely days, to be together
Who'll make everything better, who'll make everything
better.
Get out of bed I hear them singing all along the way
Too late to change it all, the gypsy in your blood has
gone
Ain't that peculiar, you're on your own again

You're on your own, on your own, until the very end

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