

Waylon Jennings "Willie The Wandering Gypsy"

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Verse 1:

A D

Three fingers whiskey, pleasures the drinkers

A E

And moving does more than the same things for me

A D

Willie he tells me that doers and thinkers

A E A

Say moving is the closest thing to being free

Verse 2:

A D

Well he's rosined his reggins, laid back his wages

A E

He's dead set on riding in the big rodeo

A D A

My woman's tired with an overdue baby

E A

Willie keeps yelling hey gypsy let's go

Chorus:

E D A

Willie you're wild as a Texas blue northern

E D A

Ready rolled from the same makins as me

D A

I reckon we're gonna ramble till hell freezes over

E A

Willie the wandering gypsy and me

Verse 3:

A D

Ladies we surely will take off your favors

A E

And we'll surely warn you there never will be

A D A

A single soul living that could put brand or handle

E A

On Willie the wandering gypsy and me

Verse 4:

A D

Dance on the mountain, shout in the canyons

A E

Swarm in a loose herd like a wild buffalo

A D A

Jamming our heads full of figures and angles
E A
And telling us stuff that we already know
Chorus(x2).

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