

Wet Wet Wet "Gypsy Girl"

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Ten years before my time,
I sang a song to a friend of mine,
About a girl working for a dime.

I didn't know that gypsy girl
But I knew about her kind of thrill,
Her love was cheap
And always up for sale.

Ooh, picture this,
I was alone,
But when I fell in love I was alone
With my gipsy girl.

Now gypsy lady lost her soul
And she's so scared of growing old
But words don't age for me to turn to gold.

Gypsy girl with raven hair
Holds my hope into the air
She's the one that never seems to care
Ooh, picture this,
I'm not alone
But when I sing your song I'm not alone
With my gypsy girl.

La la la...
La la la...
La la la...

La la la...
La la la...
La la la...

Ooh, picture this,
I'm not alone
But when I sing your song I'm not alone
With my gypsy girl.

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