

Bruce Springsteen

"Gypsy Biker"

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The speculators made their money on the blood you
shed
Your momma's pulled the sheets up off your bed
Profiteers on Jane Street sold your shoes and clothes
Ain't nobody talking because everybody knows
We pulled your cycle out of the garage and polished up
the chrome
Our gypsy biker coming home

Sister Mary sits with your colors,
Brother John is drunk and gone
This old town's been roused, which side you on?
They would march up over the hill, In some fools
parade
Shoutin' victory for the righteous
But there ain't much here but graves
Ain't nobody talkin', we're just waiting on the phone
Our Gypsy biker's coming home

Whoa!

[Guitar solo]

We rode her into the foothills, Bobby brought the
gasoline
We stood round her in a circle as she lit up the ravine

The spring hot desert wind rushed down on us all the
way back home

[Harmonica bridge]

To the dead, well it don't matter much 'bout who's
wrong or right
You asked me that question, I didn't get it right
You slipped into your darkness, now all that remains
Is my love for you brother, lying still and unchanged
To them that threw you away, you ain't nothing but
gone
Our gypsy biker's coming home

And now I'm out countin' white lines

Countin' white lines and getting stoned
My gypsy biker's coming home

Whoa!

[Guitar solo]

La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
[fades]

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