

## Cher

# "Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves"

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I was born in the wagon of a traveling show  
My momma used to dance for the money they'd throw  
Papa would do whatever he could  
Preach a little Gospel, sell a couple bottles of Dr. Good

Gypsies, tramps and thieves  
We'd hear it from the people of the town  
They'd call us, gypsies, tramps and thieves  
But every night all the men would come around  
And lay their money down

Picked up a boy just south of Mobile  
Gave him a ride, filled him with a hot meal  
I was 16, he was 21, rode with us to Memphis  
And papa would've shot 'im if he knew what he'd done

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But every night all the men would come around  
And lay their money down

I never had schoolin' but he taught me well  
With his smooth, southern style  
Three months later I'm a gal in trouble  
And I haven't seen him for a while, oh ho  
I haven't seen him for a while, oh ho

She was born in the wagon of a traveling show  
Her momma used to dance for the money they'd throw  
Grandpa would do whatever he could  
Preach a little Gospel, sell a couple bottles of Dr. Good

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