

Cher

"Gypsies Tramps & 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
Poppa would do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel
Sell a couple bottles of doctor 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 sixteen he was twenty-one
Rode with us to Memphis
And Poppa woulda shot him 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 schooling 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
I haven't seen him for a while, oh

She was born in the wagon of a traveling show
Her Momma had to dance for the money they'd throw
Grandpa'd do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel
Sell a couple bottles of doctor good

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