

Cher "Gypsys, Tramps Thieves"

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I was born in the wagon of a travellin show
My mama used to dance for the money theyd throw
Papa would do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel, sell a couple bottles of doctor
good

Chorus

Gypsys, tramps, and thieves
Wed hear it from the people of the town
Theyd call us gypsys, 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 papa woulda shot him if he knew what hed done

Chorus

I never had schoolin but he taught me well
With his smooth southern style
Three months later Im a gal in trouble
And I havent seen him for a while, uh-huh
I havent seen him for a while, uh-huh

She was born in the wagon of a travellin show
Her mama had to dance for the money theyd throw
Grandpad do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel, sell a couple bottles of doctor
good

Chorus chorus fades

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