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I was born in the wagon of a travelin' show. Mama used to dance for the money they'd throw papa would do what ever he could

preach a little gospel and sell a couple bottles of Doctor Good.

Gypsys Tramps & thieves. We'd hear it from the people of the town. They called us Gypsys Tramps & Thieves and ev'ry night all the men would come around and lay their money down.

We picked up a boy just south of mobile. We gave him a ride filled him with a hot meal. I was sixteen he was twenty-one. Rode with us to Memphis and Pa would-a shot him if he knew what he'd done.

Gypsys Tramps & Thieves...

I was born...

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