

Cliff Richard "Gypsy Bundle"

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This huddlin' in my coat, this gypsy bundle
In Liverpool, in squalor cast adrift
A dirty ragged mess of desperation
Though devil touched, I took as God's gift

No history, no owner, no rhyme, no reason
Nor explanation of his sorry state
And all the fire of the survivor
I couldn't leave it, I couldn't leave it to it's fate

What are we to do with it?
Dirty, ragged, coloured breed
Welcome it with open arms
Welcome one more mouth to feed

Could your own blood not provide you
With the gratitude you need?
We will call the boy, Heathcliff

And every man on earth conceals a secret
On which he feeds and yet tears him apart
And in this child so great that complication
Will surely destroy the strongest heart

And as you fall into the traps, he sets you
And as you're drawn to cross his reckless line
And as I watch you peer into his darkness
I pray you'll never search, I pray you'll never search for
mine

What are we to do with it?
Dirty, ragged, coloured breed
Welcome it with open arms
Welcome one more mouth to feed

Could your own blood not provide you
With the gratitude you need
Gonna call him Heathcliff

What are we to do with it?
Dirty, ragged, coloured breed
Welcome it with open arms

Welcome one more mouth to feed

Call him Heathcliff

What are we to do with it?

Dirty, ragged, coloured breed

Welcome it with open arms

Welcome one more mouth to feed

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