

Dean Brody "Gypsy Girl"

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She grew up in San Diego
Her body was painted by the summer sun
She rented surfboards to make her dollars
So she could drift the towns along the ocean

Well I met her one night
When the black crows played the beach
She wanted to dance so she came to me
The yellow moon, the drums, and the white rain in her
hair
I fell in love with her so deep

Gypsy girl, why do you run
Your pretty feet must be so tired
Why don't you stay a while in my arms
Gypsy girl, why you scared of love
You say love, it hurt you, yes it did
But it's love that can save you
If you could let it back in

She lives out of her red Volkswagon
Curtains on the windows where she sleeps at night
She says, boy you and me, we could be ramblers
If you could learn to hold me
But not too tight
And let me drive away from time to time

Gypsy girl, why do you run
Your pretty feet must be so tired
Why don't you stay a while in my arms
Gypsy girl, why you scared of love
You say love, it hurt you, yes it did
But it's love that could save you
If you could let it back in

Gypsy girl, why do you run
Your pretty feet must be so tired
Why don't you stay a while in my arms
Gypsy girl, why're you scared of love
You say love, it hurt you, yes it did
But it's love that could save you
If you could let it back in

Oooh (x7)

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