

Dinah Shore

"The Gypsy"

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He's home for a little while,
He's mine once again,
No need to tell but it feels simply swell
With him close to me,
Where he's supposed to be,
He's home for a little while.
I lived for his kiss, I hit the skies
When he looks in my eyes
And my knees grow weak with bliss
He's sort of changed He's kind of different
From the boy I used to know a while ago
Strange how much he says without a word,
And when he holds my hand I understand,
I'm his but for ever more,
He's mine, mine alone
We'll have to part,
But he's close to my heart
For the little while he's home

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