

Don Walker

"I Recall A Gypsy Woman"

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Silver coins that jingle jangle fancy shoes that dance in
time

Oh the secrets of her dark eyes they did sing a gypsy
rhyme

Yellow clover in tangled blossoms in a meadow silky
green

Where she held me to her bosom just a boy of
seventeen

I recall a gypsy woman silver spangles in her eyes
Ivory skin against the moonlight and the taste of life's
sweet wine

[harmonica]

Soft breezes blow from fragrant meadows stir the
darkness in my mind

Oh gentle woman you sleep beside me little know who
haunts my mind

Gypsy lady I hear your laughter and it dances in my
head

While my tender wife and babies slumber softly in their
bed

I recall a gypsy woman...

[keyboards]

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