

Donavon Frankenreiter

"Spanish harlem incident"

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Gypsy gal
Hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to its heat
Your temperature's too hot for taming
Your flaming fleet burn up the street
I am homeless, come and take me
Into reach of your rattling drums
Let me know babe, about my fortune
Down along my restless palms

Gypsy gal
You got me swallowed
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast and slashing
And your flashing diamond teeth
The night is pitch black, come and make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please
Let me know babe, I got to know, babe
If it's you my lifelines trace

I been wondering all about me
Ever since I seen you there
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding
I know I'm around you but I don't know where
You have stayed me, you have made me
I got to laugh halfways off my heels
I got to know babe will I be touching you
So I can tell if I'm really real

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