

Emmylou Harris

"Black Gypsy"

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Broken bottles, broken songs
Broken people been in town too long
Where's everyone gone?

Ooh baby
This city gonna break your heart
Oh gypsy, please tell me
Where everyone's gone

Never had a second name
Never spoke of why we came
Fellowship and gloriousness
The loneliness of pain
Sitting in the rain

Why is the soul of me?
Where is my heart?
Where is the part of me
That I would give to you?
If kindness were my style

Where is the soul of me?
Where is my heart?
In my own time
Better leave it behind
In a thousand bottles of wine

Oh, precious plans of standing strong
Why is life taking so long?
I would tell you everything
If I only had the words to explain
Don't know nothing but the rain

Why is the soul of me?
Where is my heart?
Where is the part of me
That I would give to you?
If kindness were my style

Where is the tenderness?
Where is the warmth
In my own soul

That I let it grow old?
Oh, it's getting so cold

Broken bottles, broken songs
Broken faces been in town too long
Where has everyone gone?

Oh baby
This city gonna break your heart
Oh gypsy, please tell me
Where everyone's gone

Oh gypsy, please tell me
Where everyone's gone
Where everyone's gone
Where everyone's gone

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