

Boiled In Lead "The Gypsy"

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He came into town on a hot summer night
When the flies were giving us fits.
He drove an old Ford that had about lost the fight
His eyes were as black as the pits.
He wore an old rag wrapped around his head
A yellow shirt of cloth woven fine.
Had scars on his face where once he had bled
And pants with a belt made of twine.
He found the table where Timmy D. sat
And walked up and settled in like he wanted to stay.
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Lyrics]
He put his money out on the board
And said, "Hey, boy, teach me to play."
Most of his money was gone before ten
That's when he smiled and took out his knife.
"All right, " he said, "We'll try it again,
But this time we'll play for your life."
I saw the panic in Timmy D's eyes
His tongue flicked out like the tongue of a beast.
I liked seeing Timmy cut down to size
But somebody phoned the police.
He said, "My business is dead on the floor
Though my business ain't often in bars.
I kill beasts when I can't take them anymore
Between times I look for the stars."
I've lived in the swamp and the street
I know every beast that fills them.
There is no other soul I'd less like to meet
Than the scarred old gypsy who kills them

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