

Gaelic Storm

"Go Home, Girl!"

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Don't say that you're in love with me
Listen to what I say
You're too young to come with me
I must be on me way
And stop your silly crying, love
How can I make you see
That I'm a gypsy rover, love
And you'll not come with me
Go home, girl, go home
Go home

And I met you at the market
When your mam was not with you
You liked me long brown ringlets
And me handkerchief of blue
And although I'm very fond of you
You asked me home to tea
But I'm a gypsy rover, love
And you'll not come with me
Go home, girl, go home
Go home

And your brother is a peeler
And would lock me up in the jail
If he knew I was a poacher
And I hunt your lord's best quail
Well your daddy is a gentleman
Your mammy just as grand
But I'm a gypsy rover, love
And I'll not be your man
Go home, girl, go home
Go home

Well the hour's drawing long, my love
Your mam's expecting thee
Don't tell her that you met me here
Or I'm a gypsy free
And let's get off me jacket now
Your love will have to wait
For I am twenty-two years old
And you, you're only eight

Go home, girl, go home
Go home

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