

## Gregg Allman "Melissa"

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Crossroads, seem to come and go, yeah  
The gypsy flies from coast to coast  
Knowing many, loving none  
Bearing sorrow havin' no fun  
But back home he'll always run  
To sweet Melissa, mmm

Freight train, each car looks the same, all the same  
And no one knows the gypsy's name  
No one hears his lonely sigh  
There are no blankets where he lies  
In all his deepest dreams the gypsy flies  
With sweet Melissa, mmm

Again the morning's come  
Again he's on the run  
Sunbeams shining through his hair  
Appearing not to have a care  
Pick up your gear and gypsy roll on, roll on

Crossroads, will you ever let him go? Oh, Lord  
Will you hide the dead man's ghost?  
Or will he lie, beneath the clay?  
Or will his spirit roll away?

But I know that he won't stay without Melissa  
Yes, I know that he won't stay without Melissa  
Yeah, just won't stay

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