

## **J. J. Cale**

### **"Homeless"**

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She said, "She had no money"  
But he was in doubt  
He told her "I used to be in too  
But now he was out  
Spare some small change lady  
And I'll be on my way"

She looked into his eyes  
And deep in his soul  
I know she was wonderin'  
If he was in control  
She muttered to herself  
"Those beggars where do they all come from?"

He said, "I'm not a homeless man  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelin' this land  
I'm not a homeless man

He moved through the streets  
With his headband low  
Never thinkin' he would ever see  
That woman again, you know  
Just sleepin' in the doorways  
And alleys like he always had

The years rolled by  
And later on  
He spotted an old woman  
All tattered and worn  
Hard times had got her  
Her clothes were ragged and old

She said "I'm not a homeless woman  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelin' this land  
I'm not a homeless woman

Sometime in the daytime  
Sometimes at night  
You will see a couple walkin'  
They'll come into sight

Pushin' their carts  
And holdin' hands

If you ask to help  
They'll just run away  
Like little children out to play  
And if you ask  
"Who are you?"  
They'll always say

"I'm not a homeless man  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelin' this land"  
She's not a homeless woman  
I'm not a homeless man

"I'm not a homeless man  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelin' this land"  
She's not a homeless woman

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