

Jackie Greene "Gypsy Rose"

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She tells me Iâ€™m the poster-boy for American sadness
And the madness is in the mirror thatâ€™s a-hanginâ€™ on
your wall
Causeâ€™ if it all ends tomorrow, then the sorrow that
you sing about
Will mean a whole lot of nothing when thereâ€™s no one
left at all

She likes to talk religion with nearly every one she
meets,
Sheâ€™ discrete as a lover, but she wears outrageous
clothes
And she complains about the weather when thereâ€™s
nothing left to complain about
She says her name is Heather, but I do believe itâ€™s
Rose

Gypsy Rose, where you going to?
you should know, that i could follow you
all my life, ainâ€™t what it seems to be
Gypsy Rose, Part of you is part of me

She can speak in tounes of ancient times, piece of
riddle

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