

Kitty Wells "Gypsy King"

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His laugh was music to my ears
It touched like summer sun
But when I looked into his eyes
My heart told me to run.

For there are so a wanderer
A veever of dreams
A restless carefree bagabum
A roving gypsy king.

He sang me through fairy lands of love
While his guitar would ring
Like the tone he soon was gone
My roving gypsy king.

--- Instrumental ---

He made no promises to break
Left no string to untie
And when he was ready
There was no goodbye.

Knowing I would lose him
Still I dare to dream
Love would make a prisoner
Of my roving gypsy king.

He sang me through fairy lands of love
While his guitar would ring
Like the tone he soon was gone
My roving gypsy king.

Now he's left me all alone
My roving gypsy king...

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