

Chris Ledoux

"Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me"

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Three fingers whiskey pleasures a drinker
But moving does more than that drinking for me
Willy he tells me that doers and thinkers say moving's
the closest thing to being free
He rosined his riggin he laid back his wages he's dead
cert on ridin' the big rodeos
My woman's tight with an overdue baby and Willy keeps
yelling hey big boy let's go
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther ready rolled
from the same makins as me
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freeze us over Willy
the wandering Gypsy and me

Ladies we surely will take up your pleasures
But I've got to warn you there never will be
A single soul living can put brand or handle on Willy the
wandering Gypsy and me
Well they dance on the mountains and they shout in the
canyons
They swarm it ain't loose herd like the wild buffalos
Jammin' our heads full of figures and angles and tellin'
us stuff that we already know
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther...
I reckon we'll ramble till hell freeze us over Willy the
wandering Gypsy and me

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