

The Coral

"Talkin' Gypsy Market Blues"

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Talkin' gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose
Talkin' gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose

Gotta have them gypsy boots
Follow them by familiar root
Rambled round from town to town
Sleepin' in a doorway still as a mouse

Saw the bullfighter's last stand
I've been drinkin' dust, I've been kickin' cans
All my family, they went home
Let me in Portugal, all alone

Thought I saw that caravan
But it was just a car park man
Said to me as I stood in line
There's nothing in the world as sad as time

Well if nothing comes to nothing then what's the point?
I sat right down and I built my joint
Flat caps, they just pass me by
The dust pneumonia left me dry

Well, talkin' gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose
Talking gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose

Three days later when I awoke
My dust filled lungs could hardly cope
Realised I was not alone
I was in the old car park man's home

Looked out the window at the local scenes
On the ledge were some grilled sardines
Then through the door in came the maid
Said, Maria was her name

Long dark hair and copper skin
Washed away my seven sins

Said, "Senor what's this bad news"
Told her of my gypsy blues

Maria laughed and said, "You're cute"
You don't need no gypsy boots
Picked myself up off the floor
I don't need them boots no more

I don't need them boots no more
I don't need them boots no more
Said, "I don't need them boots no more"
Don't need them boots, baby

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