

## Pat Mcgee

### "Sweet Melissa"

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Crossroads  
Seem to come and go  
The gypsy flies from coast to coast  
Knowing many, loving none  
Bearing sorrow, having fun  
But back home hell always run  
To sweet melissa

Freight train  
Each car looks the same  
All the same  
No one knows the gypsies name  
No one hears his lonely sighs  
There are no blankets where he lies  
In all his deepest dreams the gypsy flies  
With sweet melissa

Again the mornings come  
Again he's on the run  
Sunbeams shining through his hair  
Appearing not to have a care  
Pick up your gear and gypsy roll on  
Roll on

Crossroads  
Will you ever let him go  
Will you hide the dead mans ghost  
Will he lie beneath the clay  
Will his spirit float away  
But I know that he wont stay  
Without melissa  
Yes I know that he wont stay  
Without melissa

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