Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer "Gypsy Rose"

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my love is like a gypsy rose wild is the only way he grows out where the sweet july wind blows he blooms over yonder

his voice is like a mountain stream washes me clear, washes me clean i walk along the banks serene where he will wander

there is no hill high as the moon, no river deeper than the sea no shooting star, reckless in flight burns in the night wild as the love he gave to me only the rain knows where he goes thunder and me, ramblin with my gypsy rose

and on the day we were wed up to the altar he was led lay like a prisoner in my bed oh, how we shivered

so i built a house to keep him in guarded him from the sun and wind but in the autumn he grew thin in winter, he withered

there is no hill high as the moon, no river deeper than the sea no shooting star, reckless in flight burns in the night wild as the love he gave to me only the rain knows where he goes thunder and me, ramblin with my gypsy rose

my love was buried in the spring i see his face in blossoming things one night i thought i heard him sing down in the hollow

now it's been thirty years and three every night he calls to me and for as long as i shall be i know i'll follow

there is no hill high as the moon, no river deeper than the sea no shooting star, reckless in flight burns in the night wild as the love he gave to me only the rain knows where he goes thunder and me, ramblin with my gypsy rose

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