

Split Shift

"The Gypsy"

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I fell in a stream
Neck deep in needles
A slow motion sunlit scene
I woke in a world
With two kinds of people
The more and the less extreme
Was it some kind of dream?
Or is it real?

Then I awoke
To then white policemen
Who held me until I choked
They brought me in
Like McCarthy and Nixon
That isn't all she wrote
Log on to a suicide note

But I can't get nothin'
That can be bought
So I'll just live
With what I got
I'm the gypsy
And I'll never be
Anyone's president
So I'll just live
'Til my time's spent
I'm the gypsy
I'm the gypsy

Little Susie Baker went to meet her maker
For a ten pound note
A glass and a sucker is all that it got her
Guess she got her goat
And the Camptown ladies say Â»you have a nice day
Just be along your way . . . GET OUT ! ! ! !

CHORUS

I fell in a stream of lilac and razors
What do you think that means?
Another day - another stomach

Aches for some other way
But for now I'll just live today . . . OH YEAH ! ! ! ! !

But I can't get nothin' that can be bought
So I'll just live with what I got
I'm the gypsy - I'm the gypsy

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