

## Trooper

### "The Last Of The Gypsies"

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He woke up in the back of the van  
Five in the mornin'  
With the rest of the band  
Waitin' for sunrise  
He picked up his old guitar

With five hundred miles left to go  
He started playin' soft and low  
He didn't play no rock n' roll  
He sang a gypsy song

Ladies, lock up your daughters  
Home where they belong  
Don't let 'em go where the lights are bright  
And the gypsy sings his song

Don't let your restless boys  
Be tempted by the sound of singin' and dancing  
'Cause the last of the gypsies  
Are comin' to town

As he sat on his suitcase and played  
His thoughts started drifting away  
Back down the highway  
To the night before

To the people, the noise, and the light  
And the singing late into the night  
And the slippin' away  
Back to the road

Ladies, lock up your daughters  
Hold the brothers down  
Don't let 'em go to the show tonight  
When the gypsies come to town

He grew up with a need to be free  
Just like the gypsies of old used to be  
Ain't he just like you and me

So he's out on the road with the boys

Playing their guitars and makin' noise  
Singing their songs every night  
Just like a gypsy band

Ladies, lock up your daughters  
Home where they belong  
Don't let 'em go where the lights are bright  
And the gypsy sings his song

Don't let your restless boys  
Be tempted by the sound of singin' and dancing  
'Cause the last of the gypsies  
Are comin' to town

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