

## Jackie Evancho

### "Gypsy Rose"

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She tells me I'm the poster-boy for American sadness  
And the madness is in the mirror that's a-hangin' on  
your wall  
Cause? if it all ends tomorrow, then the sorrow that you  
sing about  
Will mean a whole lot of nothing when there's no one  
left at all

She likes to talk religion with nearly every one she  
meets,  
She's discrete as a lover, but she wears outrageous  
clothes  
And she complains about the weather when there's  
nothing left to complain about  
She says her name is Heather, but I do believe it's  
Rose

Gypsy Rose, where you going to?  
you should know, that i could follow you  
all my life, ain't what it seems to be  
Gypsy Rose, Part of you is part of me

She can speak in tounques of ancient times, piece of  
riddle

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