

Pistol Annies

"Gypsy"

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Mother don't fret I won't fall on my face
Mother don't fret I won't be a disgrace
Don't wanna hear the critics tell me to stop
Obliterate incinerate until I'm on the top
Obstacles mount gotta make it through the snow
A 9 to 5 job is nothing that I know
See the world through the eyes of a traveled young
man
I gotta be someone that you'll never understand

Living like a gypsy now
Mother I'm living like a gypsy now
Can't you see the sacrifice on my brow
Mother I'm living like a Gypsy now

Glide through the night and watch the cloud turn light
Another eight hours in this tedious plight
Another foreign city in another foreign land
Another breakdown for this wavering van
Tensions run high and my eyes turn red
Everyone's sick and there's a throb in my head
No one gets sleep till we make it back home
Insomnia hits and never lets go

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