

Pat Green "Threadbare Gypsy Soul"

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Got myself a threadbare gypsy soul,
Like to dance and drink and go wherever the wind
blows.
Got a little threadbare gypsy soul,
Got a little threadbare gypsy soul.
Got a little wild streak in my heart.
I guess that I have had it since I heard the music start.
I got a little wild streak in my heart,
I got a little threadbare gypsy soul.

I like to hear the highway sounds,
And I don't think that I'll ever settle down.
I can't change and it's a sin,
Hope St. Peter gonna let me in:
Come on, Pete, won't you let me in?

I wear this cowboy hat upon my head,
And you can take it off me some time after I am dead.
Got a cowboy hat up on my head,
Got a little threadbare gypsy soul.

I wear these crusty shoes down on my feet.
I could write a book about the places that they've seen.
I got these crusty shoes down on my feet,
I got a little wild streak in my heart.

An' I like to hear the highway sounds,
Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever settle down.
An' I can't change an' it's a sin,
I hope St. Peter's gonna let me in:
Come on, Pete, won't you let me in?

Instrumental break.

An' I know this crazy livin' just ain't right;
Most of the time I'm smoking, drinking, looking for a
fight.
But I've been talking to Jesus everyday;
Well, I've been talking to Jesus every day.

An' I got this girl back home I call my wife;
If you ever met her I swear she would change your life.

She's got a little wild streak in her heart,
But she's been saying hallelujah everyday.

I like to hear the highway sounds,
An' I don't think that I'll ever settle down.
An' I can't change and it might be a sin.
Hope St. Peter gonna let me in:
Got my gypsy soul to bury, Amen.

Instrumental fade out.

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