

The Allman Brothers Band

"Melissa"

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Crossroads, seem to come and go, yeah
The gypsy flies from coast to coast
Knowing many, loving none
Bearing sorrow, having fun
But back home he'll always run
To sweet Melissa
Mmmm hmmm

Freight train, each car looks the same, all the same
And no one knows the gypsy's name
And no one hears his lonely sighs
There are no blankets where he lies
Lord, in his deepest dreams the gypsy flies
With sweet Melissa
Mmmm hmmm

Again, the mornin's come
Again, he's on the run
Sunbeams shinin through his hair
Appearin not to have a care
Well, pick up your gear and gypsy roll on
Roll on

Crossroads, will you ever let him go, Lord, Lord
Or will you hide the dead man's ghost
Or will he lie beneath the clay
Or will his spirit float away
But, I know that he won't stay without Melissa

Yes, I know that he won't stay, yeah
Without Melissa
Lord, Lord, it's all the same
Mmmm-hmmmm

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