

Al Stewart "Gypsy & the Rose"

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Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose

I was led on I suppose
For the Gypsy was always out of reach
I crossed her palm with silver just to know
What the future had to hold
But she only turned her back on me
The Gypsy said no man could make her stay

I followed anyway
Living only day to day
I left the rose as quiet as the night
Whatever she felt then, she kept inside
Ah, the years they seemed to change my Gypsy's soul
She grew weary of the road
Looking round for a better way to live
She traded in her caravan for gold
Pretty things to have and hold
Always wanting more than I could give
Came the day I just had to go
She screamed I should have known
But I never thought I'd fall
I said You're the one who had the crystal ball
Perhaps you never saw me there at all
Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose
It was Romany I chose
I was only caught up in a dream
If you see someone wearing Gypsy clothes
Be wary of the pose
For she may not be all that she seems
The Rose moved on, she left here long ago
For where, nobody knows
Just to find another life

I think about her sometimes in the night
I never knew the red rose from the white
Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose
I was torn between the Gypsy and the Rose

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