

## Clarks, The "Gypsy Lounge"

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Well sometimes lady,  
Call her Sexy Sadie, when she comes around.  
She dances for me,  
I spend my twenty, when i roll through town.

I think i'll be leavin,  
There's no one here, I have not been.  
There's no more believing,  
I'm only saved 'cause I'm tired of sin.

And every day when the sun goes down,  
(well)Every way when her walls come down,  
My baby dances at the Gypsy Lounge.

This drunked-up trucker  
He tried to luck her into going down, town.  
Smashed his kneecaps,  
House's ball bat, a fifth of Crown.

I think I'll be leavin,  
There's nothing here i have not seen.  
There's no more believing,  
That nothing comes like in-between.

And every day when the sun goes down,  
Every way when her walls come down,  
My baby dances at the Gypsy Lounge.

I think i'll be leavin',  
There's no one here, I have not been.  
There's no more believing  
I'm only saved 'cause I'm tired of sin.

And every day when the sun goes down,  
And ever way when her walls come down.  
Well every day when the sun goes down, yahh.  
And every day.. and every day.. and ever day,  
Well Every Day!!

My baby dances at the Gypsy Lounge.

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