

Dickinson Bruce**"Gypsy Road"**

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Living in the city can be a cold and lonely place to be.
Living in the shadows where there is no sun there is no breeze.
Drinking stale water, having to pay for the privelage.
Talk about your freedom. I'll take you where I think it is.

CHORUS:

Gypsy road. Is the highway that I run to.
Gypsy road. Welcome to your dreams.
Oh oh oh, Gypsy road.

Living by my own rules. A rebel yell and a rebel creed.
Keep your life simple. Try not to take what you don't need.
Think about your freedom. Dream a little every day.
Suddenly you'll find yourself there.
Follow me. Walk this way.

CHORUS.

I'll find my dreams. You find yours too.

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