

The Weeks

"Like Gypsies Do"

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Shake like a gypsy, dress like a king
She said she loves me but she says the strangest things
She said now I walk on fire I burn through cigarettes
I built empires on lies and dirty sex
Wait in the shadows cold like a king built it from ashes
But she told me everything
My sinners glory, my glory gold is good
They swore they'd make it better
But I knew they never could

Oh lord, broke hands don't need no fixin'
Please god, don't let my point go missing
Oh know, my Chevy's hot and ready
Yes god please keep my hands held steady
He knows me better than my baby
Oh no, not even you could save me
No I can't be now better than myself

She don't know what she's doing

Kiss her like concrete, that joker has been had
She said she hates me but my lovin's not that bad
Hold my eyes shut so I can't see a thing
I swear I love you, do you know what that means?
Held down from glory those words don't mean a thing
She say she loves my baby, but my baby she loves me
That gypsy woman she said my trail is hot
Ride through the evening boy I said give it all you got

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Please god, don't let my Point go missing
Oh know my Chevy's hot and ready
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