

Steve Winwood

"Cigano (For The Gypsies)"

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Moving on, no abode
Through the day and night, bridle road
Turning from the thirsty day
Time is right to slip away

Cigano, it's a road to anywhere
Little old sky for shelter
Freedom, all you have to bear
Cigano, a never ending road, secret destination

Lonely fire, darkened sky
Never staying, just passing by
At the crossroads, horses fed
Guided by stars overhead

Cigano, it's a road to anywhere
Little old sky for shelter
Freedom, all you have to bear
Cigano, a never ending road, secret destination
Destiny foretold

Moving on, no abode
Through the day and night, bridle road
Turning from the thirsty day
Time is right to slip away

Cigano, it's a road to anywhere
Little old sky for shelter
Freedom, all you have to bear
Cigano, it's a never ending road
Taking his existence, destiny foretold

Cigano, a road to anywhere
Little old sky for shelter
Freedom, all you have to bear
Cigano, a never ending road, a secret destination
Destiny foretold

Cigano, Cigano, Cigano

