

# Terri Clark "Gypsy Boots"

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Baby, don't blame me  
If I can't get loving you right  
Baby, don't blame me  
If I can't get loving you right  
I ain't cut out for aprons  
Or staying home at night

Well, my mama was a hippie  
And my daddy was a rolling stone  
Well, my mama was a hippie  
And my daddy was a rolling stone  
Well, it don't matter what you call me honey  
My middle name is Roam

'Cause I was born in gypsy boots  
With a guitar on my back  
Rebel soul and attitude  
Just like Johnny Cash  
Well, this is just another town  
And I'm only passing through  
And I get around, in my gypsy boots

I don't wanna rock no babies  
But baby, I'll rock you  
I don't wanna rock no babies  
But baby, I'll rock you  
And I'll take off everything  
But my gypsy boots

Hey, I'm a country song  
The kind that makes you cry  
Well, I'm a country song  
The kind that makes you cry  
And I'll drink up all your whiskey  
And leave you high and dry

'Cause I was born in gypsy boots  
With a guitar on my back  
Rebel soul and attitude  
Just like Johnny Cash  
Well, this is just another town  
And I'm only passing through

And I get around in my gypsy boots  
Hey, I get around in my gypsy boots

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