

Thompson Richard

"Gypsy Love Songs"

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Tropical night, Malaria moon
Dying stars of the silver screen
She danced that famous Gypsy dance
With a hole in her tambourine
I was young enough and dumb enough
I swallowed down my Mickey Finn
She'd hijacked a few hearts all right
I went into a tailspin
Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me, don't sing me
No more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up again
I put my arm around her waist
Says she, young man, you're getting warm
The room was going somewhere without me
And she laughed as she read my palm
Chorus
Stillborn love, passionate dreams, pitiful greed
And the silver tongues of the tinker girls,
Who throw their book of life at you

But don't know how to read
She was third generation Transylvanian
I was the seventh son of a seventh son
I begged the band don't play that tune
Please don't beguine the begun
When I awoke, she'd cut and run
She stole my blueprints and my change
Just a horseshoe and a note on the bed
And all it said was--strange
Chorus

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