

Bill Miller, Melissa

Crossroads, seem to come and go, yeah.
The gypsy flies from coast to coast

Knowing many, loving none,
Bearing sorrow havin' fun,
But back home he'll always run
To sweet Melissa... mmm...

Freight train, each car looks the same, all the same.
And no one knows the Gypsy's name

No one hears his lonely sigh,
There are no blankets where he lies.
In all his deepest dreams the Gypsy flies
with sweet Melissa... mmm...

Again the morning's come,
Again he's on the run,
Sunbeams shining through his hair,
Appearing not to have a care.
Well, pick up your gear and Gypsy roll on, roll on.

Crossroads, will you ever let him go? (Lord, Lord)
Will you hide the dead man's ghost,
Or will he lie, beneath the clay,
or will his spirit roll away?

But I know that he won't stay without Melissa.

Yes I know that he won't stay without Melissa.