

Blackmore's Night, Sister Gypsy

And she danced through the wood
Like a gypsy girl should
And she laughed in the face of the fire
Under the black velvet skies
With the moon in her eyes
Head held high, tambourine held higher...
And she laughed at the fools
Who played by the rules
And she wondered just what would've been
If she set them all free
Into her fantasy
Free to dance through the woods again...
A dangerous game
To know her name
She was wild she was free
She was calling to me
Sister Gypsy we're one and the same...
And she danced through the trees
For those who believed
She was one with the earth and sky...
In a moment she's gone
But her memory lives on
Like a shooting star through the night...
I can see her in you
Kindred spirits are few
When you find one you hold on for good
If you lose your way
If your path goes astray
She will lead you back to the wood...