

Charlie Daniels, Dance Gypsy Dance

There's a harvest moon and the stars are bright

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

There's a little bit of frost on the grass tonight

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

Over in the meadow hid away from them all

Dance all night to the fiddle's call

Down by the river where the trees grow tall

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

I know about you and I know where you've been

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

You stole some money from a crippled man

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

And then you hit him in the head with a walkin' cane

Pushed him outside in the freezin' rain

But I bet you wouldn't ever do that again

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

Turnin', turnin' 'round the fire

Burnin', burnin' higher and higher

And they gotta reckon with the dead man's stone

(Lay, gypsy, lay)

He's headed this way with a bullet in his gun

(Pray, gypsy, pray)

Yea, the hangin' mob is ridin' all night

But they can't be here till tomorrow night

And you'll be gone by the morning light

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

Turnin', turnin' 'round the fire

Burnin', burnin' higher and higher

And a shot rings out on the midnight breeze

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

From a Winchester rifle back in the trees

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

Nobody moved, nobody spoke

But way down yonder by the hollow oak

Hangin' up there by the end of that rope

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

Over in the meadow hid away from them all

Dance all night to the fiddle's call

Down by the river where the trees grow tall

(Dance, gypsy, dance)

Dance, gypsy, dance