

# Hank Thompson, Gypsy

In a quaint caravan there's a lady they call the Gypsy  
She can look in your future and drive away all your cares  
Everything will come right if you only believe the Gypsy  
She could tell at a glance my heart was so full of tears

She looked at my hand and told me my lover was always true  
And yet in my heart I knew dear somebody else was kissing you  
Still I'll go there again cause I want to believe the Gypsy  
That my lover is true and will come back to me some day  
[ fiddle ]  
She looked at my hand...