

# Hanoi Rocks, Gypsy Boots

I'm just a white boy,  
lived like a gypsy all my life  
One in a billion born with a baby-face like mine  
Got these boots made for rockin', kickin' ass and steppin' over lines  
Passed down to me from my daddy's daddy's dad  
In my family tree the fruit is bitter, bold and bad  
Got real deep roots, these gypsy boots of mine  
Struttin' the fine line, steel-toes sharp just like my mind  
My reputation preceeds me, I always get what's mine in time  
You can't spike me with the evil seed of doubt  
You can't tell me what my life could be about  
'Less you've walked in these gypsy boots of mine  
These gypsy boots, they don't wear down  
It's in my blood, I roam around and around...  
I'm the original rock'n'roll cliché,  
Gypsy pirate cowboy  
You wouldn't last a minute in my boots  
'Cos baby, I'm the real McCoy  
Can't decide if it's a blessing or a curse  
Can't see how it could be getting any worse  
Can't shake loose these gypsy blues of mine  
All tied down to these gypsy boots sublime  
Better make good use of these gypsy boots of mine