

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