

Heather Alexander, A Gypsy's Home

Don't tell a Gypsy she has no home
For the land is mine where ever I roam.
To a single place I may not return
For a Gypsy's home is where the heart will burn.

For the road is wide and the sky is tall
And before I die I will see it all
Yes, the road is wide and the sky is tall
And before I die I will see it all

Don't tell a Gypsy she has no heart
Though my eyes are dry when we needs must part.
For the gift of love I will give you free
It will last forever between you and me.

For the road is wide and the sky is tall
And before I die I will see it all
Yes, the road is wide and the sky is tall
And before I die I will see it all

Don't tell a Gypsy she has no soul
Though my path will tread where the heathens stroll
If you walk a day that is bright and fair
When you kiss the wind you will find me there.

For the road is wide and the sky is tall
And before I die I will see it all
Yes, my road is wide and my sky is tall
And before I die I will see it all