

# Jackie Greene, Gypsy Rose

She tells me Im the poster-boy for American sadness  
And the madness is in the mirror thats a-hangin on your wall  
Cause if it all ends tomorrow, then the sorrow that you sing about  
Will mean a whole lot of nothing when theres no one left at all

She likes to talk religion with nearly every one she meets,  
She discrete as a lover, but she wears outrageous clothes  
And she complains about the weather when theres nothing left to complain about  
She says her name is Heather, but I do believe its Rose

Gypsy Rose, where you going to?  
you should know, that i could follow you  
all my life, aint what it seems to be  
Gypsy Rose, Part of you is part of me

She can speak in tounques of ancient times, piece of riddle; parts of rhyme  
and she seems to be a stranger nearly everywhere she goes  
so theres no excuse for innocence, she knows too much about it all  
she says: coincidence is just a land mine thats looking for your toes..

She lives inside her head; that is a certain state of mind  
Behind the curtain, caught between two walls of faith and destiny  
And she doesnt cast a shadow in the early hour afternoon  
Shes here and there then gone somewhere like the ghost you didnt see

Gypsy Rose  
Where you going to?  
You should know, that i will follow you  
Down every road, and everywhere I see  
Gypsy rose, part of you is part of me

She understands her position and the faces of a friend  
Shes terrified of thunder man, she dont like locks or chains  
So she keeps a key around her neck, she says its for protection  
For she can open any door she has to when it rains

She stands on every corner in nearly any given town  
She drinks life like soda pop and spits into the wind  
Shes got hair like semolina, seems like its always burning up  
I asked her: could you ever love me? she said: Um, Well, that depends

Gypsy Rose  
Where you going to?  
Where you go, im gonna follow you  
What I know, it everywhere I see  
Gypsy rose, part of you is part of me

She says to me Im lucky just to be just like I am  
But Ill be damned if I dont feel like my souls about to bleed  
She says: that dont matter none, cause were all lost in the hurricane  
besides, desire aint nothing more than chasing what you need.