

# Joan Baez, A Young Gypsy

(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

A young gypsy fell out in a slumber  
Heading north with a driver he knew  
Someone he'd lived with and trusted  
A young woman who trusted him too  
That very same day the young gypsy  
Had come from a farm in the west  
Where the children had played throughout the heat of the day  
Affording the gypsy no rest  
And the gypsy's bones were weary  
And the front seat looked secure  
And the gypsy slept on until the sun it was gone  
And the stars pierced the eyes of the girl at his side  
The next morning's day would be Easter  
He'd dress in his only fine shirt  
And shuffle through clusters of strangers  
With his gaze and his shoes in the dirt  
And the woman who loved him would watch him  
Protect him from curious stares  
For the womenfolk tend to be friendly  
And the gypsy's as young as he's fair  
And the evening brought on laughter  
And jars of bright red wine  
And the gypsy drank some and the gypsy had fun  
And his dancing got wild and the grandmothers smiled  
Sleeping came easily after  
In the arms of the woman that fold  
Up the secrets and dreams of the gypsy  
That will never be sought or be sold  
In fact, they will never be told  
For the gypsy is two years old  
1973 Chandos Music (ASCAP)