

# Pistol Grip, Gypsy

Mother don't fret I won't fall on my face  
Mother don't fret I won't be a disgrace  
Don't wanna hear the critics tell me to stop  
Obliterate incinerate until I'm on the top  
Obstacles mount gotta make it through the snow  
A 9 to 5 job is nothing that I know  
See the world through the eyes of a traveled young man  
I gotta be someone that you'll never understand

Living like a gypsy now  
Mother I'm living like a gypsy now  
Can't you see the sacrifice on my brow  
Mother I'm living like a Gypsy now

Glide through the night and watch the cloud turn light  
Another eight hours in this tedious plight  
Another foreign city in another foreign land  
Another breakdown for this wavering van  
Tensions run high and my eyes turn red  
Everyone's sick and there's a throb in my head  
No one gets sleep till we make it back home  
Insomnia hits and never lets go