

Richard Thompson, Gypsy Love Songs

(Richard Thompson)

Tropical night, malaria moon
Dying stars of the silver screen
Oh she danced that famous gypsy dance
With a hole in her tambourine

I was young enough and dumb enough
I swallowed down my Mickey Finn
She'd hijacked a few hearts, all right
I went into a tail spin

Oh, don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me no more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me no more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up again

I put my arm around her waist
Says she "Young man, you're getting warm"
The room was going somewhere without me
And she laughed as she read my palm

Oh, don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me no more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me no more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up again

Oh stillborn love, passionate dreams, pitiful greed
And the silver tongues of the tinker girls
Who throw the book of life at you
But they don't know how to read

She was a third generation Transylvanian
I was the seventh son of a seventh son
I begged the band "Don't play that tune.
Please don't beguine the begun"

When I awoke, she'd cut and run
She stole my blueprints and my change
Just a horseshoe and a note on the bed
And all it read was "Strange";

Don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me no more gypsy love songs
Don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me, don't sing me
Don't sing me no more gypsy love songs
Don't stir it up again