

# Roger Creager, Gypsyland

Roger Creager, Gary Nicholson

I left a note on her pillow,  
kissed her cheek and slipped off into the wind.  
All she wanted to know last night was when she'd see me again.  
If I only knew myself then maybe I could say,  
but my empty promises would only fade away into

Chorus  
Gypsyland,  
Where the wheels never stop turning.  
Gypsyland,  
where the fires never stop burning.  
Though it's hard to understand,  
and girl though I'd love to be your man,  
I'm lost out here in Gypsyland.

Once I held a woman or should I say she once held me.  
Before I knew I could only live a life that's wild and free.  
These days I search the Texas sky  
for one bright star to tell me if there's still a chance  
or if I've gone too far into

Chorus.

Rolling on night after night  
Moving fast traveling light