

# Skeeter Davis, Gypsy Joe And Me

We might have slept in the mayor's yard or camped by the river banks  
We fed ourselves from the fruit of the land and quenched our thirst with rain  
We never did allow no roots to grow beneath our feet  
Life just had no pattern for Gypsy Joe and me  
All we had was each other and the rags upon our backs  
The closest thing to a home we new was some abandoned shack  
But we had all we wanted and the rest we didn't need  
Life was free and simple for Gypsy Joe and me

Now Gypsy was my little dog I found by the road in a ditch  
And so I named him Gypsy cause that name just seemed to fit  
Oh and Joe he was my man he was the flower of my soul  
Though he never said he loved me I just always seemed to know  
While standing by the highway a thumbin' for a ride  
The speeding wheels of a passing car took Gypsy's life  
I lost him where I found him and his loss was misery  
Now there's no more Gypsy there's just Joe and me

Well the winter came and the snow did fall and the night was cold and still  
And the rags we wore were not enough and Joe he caught the chill  
He told me how he loved me and in my arms he went to sleep  
Now there's no more Gypsy no more Joe there's just me  
While standing here on the edge of this bridge looking down I see  
The face of Joe and Gypsy a looking up at me  
And somewhere in the distance I can hear them calling me  
Tonight we'll be together again Gypsy Joe and me  
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