

The Coral, Talkin' Gypsy Market Blues

Talkin' gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose
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I was too late but I never got to choose
Got to have them gypsy boots
Followed them by familiar root
Rambled round from town to town
Sleeping in a doorway as still as a mouse
Saw the bullfighters last stand
I've been drinking dust
I've been kicking cans
All my family, they went home
Let me in Portugal, all alone
Thought I saw that caravan
But it was just a car park man
Said to me as I stood in line,
There's nothing in the world as sad as time
Well if nothing comes to nothing
Then what's the point?
I sat right down and I built my joint
Flat caps they just pass me by
The dust pneumonia left me dry
Talkin' gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose
Talkin' gypsy market blues
I was too late but I never got to choose
3 days later when I awoke
My dust filled lungs could hardly cope
Realised I was not alone
I was in the old car park man's home
Looked out the window at the local scenes
One the ledge were some grilled sardines
Then through the door in came the maid
Said Maria was her name
Long dark hair and copper skin
Washed away my seven sins.
Said senor what's this bad news
Told her of my gypsy blues
Maria laughed and said your cute
You don't need no gypsy boots
Picked myself up off the floor
I don't need them boots no more
I don't need them boots no more
I don't need them boots no more
Said I don't need them boots no more (don't need them boots baby)