

# 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)