

Woody Guthrie, Gypsy Davy

It was late last night when the boss came home askin' for his lady
The only answer that he got, "
She's gone with the Gypsy Davey,
She's gone with the Gypsy Dave."

Go saddle for me a buckskin horse
And a hundred dollar saddle.
Point out to me their wagon tracks
And after them I'll travel,
After them I'll ride.

Well I had not rode to the midnight moon,
When I saw the campfire gleaming.
I heard the notes of the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsies singing
That song of the Gypsy Dave.

There in the light of the camping fire,
I saw her fair face beaming.
Her heart in tune with the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsies singing
That song of the Gypsy Dave.

Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear
To go with the Gypsy Davy?
And sing with the Gypsy Davy?
The song of the Gypsy Dave?

Yes I've forsaken my husband dear
To go with the Gypsy Davy,
And I've forsaken my mansion high
But not my blue-eyed baby,
Not my blue-eyed baby.

She smiled to leave her husband dear
And go with the Gypsy Davy;
But the tears come a-trickling down her cheeks
To think of the blue-eyed baby,
Pretty little blue-eyed baby.

Take off, take off your buckskin gloves
Made of Spanish leather;
Give to me your lily-white hair
And we'll ride home together
We'll ride home again.

No, I won't take off my buckskin gloves,
They're made of Spanish leather.
I'll go my way from day to day
And sing with the Gypsy Davy
That song of the Gypsy Davy,
That song of the Gypsy Davy,
That song of the Gypsy Dave.