

# Arlo Guthrie, Gypsy Davy

Traditional, arranged and adapted by Arlo Guthrie

It was late last night when the boss came home  
Asking about his lady  
The only answer that he got was  
She's gone with the Gypsy Davey  
Gone with the Gypsy Dave

Go saddle me up my buckskin home  
And my hundred dollar saddle  
Point out to me their wagon tracks  
And after them I'll travel and after them I'll ride

Well I had not rode 'till the midnight moon  
I saw their campfire gleaming  
I heard the notes of the big guitar  
And the voice of the Gypsies singing  
That song of the Gypsy Dave

It was there in the light of the camping fire  
I saw her fair face beaming  
Her heart in tune to the big guitar  
And the song 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 Davey  
And sing with the Gypsy Davey  
The song of the Gypsy Dave?

Yes I've forsaken my husband dear  
To go with the Gypsy Davey  
And I've forsaken my mansion high  
But not my blue eyed baby  
Not my blue eyed babe

She smiled to leave her husband dear  
To go with the Gypsy Davey  
But the tears come a-trickling down her cheeks  
To think about her blue eyed baby  
To think about her blue eyed babe

Take off take off those buckskin gloves  
Made of Spanish leather  
Come give to me your lily-white hand  
And we'll ride home together  
And home again we'll ride

No I won't take off my buckskin gloves  
Made of Spanish leather  
I'll go my way from day to day  
And sing with the Gypsy Davey  
The song of the Gypsy Davey  
The song of the Gypsy Dave