

# Cher, Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves

I was born in the wagon of a travellin' show  
My mama used to dance for the money they'd throw  
Papa would do whatever he could  
Preach a little gospel, sell a couple bottles of Doctor Good

## CHORUS

Gypsys, tramps, and thieves  
We'd hear it from the people of the town  
They'd call us Gypsys, tramps, and thieves  
But every night all the men would come around  
And lay their money down

Picked up a boy just south of Mobile  
Gave him a ride, filled him with a hot meal  
I was sixteen, he was twenty-one  
Rode with us to Memphis  
And papa woulda shot him if he knew what he'd done

## CHORUS

I never had schoolin' but he taught me well  
With his smooth southern style  
Three months later I'm a gal in trouble  
And I haven't seen him for a while, uh-huh  
I haven't seen him for a while, uh-huh

She was born in the wagon of a travellin' show  
Her mama had to dance for the money they'd throw  
Grandpa'd do whatever he could  
Preach a little gospel, sell a couple bottles of Doctor Good

CHORUS CHORUS FADES