

Cliff Richard, Gypsy Bundle

This huddling in my coat, this gypsy bundle
In Liverpool, in squalor cast adrift
A dirty ragged mess of desperation
Though devil-touched I took as God's gift
No history, no owner, no rhyme, no reason
Nor explanation of his sorry state
And yet with all the fire of the survivor
I couldn't leave it
I couldn't leave it to its fate

What are we to do with it?
Dirty, ragged, coloured breed
Welcome it with open arms?
Welcome one more mouth to feed?
Could your own blood not provide you
With the gratitude you need?

We will call the boy Heathcliff!

And every man on earth conceals a secret
On which he feeds and yet tears him apart
And in this child so great that complication
Will surely destroy the strongest heart
And as you fall into the traps he sets you
And as you're drawn to cross his reckless line
And as I watch you peer into his darkness
I pray you'll never search
I pray you'll never search for mine

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