

# Cliff Richard, She's A Gipsy

Satin sheets in her bedroom  
Picasso hung in the hall  
Only cover for a secret lover  
Who she's expecting to call

Oooh-though the lady tries  
She can't hide the gipsy inside

She's a gipsy, and the lady's her disguise  
She's a gipsy, see the fire in her eyes  
And she'd sell off all her diamond rings,  
The rubies and the pearls  
If she could buy the freedom of a gipsy girl

She never touches her steinway  
Plays the tables instead  
Oooh-win or lose she still leaves with only  
A dream to take her to bed

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