

Don Williams, I Recall A Gypsy Woman

Silver coins that jingle jangle, fancy shoes that dance in time
Oh the secrets of her dark eyes, they did sing a gypsy rhyme
Yellow clover in tangled blossoms in a meadow silky green
Where she held me to her bosom, just a boy of seventeen
CHORUS:

I recall a gypsy woman
Silver spangles in her eyes
Ivory skin against the moonlight
And the taste of life's sweet wine
Soft breezes blow from fragrant meadows
and stir the darkness in my mind
Oh gentle woman you sleep beside me
little know who haunts my mind
Gypsy lady I hear your laughter and it dances in my head
While my tender wife and babies slumber softly in their beds