

Heather Alexander, Gypsy Bardic Tinker People

Gypsy bardic tinker people,
Singing all night in the church's steeple
They build a fire on the chapel lawn,
Dance around 'til the crack of dawn,
When the mists are parted then you'll find them gone
Those gypsy bardic tinker people

Some folk say they're all demented,
But it seems to me they're quite contented
They live their days from end to start,
To us they seem like they're worlds apart,
But have you looked deep into the heart
Of the gypsy bardic tinker people

Swirl and turn, Crackle and burn,
You'd be surprised at what you'd learn
Cry and laugh, Take and give
It's not what you have, but how you live
With the gypsy bardic tinker people

With horse and cart and a family fire,
The spirits here couldn't get much higher
Of land and sky, they love it all,
Proud to stand but honour a fall,
For living life is the highest call,
Of the gypsy bardic tinker people

They speak the truth for the ears that hear it,
We won't believe, but we're happy to fear it
With secret ways and whispers low,
We're all so glad to see them go,
But we miss the wonders that we'll never know
Of the gypsy bardic tinker people

With morning prayers and midnight revels,
The town is thinkin' they all are devils,
These ancient ways are solid set,
We'd save their souls but we haven't yet,
Cause they're closer to heaven than ever we'll get
Those gypsy bardic tinker people

Swirl and turn, Crackle and burn,
To honour life is what you'd learn
Cry and laugh, take and give
It's not what you have, but how you live
With the gypsy bardic tinker people