

# 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