

# John Hiatt, Wild-Eyed Gypsies

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Little money,  
Goin' down to Mexico.  
Take up with some crazy Spanish Lady.  
Listen to the old wind blow.  
She got earrings,  
And she dances.  
I'm an old rusty razor blade

I'll take my chances.  
I just ain't near as sharp,  
As the day I was made.

CHORUS:

I said look out.  
There goes another.  
Well, they're gypsies.

I drink to ???

Just one more, man,  
Then I'm goin' home.  
No, pal,  
We're just as crazy as the others.  
One more well ??  
Gypsy who lives alone.

CHORUS TWICE