

Kitty Wells, Gypsy King

His laugh was music to my ears it touched like summer sun

But when I looked into his eyes my heart told me to run

For there are so a wanderer a veever of dreams

A restless carefree bagabum a roving gypsy king

He sang me through fairy lands of love while his guitar would ring

Like the tone he soon was gone my roving gypsy king

[ac.guitar]

He made no promises to break left no string to untie

And when he was ready there was no goodbye

Knowing I would lose him still I dare to dream

Love would make a prisoner of my roving gypsy king

He sang me through...

Now he's left me all alone my roving gypsy king