

# Linda Eder, Her Gypsy Heart

on las cuevas boulevard  
there she works her fingers hard  
playing castanets and swaying  
to a steel drum in the dark  
she wears flowers in her hair  
sings calypso in the square  
people calling out the windows  
to the gypsy girl down there  
all day long  
she waits for  
him to come  
and night to fall  
she goes  
underneath the colored lights  
where the carnival is flashing bright  
the boulevard, just heating up  
her gypsy heart  
there he waits beneath the stars  
on las cuevas boulevard  
she falls into her lovers arms  
sweet gypsy heart  
like a satellite they spin  
her gold scarf against his skin  
her toes tapping on the table  
like she's dancing just for him  
red maracas in his hand  
he lifts her up then back again  
turning round and round in circles  
to the rhythm of the band  
just until  
the sun comes up  
just until  
she's had enough  
she goes  
underneath the colored lights  
where the carnival is flashing bright  
the boulevard, just heating up  
her gypsy heart  
there he waits beneath the stars  
on las cuevas boulevard  
she falls in to her lover's arms  
sweet gypsey heart  
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