

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
all day long
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