

# Lobo, Gypsy And The Midnight Ghost

(Lobo)

Late one night the midnight ghost rolled out of San Jose  
We could hear the echo of the whistle across the bay  
Gypsy said that he could hear  
The freedom he couldn't see  
I smiled and rubbed old Rex's head  
I think he understood me

From the Hills of California  
To the North Carolina coast  
Gypsy saw the skies looking through my eyes  
Riding on the midnight ghost.

Gypsy would grab my arm and ask what we were passing by  
I'd describe the Rio Grande and the redwood In the sky  
Now we never talked about the time my mistake took away his sight  
Gypsy had accepted that he said Rex makes it alright.

We made friends in every state that's real important to me  
Gypsy and Rex would have a home if something should happen to me  
But I know the only thing that would bring old Gypsy down  
Is having to miss the midnight ghost and all of those moving sounds.