

# Lynyrd Skynyrd, Roll Gypsy Roll

(Allen Collins - Gary Rossington - Ronnie Van Zant)

Ridin' on a greyhound, countin' those white lines  
Destination I don't know and I'm feelin' like I'm dyin'  
Well ten years on this road, my its took its toll  
But the man with the plan says the band has got to go  
I said roll gypsy roll  
Lord just pick up your bags and go

Met many a woman on my way down the line  
Every woman that I met I left satisfied  
I made lots of money, just how much I don't know  
But most of the money I done stuck up my nose  
I said roll gypsy roll  
Lord just pick up your bags and go

Gypsy's life's a story and its one that's never told  
He's always hungry, he's always on the go  
With no tomorrow, its how it seems to be  
When you're moving around from town to town

Made lots of money just how much I don't know  
But most of the money I done stuck up my nose  
And maybe that's the reason I don't know where I'm going  
I don't know