

The Byrds, Spanish Harlem Incident

Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to its heat
Your temperature's too hot for taming
Your flaming feet are burning up the street

I am homeless, come and take me
Into the reach of your rattling drums
I got to know babe, all about my fortune
Down along my restless palms

Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes so fast and slashing
And your flashing diamond teeth

The night is pitch black, come and make my
Pale face fit in to place, ah, please!
I gotta know babe, I'm nearly drowning
If it's you, my lifelines trace

I been wondering all about me
Ever since I seen you there
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where

You have slayed me, you have made me
I got to laugh halfways off my heels
I got to know babe, will you surround me?
So I can tell if I'm really real