

Tom T. Hall, Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinker
But moving does more than that drinking for me
Willy he tells me that doers and thinkers say moving's the closest thing to being free
He rosined his riggin he laid back his wages he's dead set on ridin' the big rodeos
My woman's tight with an overdue baby and Willy keeps yelling hey big T let's go
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther ready rolled from the same makins as me
And I reckon we'll ramble till hell freezes over Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

Now ladies we surely will take up your pleasures
But I've got to warn ya there never will be
A single soul living can put brand or handle on Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Well they dance on the mountains and they shout in the canyons
And they swarm in a loose herd like the wild buffalos
Jammin' our heads full of figures and angles and tellin' us stuff that we already know
Willy you're wild...
Would you believe Billy Joe Shaver and me