

Waylon Jennings, Willie The Wandering Gypsy

Verse 1:

A D
Three fingers whiskey, pleasures the drinkers
A E
And moving does more than the same things for me
A D
Willie he tells me that doers and thinkers
A E A
Say moving is the closest thing to being free

Verse 2:

A D
Well he's rosined his reggins, laid back his wages
A E
He's dead set on riding in the big rodeo
A D A
My woman's tired with an overdue baby
E A
Willie keeps yelling hey gypsy let's go

Chorus:

E D A
Willie you're wild as a Texas blue northern
E D A
Ready rolled from the same makins as me
D A
I reckon we're gonna ramble till hell freezes over
E A
Willie the wandering gypsy and me

Verse 3:

A D
Ladies we surely will take off your favors
A E
And we'll surely warn you there never will be
A D A
A single soul living that could put brand or handle
E A
On Willie the wandering gypsy and me

Verse 4:

A D
Dance on the mountain, shout in the canyons
A E
Swarm in a loose herd like a wild buffalo
A D A
Jamming our heads full of figures and angles
E A
And telling us stuff that we already know

Chorus(x2).