

Waylon Jennings, Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me

Three fingers whiskey pleasures the drinkers
And moving does more than the same thing for me
Willy he tells me that doers and thinkers say movin' is a closest thing to being free
Willy rosins his riggins laid back his wages he's dead cert on ridin' the big rodeo
My woman's tight with an overdue baby and Willy keeps yelling hey Gypsy let's go
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther ready rolled from the same makins as me
Well I reckon we're gonna ramble till hell freeze us over
Willy the wandering Gypsy and me

Now ladies we surely will take up your favors
And we'll surely worn you there never will be
A single soul living that could put brand or handle
On Willy the wandering Gypsy and me
Well dance on the mountains shout in the canyons
Swarm it ain't loose herd like a wild buffalo
Jammin' our heads full of figures and angles and tellin' us stuff that we already know
Willy you're wild...
Yeah Willy you're wild...