

Wet Wet Wet, Gypsy Girl

Ten years before my time
I sang a song to a friend of mine
'bout a girl working for a dime

Although I didn't know that gypsy girl
But knew about her kind of thrill
Her love's not cheap but always up for sale

Picture this, I was alone
But when I sing this song
I'm not alone
With my gypsy girl

Gypsy lady lost her soul
She's so scared of growing old
But words don't age for me to turn to gold

Gypsy girl with raven hair
Eyes like saucers, with a stare
That says she's the one that never seems to care

Picture this, I was alone
But when I sing this song
I'm not alone
With my gypsy girl

Gypsy girl plays it fair
Throws her hand in the air
Saying that she didn't really care