

# 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