

Well I got me a southern lady.  
She's my gypsy belle from Tennessee.  
She's got long dark hair and skinny legs.  
Lord she sets my spirit free.

Well she knows I like that good ol' whiskey,  
and she knows what I'm lookin' for.  
She's the finest lookin' little lady.  
Well a man could never wish for more.

Gypsy Belle you know I love her.  
She's my lady from Tennessee.  
And I know I'm always thinking of her.  
Gypsy Belle you're the one for me.

Yes I know I ain't got much money,  
but she makes me feel rich at heart.  
Living with this kind o' lady  
make any man reach the top.

Yes I know it ain't comin' easy  
Lord I ask "Who's to tell"?  
If I ever make a lot o' money,  
well I'd give it to my Gypsy Belle.

Gypsy Belle you know I love her.  
She's my lady from Tennessee.  
And I know I'm always thinking of her.  
Gypsy Belle you're the one for me.

Gypsy Belle you know I love her.  
She's my lady from Tennessee.  
And I know I'm always thinking of her.  
Gypsy Belle you're the one for me.