

# The Gypsy And The Rose

Al Stewart

Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose  
I was led on I suppose  
For the Gypsy was always out of reach.

I crossed her palm with silver just to know  
What the future had to hold  
But she only turned her back on me.

The Gypsy said no man could make her stay  
I followed anyway, living only day to day  
I left the rose as quiet as the night  
Whatever she felt then, she kept inside.

Ah, the years they seemed to change my Gypsy's soul  
She grew weary of the road  
Looking 'round for a better way to live.

She traded in her caravan for gold  
Pretty things to have and hold  
Always wanting more than I could give.

Came the day I just had to go  
She screamed: 'I should have known but I never thought I'd fall  
,

I said: 'You're the one who had the crystal ball'  
'Perhaps you never saw me there at all'.

Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose  
It was Romany I chose  
I was only caught up in a dream.

If you see someone wearing Gypsy clothes  
Be wary of the pose  
For she may not be all that she seems.

The Rose moved on, she left here long ago  
For where, nobody knows just to find another life  
I think about her sometimes in the night  
I never knew the red rose from the white.

Torn between the Gypsy and the Rose.

I was torn between the Gypsy and the Rose.