

# Willy The Wandering Gypsy And Me

Chris LeDoux

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

Ladies we surely will take up your pleasures  
But I've got to warn you there never will be  
A single soul living can put brand or handle on Willy the wandering Gypsy and me  
Well they dance on the mountains and they shout in the canyons  
They swarm it ain't loose herd like the wild buffalos  
Jammin' our heads full of figures and angles and tellin' us stuff that we already know  
Willy you're wild as a Texas Blue Norther...  
I reckon we'll ramble till hell freeze us over Willy the wandering Gypsy and me