

# Black Gypsy

Emmylou Harris

Broken bottles, broken songs  
Broken people been in town too long  
Where's everyone gone

Ooh, baby this city gonna break your heart  
Oh, gipsy please tell me  
Where everyone's gone

Never had a second name  
Never spoke of why we came  
Fellowship and Gloriousness  
The loneliness of pain  
Sitting in the rain

Why is the soul of me  
Where is my heart  
Where is the part of me  
That I would give to you  
If kindness were my style

Where is the soul of me  
Where is my heart  
In my own time  
Better leave it behind  
In a thousand bottles of wine

Oh, precious plans of standing strong  
Why is life taking so long  
I would tell you everything  
If I only had the words to explain  
Don't know nothing but the rain

Why is the soul of me  
Where is my heart  
Where is the part of me  
That I would give to you  
If kindness were my style

Where is the tenderness  
Where is the warmth  
In my own soul  
That I let it grow old  
Oh, it's getting so cold

Broken bottles, broken songs  
Broken faces been in town too long  
Where has everyone gone

Oh, baby this city gonna break your heart  
Oh, gipsy please tell me  
Where everyone's gone

Oh, gipsy please tell me  
Where everyone's gone  
Where everyone's gone  
Where everyone's gone

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