

I Recall A Gypsy Woman

Hank Thompson

Silver coins that jingle jangle fancy shoes that dance in time
Oh the secrets of her dark eyes they did sing a gypsy rhyme
Yellow clover in tangled blossoms in a meadow silky green
Where she held me to her bosom just a boy of seventeen
I recall a gypsy woman silver spangles in her eyes
Ivory skin against the moonlight and the taste of life's sweet
wine
Soft breezes blow from fragrant meadows stir the darkness in my
mind
Oh gentle woman you sleep beside me and little know who haunts
my mind
Gypsy lady I hear your laughter and it dances in my head
While my tender wife and babies slumber softly in their bed
I recall a gypsy woman