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Teenage Mary said to Uncle Dave I sold my soul, must be saved Gonna take a walk down Union Square you never know who you gonna find there

You gotta run-run-run-run take a drag or two Run-run-run-run

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gypsy death and you, tell you what to do

Margarita Passion I had to get her fixed she wasn't well, she's getting sick Went to sell her soul, she wasn't high didn't know things she could buy

And she would run-run-run-run take a drag or two Run-run-run-run gypsy death and you, tell you what to do

Seasick Sarah had a golden nose hard-nailed boots wrapped around her toes When she turned blue, all the angels screamed they didn't know, they couldn't make the scene

She had to run-run-run-run take a drag or two Run-run-run-run gypsy death and you, tell you what to do

Beardless Harry, what a waste couldn't even get a small town taste Rode the trolleys down to forty-seven figured if he was good, he'd get himself to heaven

'Cause he had to run-run-run-run take a drag or two
Run-run-run-run
gypsy death and you, tell you what to do