

I Recall A Gypsy Woman

Capo 4 play G

[G]Silver coins that [C]jingle [G]jangle,
fancy shoes that dance in [D]time.
Oh, the [G]secrets of her [C]dark [G]eyes,
they did [D]sing a gypsy [G]rhyme.

Yellow [G]clover in [C]tangled [G]blossoms,
in a meadow, silky [D]green.
Where she [G]held me [C]to her [G]bosom,
I was just a boy[D] of seven[G]teen.

Chorus:

I [C]recall a gypsy [G]woman,
Silver [C]spangles in her [D]eyes.
Ivory [G]skin [C]against the moonlight,[G]
And the taste of [D]her sweet [G]wine.

Soft [G]breezes blow from [C]fragrant [G]meadows,
and stir the darkness in my [D]mind.
Oh, gentle [G]woman, you [C]sleep [G]beside me,
little know [D]who haunts my [G]mind.

Gypsy [G]lady, I [C]hear your [G]laughter,
and it dances in my [D]head.
While my [G]tender [C]wife and [G]babies,
slumber soft[D]ly in their [G]beds.

CHORUS: