

I Recall a Gypsy Woman

Don Williams

[D7]Silver [G]coins that jing[C]le jangle[G],
fancy shoes that dance in [D7]time

[D7]All the [G]secrets of her [C]dark [G]eyes, they did sing in gy[D7]psy
rhyme[G]

[D7]Yellow cl[G]over, [C]entangled blo[G]ssom, in a meadow silver [D7]green
[D7]Where she [G]held him, [C]to her [G]bosom, just a boy of
[D7]seventeen[G]

I re[C]call a gypsy woman[G], silver spangles in her [D7]eyes
[D7]Ivory [G]skin a[C]gainst the moon[G]light,
and a taste of life's sweet [D7]wine

[D7]South bree[G]zes blow from [C]fragrant meadow[G]
[G]Stir the darkness in my [D7]mind

[D7]Oh gentle [G]woman who sleeps[C] beside [G]me

[G]They don't know who[D7] haunts my [G]mind

[D7]Gypsy [G]lady [C]I hear your [G]laughter,
and it dances in my [D7]head

[D7]While my [G]tender [C]wife and [G]babies, slumber softly in[D7] there
[G]beds

I [C]recall a gypsy wo[G]man, silver spangles in her [D7]eyes
[D7]Ivory [G]skin a[C]gainst the moon[G]light,
[D7]and a taste of life's sweet [G]wine