

I recall a Gypsy Woman - Don Williams

Intro: [C] /// [G7] /// [C] // [F] // [C] /

Silver [C] coins that [F] jingle [C] jangle,
 Fancy shoes that dance in [G7] time.
 All the [C] secrets [F] of her [C] dark eyes,
 They did sing a [G7] gypsy [C] rhyme.

Yellow [C] clover, in [F] tangled [C] blossoms,
 In a meadow, silky [G7] green.
 Where she [C] held me [F] to her [C] bosom,
 Just a boy of [G7] seven [C] teen.

I re [F] call a gypsy [C] woman,
 Silver spangles in her [G7] eyes.
 Ivory [C] skin a [F] gainst the [C] moonlight,
 And a taste of [G7] life's sweet [C] wine.

Soft breezes [C] blow from [F] fragrant [C] meadows,
 St ir the darkness in my [G7] mind
 Oh, gentle [C] woman, who [F] sleeps be [C] side me,
 Little knowing who [G7] haunts my [C] mind.

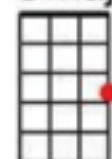
Gypsy [C] lady, I [F] hear your [C] laughing,
 And it dances in my [G7] head.
 While my [C] tender [F] wife and [C] babies,
 Slumber softly [G7] in their [C] beds.

I re [F] call a gypsy [C] woman,
 Silver spangles in her [G7] eyes.
 Ivory [C] skin a [F] gainst the [C] moonlight,
 And a taste of [G7] life's sweet [C] wine.

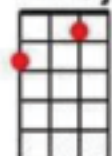
I re [F] call a gypsy [C] woman,
 Silver spangles in her [G7] eyes.
 Ivory [C] skin a [F] gainst the [C] moonlight,
 And a taste of [G7] life's sweet [C] wine.

and a [G7]..taste of life's sweet [C] wine [G7] [C]

Cmaj



Fmaj



G7

