



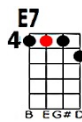
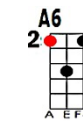
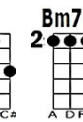
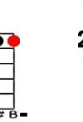
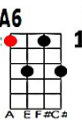
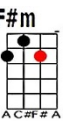
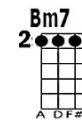
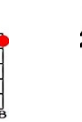
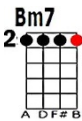
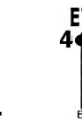
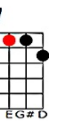

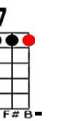
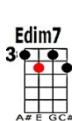
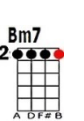
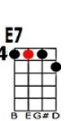
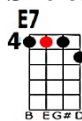
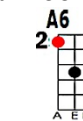
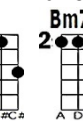
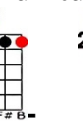
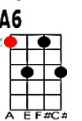
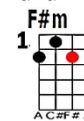
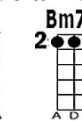
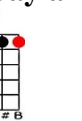


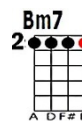

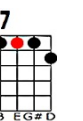
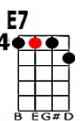
The Gypsy

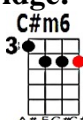

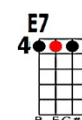
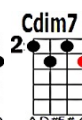
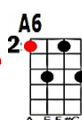
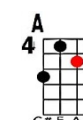
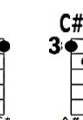
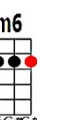
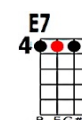
Intro: ||:    -  :||

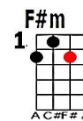
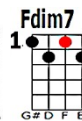
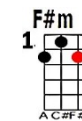
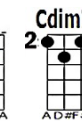
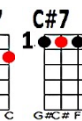


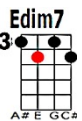
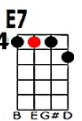
In a         quint car - a - van, There's a la - dy they call The Gyp - sy;

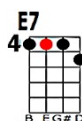
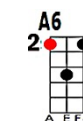
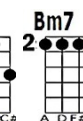

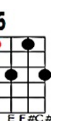

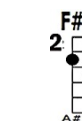
        She can look in the fu - ture And drive a - way all your fears.

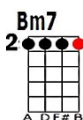
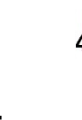

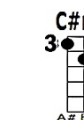
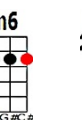
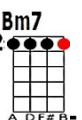
        Ev' - ry - thing will come right, If you on - ly be - lieve The Gyp - sy;

    She could tell at a glance That my heart was so full of tears.

\Bridge:
         She looked at my hand and told me My lov - er was al - ways true;

         And yet in my heart I knew, dear, Somebody else was kiss - ing you.

       But I'll go there a - gain 'Cause I want to be - lieve The Gyp - sy;

      That my lov - er is true And will come back to me some day.