

Cher - Gypsies, Tramps, And Thieves

Tom: C

(verse 1)

I was born in the wagon of a traveling show,
My mama used to dance for the money they'd throw,
Papa'd do whatever he could,
Preach a little gospel,

Sell a couple bottles of Dr. Good,
Gypsies, tramps and thieves,
We'd hear it from the people of the town,
they'd call us, Gypsies, tramps and thieves,
But every night all the men would come around,

And lay their money down,
(verse 2)

Picked up a boy this side of Mobile,
Gave him a ride, fed him with a hot meal,
I was sixteen, he was twenty-one,
Rode with us to Memphis,
And Papa would have shot him if he knew what we'd done
Gypsies, tramps and thieves,
We'd hear it from the people of the town,

they'd call us, Gypsies, tramps and thieves,
But every night all the men would come around,
And lay their money down,
(bridge)

Never had schoolin' but he taught me well
With his smooth Southern style
Three months later I'm a gal in trouble
And I haven't seen him for a while
I haven't seen him for a while,

(verse 3)

She was born in the wagon of a traveling show,
Her mama used to dance for the money they'd throw,
Grandpa'd do whatever he could,
Preach a little gospel,
Sell a couple bottles of Dr. Good,
Gypsies, tramps and thieves,
We'd hear it from the people of the town,
they'd call us, Gypsies, tramps and thieves,
But every night all the men would come around,
And lay their money down,

Acordes

