

Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves

[Cher](#)

I was born in the wagon of a travellin' show
My mama used to dance for the money they'd throw
Papa would do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel, sell a couple bottles of
Doctor Good

[CHORUS]

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

Picked up a boy just south of
Mobile Gave him a ride, filled him with a hot meal I was sixteen, he was twenty-one
Rode with us to Memphis
And papa woulda shot him if he knew what he'd done

[CHORUS]

I 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, uh-huh I haven't seen him for a while, uh-huh

She was born in the wagon of a travellin' show
Her mama had to dance for the money they'd throw
Grandpa'd do whatever he could
Preach a little gospel, sell a couple bottles of
Doctor Good

[CHORUS]

[CHORUS FADES]

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