**Gypsy**

**Morning sun-lines kiss the sky**

**We watch the eagle take to flight**

**Caravan begins to roll**

**A stallion’s breath mists in the cold**

**The rutted road that grips our wheels**

**In endless journeys, countless years**

**The scent of leather, sound of reins**

**Fortune rides the wind again**

**Splintered style, rusted gate**

**Frosted reeds, frozen lake**

**The rutted road that grips our wheels**

**In endless journeys, countless years**

**Spiders’ diamonds dance and shine**

**On every hedgerow threads entwine**

**Cartwheels crack the pot-holed pools**

**Crisp, cold morning, dewdrop jewels**

**Instrumental**

**Spiders’…..**

**Evening glow, sky on fire**

**Howling owl, sunset choir**

**Sound of sounds moves on the breeze**

**An eagle’s shadow haunts the trees**

**The rutted road that grips our wheels**

**In endless journeys, countless years**