

Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves

Words and Music by
BOB STONE

Slow beat

(1) I was born in the wag-on of a trav-el-in' show,
(2) picked up a boy just—south of Mo-bile,
(3) born in the wag-on of a trav-el-in' show, her

Dm F

Ma-ma used to dance for the mon-ey they'd throw, Pa-pa would do— what ev-er he
We gave him a ride, filled him with a hot meal, I was six-teen,— he was twen-ty
ma-ma had to dance for the mon-ey they'd throw and grand-pa would do— what ev-er he

G Bb F Am

could. Preach a lit-tle Gos-pel and
-one. Rode with us to Mem-phis and
could. Preach a lit-tle Gos-pel and

Dmi G Gm

Sell a cou-ple bot-tles of Doc - tor Good
 Pa would-a shot him if he knew what he'd done
 Sell a cou-ple bot-tles of Doc - tor Good

Gyp - sys,

Gm7 F Bb C

tramps, and thieves we'd hear it from the peo-ple of the town they called us gyp - sys,

Bbmaj7C Bb Bbmaj7 Fmaj7 Bb C

tramps and thieves and ev'-ry night all the men would come a-round and lay their mon-ey

To Coda ♠

Bbmaj7C Bb Dm C

1 down (2) We down I

Dm Gm F Gm F

nev-er had school-in' but he tau't me well with his smooth south-ern style But

Gm F Gm F Gm F Gm F

three months la-ter I'm a girl in trou-ble and I hav-n't seen him for a-while

Gm F Gm F Gm F Gm F

I hav-n't seen him for a-while Ah

Bb F

D.S. al Coda
she was

Bb

CODA
down

Repeat ad lib and fade

Dm