

Everyday Sunday, Gypsy Girl (What Love Is)

I think you're coming around again,
Your psychic told you that she thinks it's the end of the line.
You put on that smile again,
And somehow forget you were ever a friend of mine.
These days I'm amazed in the changes in you,
But this time you decide you don't like the truth.
Don't throw in the towel and give up on me now,
What can I do?

Chorus:

You're dying to live, you're dying to know what love is,
And I'm trying to show you something more.

Now you're watching the sky,
For a top gun falling out of the blue sometimes,
From this nightmare you swear is becoming your every day life.
I know you don't show you're not doing so well,
It's ok cause today there's a way out of this.
Take my hand if you can and we'll drive all night.

Chorus

You ask me the question,
Staring out the window with the memory running down your face.
Is there more to this maybe?
Than dancing for pennies in the street like a gypsy girl, baby.
You're trying to lie about why you're down and out,
Can't you see that it's me you're pushing around.
When will you be still and take your chances with God?

She's music to my eyes, She lives in Paradise.
But something isn't right,
She thinks she's going blind but it's just dark outside.
Tripping along under pale street lights,
I can't believe she says that everything's fine.
She's the luckiest girl alive.
She's the luckiest girl alive.
What a lucky world.

Chorus