

GYPSY *sort of* SOUL



by Christine Prater and Jessy Napier

Got a gypsy sort of soul; keeps runnin' with the wind

Anywhere that I'd call home is no place I've ever been

So its somewhere further on from where they taught me how to live

Hurtin' people never know how to give

So I'm packing up my things and pieces of my memories

Broken toys and broken schemes fill my dreams

I couldn't watch it all unravel so on this road I travel

Searchin' for the only thing I'd ever need

CHORUS: Don't know where I'm goin' but I've come to see

That all my wanderin' can't set me free

He fills the canyons inside of me

He heals my gypsy soul

I couldn't find it on my own with a compass made of stone

turned my face and headed for the sun

Set my foot upon the path where love was born to last

Found the truth; my journey's just begun

CHORUS: Don't know where I'm goin' but I've come to see

That all my wanderin' can't set me free

He fills the canyons inside of me

He heals my gypsy soul

BRIDGE: There's glory on the mountain; there's singing in the sea

He leads me closer to truly free

He fills the canyons this world built in me

He heals my gypsy soul. He heals my gypsy soul. He heals my gypsy soul.