

Gypsy Love Songs
Richard Thompson

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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#

From: Phillip Charles Saunders

Gypsy Love Songs, Richard Thompson
(Drop D tuning)

transcribed by phillip@princeton.edu

A

Main riff

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-|-----|  
-|-----|  
-|-2--2--0-----|  
-|-0--0--0--3--0---|  
-|-----3--0---|  
D|-----0---|
```

Dm

Tropical night, Malaria moon
Dying stars of the silver screen
She danced that famous Gypsy dance
With a hole in her tambourine

Dm

I was young enough and dumb enough
I swallowed down my Mickey Finn
She d hijacked a few hearts all right
I went into a tailspin

Bb **Dm7/A** **Gm7**
Don t sing me, don t sing me, don t sing me

Bb/F **Dm**
No more gypsy love songs

Bb **Dm7/A** **Gm7**
Don t sing me, don t sing me, don t sing me

Bb/F **Dm**
No more gypsy love songs

Gm/D **Dm**
Don t stir it up again

Dm

I put my arm around her waist

Says she, young man, you re getting warm
The room was going somewhere without me
And she laughed as she read my palm

Chorus

Am **E** **F** **C** **Dm** **G**
Stillborn love, passionate dreams, pitiful greed
 Am **E** **F** **C**
And the silver tongues of the tinker girls,
 Dm **Em**
Who throw their book of life at you
 F **G**
But don t know how to read

Dm
She was third generation Transylvanian
I was the seventh son of a seventh son
I begged the band don t play that tune
Please don t beguine the begun

Dm
When I awoke, she d cut and run
She stole my blueprints and my change
Just a horseshoe and a note on the bed
And all it said was--strange

Chorus