

Crossroads, seem to come and go, yeah
The gypsy flies from coast to coast

Knowing many, loving none
Bearing sorrow havin' fun
But back home he'll always run
To sweet Melissa... mmm...

Freight train, each car looks the same, all the same
And no one knows the Gypsy's name

No one hears his lonely sighs
There are no blankets where he lies
In all his deepest dreams the Gypsy flies
with sweet Melissa... mmm...

Again the morning's come,
Again he's on the run
Sunbeams shining through his hair, appearing not to have a care
Well, pick up your gear and Gypsy roll on, roll on

Crossroads, will you ever let him go? (Lord, Lord)
Will you hide the dead man's ghost
Or will he lie, beneath the clay
Or will his spirit float away?

But I know that he won't stay without Melissa
Yes I know that he won't stay without Melissa