F#m G#m F#m Ε Crossroads seem to come and go, yeah The gypsy flies from coast to coast Bm C#m Bm Knowing many, loving none F#m G#m F#m Bearing sorrow, having fun B (n.c.) But back home he'll always run E F#m G#m F#m To sweet Melissa mmmm Freight train, each car looks the same, all the same And no one knows the gypsy's name No one hears his lonely sigh There are no blankets where he lies Lord, in deepest dreams the gypsy flies To sweet Melissa, mmmmm BRIDGE: Again the morning comes Again he's on the run Sunbeam shining through his hair Appearing not to have a care В (n.c.) Pick up your gear and gypsy roll on, roll on