

## *Still Melissa*

Still at the crossroads  
Holding together the pieces of his soul  
That ol' gypsy just can't seem get on a roll

He's known so many people, so many different towns  
He's bummed a few nickels, he's bought a few rounds

He's been up and down and up and down and all around  
But he's never found

Melissa

He's traveled with the freight on a train  
Letting the winds blow him nowhere and nowhere and back again  
He's shuffled quickly past his pain

He's stood at the ocean with his arms reaching wide  
Let himself be washed away with the tide

But that manchild deep inside

That boy still cries:

Melissa

*(solo)*

And there he is sitting on some hill at each *day's done*  
Alone there setting with the sun  
Then ol' night comes and treats him like a long-lost friend  
Piiiiicks him up and gets him on his feet again  
So the next day when he wakes up he can just  
roll on roll on yes, he rolls on

Gypsy

Forever at the crossroads  
With no certain way to go  
How long he'll have to wait there, he's not to know  
Seems he'll be there til his dying day  
Just bring a rocking chair for him to wile his life away  
Still he'll watch for her to come walking by some day  
He'll keep hoping when she does she'll stay  
Yes, he'll keep waiting on Melissa