

Williams Hank Jr: *Ramblin' Man*

I can settle dow-own and be doin'just fine
Til I hear an old train rollin'down the line
Then I hurry strai-aight home and pack
And if I didn' go, I believe I' blow my stack
I love you ba-aby, but you gotta understand
When the lord made me
He made a ramblin' man.
Some folks might sa-ay that I' no good
That I wouldn' settle down if I could
But when that open ro-oad starts to callin'me
There' somethin'o'r the hill that I gotta see
Sometimes it' har-rd but you gotta understand
When the lord made me, he made a ra-amblin'man.
I love to see the tow-owns a-passin'by
And to ride these rails 'eath god' blue sky
Let me travel this la-and from the mountains to the sea
'Cause that' the life I believe he meant for me
And when I' go-one and at my grave you stand
Just say God called home your ra-amblin'man.

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