

Travelling Man

Hans Theessink

I'm a traveling man and the highway is my home
Here today, tomorrow I'll be gone
From the Mexican line to the windy city
Ain't got much to loose
And all I need is a good old country-blues

Gypsy woman told my mama on the day that I was born
You got a boy child coming, he's gonna be a rolling stone
Mama locked the windows, barred the door
But friends it was no use
'Cause I was born with the traveling fever blues

I'm a picker and a singer, don't have much company
The breeze in the trees is all I got for harmony
Restless blood runs through my veins
I got fever in my shoes
And all I need is a good old country-blues

Put my thumb in the wind, tryin' to catch a ride
Got a little bit of something, help me make it through the night
I got no home, no fixed address
But that's the life I choose
And all I need is a good old country-blues

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