Got an old slauch hat, got my roll on my shoulder I'm as free as the breeze and I'll do as I please, just a bummi n' around

Got a million friends, don't feel any older Got nothing to lose, not even the blues, just a bummin' around

Whenever worries start to botherin' me
Well, I grab my coat, my old slauch hat, hit the trail again, y
ou see
I ain't got a dime, don't care where I'm goin'

I got nothing to lose, not even the blues, just a bummin' aroun  $\ensuremath{\mathtt{d}}$ 

Whenever worries start to botherin' me
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