My great great Grandfather Prospected for gold In the wilds of Alaska In the Yukon cold

My great Grandfather Fought the Civil War On the side of the South In the Infantry Corps

My own Grandfather
Was a hell of a man
He rode Rock Island Railroad
In the blowing sand

All this makes me wonder What they'll say about me Oh he was just some fool rambler Dyin to be free

O-o-oh, I need one good woman to pull me through O-o-oh, I got one good woman just like you

My great great Grandmother
Wore a calico gown
She had a double-barreled shotgun
That she never set down

My great Grandmother
Was a Cherokee bride
You could find her every evening
Down by the riverside

My own Grandmother
Had a heart of gold
She had eyes like an Angel
And an ocean for a Soul

All this makes me wonder What they'll say about me Oh he was just some fool rambler Dyin to be free

O-o-oh, I need one good woman to pull me through O-o-oh, I got one good woman just like you!