

Ramblin' Man

Moriarty

I can settle down and be doin' just fine
'Til I hear an old freight rollin' down the line
Then I hurry straight home and pack
And if I didn't go, I believe I'd blow my stack

Oh I love you baby but you gotta understand
When the Lord made me, he made a ramblin' man

Some folks might say that I'm no good
That I wouldn't settle down even if I could
Let me travel this land from the mountains to the sea
'Cause it's the life I believe he meant for me

I love to see the towns a-passin' by
And [?] 'neath God's blue sky
When that open road starts to calling me
There's something over the hill that I've got to see

And when I'm gone and at my grave you stand
Say, the Lord called home your ramblin' man

Well I know it's hard but you gotta understand
When the Lord made me, he made a ramblin' man
When the Lord made me, he made a ramblin' man