

Ramblin Man

Sam Barber

This old road is my home
And she carries me on and on
When you're all alone it seems you get real cold
Well all these miles I put are hurtin' on my soul

Well, I am just a ramblin' man
With an old six string and calloused hands
And I'll keep doing this on this dry land
Until I can find myself some perseverance

When I lie my head down to sleep
Well I hear these voices in my head
And they say, keep on truckin' son and you'll get near
Near a place where it never rains and the roads are always clear

Cause I am just a ramblin' man
With an old six string and calloused hands
And I'll keep doing this on this dry land
Until I can find myself some perseverance

This old road is my home
And it'll carry me for years to come
When you're all alone it seems to get real cold
Well all these miles I put are hurtin' on my soul