

Itching Feet

Slim Dusty

Born to ramble and born to roam,
The open road is all my home,
I want for nothing, my life's complete
I'm free and happy with my itching feet.

I left my kindred, I left my home,
And ever since I've been on the roam,
It's in my blood it's got me beat,
For I was born with my itching feet.

Born to ramble and born to roam,
The open road is all my home,
Is all my home.

I'm free and happy just drifting 'round,
A different girl in every town,
They say I'm fickle and they say I cheat,
But I stay true to my itching feet.

I'm called a waste and am a ne'er do well,
From married friends who have to dwell,
With a wife and family and debts to meet,
But I'm contented with my itching feet.

Born to ramble and born to roam,
The open road is all my home,
Is all my home.

Sandy deserts and black soil plains,
Stony ridges and the coastal rains,
Ash felt roads and long city streets,
Have all passed under my itching feet.

Born to ramble and born to roam
The open road is all my home,
Is all my home.
Is all my home, all my home.