## **Poor Rambler**

## **Sturgill Simpson**

Come and gather around me good people My life I must reveal Well tomorrow might have been different and I know how my darling ought to feel

Well that last time I saw my woman She had a wine glass in her hand She was drinking down her troubles With a low down sorry man

Well I wrote my Momma a letter And I told her I was in jail Well she wrote me back in a hurry Saying honey I'm gonna come and throw your bail

Well I'm a laying around in this old jail house Forty dollars will pay my fine Pretty women swarming all around me Marijuana has destroyed my mind

Give me cornbread when I'm hungry Corn whiskey when I'm dry Pretty women swarming all around me Sweet Heaven when I die

Well my Daddy taught me plenty And my Momma she taught me more She said if I didn't quit my rowdy ways I'd have trouble knocking at my door

When my Earthly trials are over Throw my cold dead body in the sea Tell that false hearted lover of mine That the whales are gonna fuss over me

Give me cornbread when I'm hungry Corn whiskey when I'm dry Pretty women swarming all around me Sweet Heaven when I die