

Rambler's Son

Southwood

I'm waiting on that home bound train
It's 2 am and it smells like rain
In my dirty boots and holey jeans
Stories of the times I've seen

I'm proud to be a Ramblers son
Well I ain't ashamed of the things I've done
And I'll be damned if it wasn't worth every cent
Of the change in my pocket that I shouldn't of spent

I had a Memphis love I thought is true
I like the way she breathes right on through
But I learned to laugh and take my time
'cause life's too short to fall in line

Yeah I'm waiting on that home bound train
To carry me away to where the angels sing
I ain't talked to God the way I should
But I'll tell him I did the best I could
You tell him I did the best I could.

Lyrics Submitted by David

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