

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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