Rambling Man

Gene Rondo

Oh, naive little me
Asking what things you have seen
You're vulnerable in your head
You'll scream and you'll wail till you're dead
Creatures veiled by night
Following things that aren't right
And they're tired and they need to be led
Or you'll scream and you'll wail till you're dead
But give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am
Beaten, battered and cold
My children will live just to grow old
But if I sit here and weep
I'll be blown over by the slightest of breeze
And the weak need to be led
And the tender I'll carry to their bed
And it's a pale and cold affair
I'll be damned if I'll be found there
But give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am
It's funny how the first chords you come to
Are the minor notes that come to serenade you
It's hard to accept yourself as someone
You don't desire as someone you don't want to be
Oh, give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am
Oh, give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am

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