

Ramblin' Man

[Hank Williams](#)

I can settle down and be doin' just fine
'Til I hear an old freight rollin' down the line
Then I hurry straight home and pack
And if I didn't go, I believe I'd blow my stack I love you baby but you gotta understand
When the Lord made me, he made a ramblin' man Some folks might say that I'm no good
That I wouldn't settle down if I could
But when that open road starts to callin' me
There's somethin' o'er the hill that I gotta see Sometimes it's hard but you gotta understand
When the Lord made me, he made a ramblin' man I love to see the towns a-passin' by
And to ride these rails 'neath God's blue sky
Let me travel this land from the mountains to the sea
'Cause that's the life I believe he meant for me And when I'm gone and at my grave you stand
Just say, God's called home your ramblin' man

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