Steve's Last Ramble

Steve Earle

I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' round
Hangin' up my highway shoes
Lately when I walk they make a hollow sound
And they carry me away from you
Every night I lay my body down
My empty arms just leave me blue
So I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' 'round
And find my way back home to you
I have always been the travelin' kind
A million miles behind me now
I kept on followin' that thin white line
But now I want to turn around

I only lived to hear that highway sound
High and lonesome - low and blue
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' 'round
And find my way back home to you
So say goodbye to all my ramblin' pals
Ol' highway dave and southside sue
I don't believe they'll miss me anyhow
What's one less wayward soul or two
Down the road they'll pass the jug around
And they'll sing them lonesome highway blues
But me I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' 'round
And find my way back home to you

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