

# Ramblin' Boy

Tom Paxton, Anne Hills & Bob Gibson

He was a pal and a friend always  
We rambled round in the hard ol' days  
He never cared if I had no dough  
We rambled round in the rain and snow And here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy  
Here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy In Tulsa town we chanced to stray  
We thought we'd try to work one day  
The boss says he had room for one  
Says my old pal, "We'd rather bum"  
And here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy  
Here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy Late one night in a jungle camp  
The weather was cold and it was damp  
He got the chills, and he got them bad  
They took the only friend I ever had And here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy  
Here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy He left me here to ramble on  
My ramblin' pal is dead and gone  
If when we die we go somewhere  
I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin' there  
And here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy  
Here's to you my ramblin' boy  
May all your rambles bring you joy  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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