Bound to Ramble

Mark Collie

I was born on a river in Tennessee caught a catfish at the age of three raised in the hills I knew every tree my momma and daddy was proud of me.
They day that I turned seventeen I climbed on board a delta queen river was muddy I was green but I rode her all the way to New Orleans.
Born to ride bound to ramble aint no roads that I cant travel loves a game lifes a gamble born to ride bound to ramble.
I believe a Harley is the best machine this native son has ever seen U.S steel chrome leather I mean ideal for chasing the American dream.
Born to ride bound to ramble there aint no roads that I cant travel interstate highway dirt or gravel born to ride bound to ramble.
Ill ramble till the day I die and when I do honey dont you cry theres a golden road beyond the sky punch my ticket and let me ride.
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