

Rollin' and Ramblin' (The Death of Hank Williams)

Emmylou Harris

Folks in Nashville slammed the door
Said we don't want you anymore
Find your own way down the roadPack your fiddle and your guitar
Take a train or take a car
Find someone else to keep you from the coldRollin' and ramblin'
Women loved him half to death
He sang with whiskey on his breath
His heart broke like a child'sRollin' and ramblin'
The sun has set out on the trail
The hobo's drifted up the rail
He's taken his last rideOh, he always sang the blues
Like it was all he ever knew
He didn't sing at all that nightHe was pale and as he dozed
He didn't know his time had closed
Slumped in the back seat to the rightRollin' and ramblin'
Women loved him half to death
He sang with whiskey on his breath
His heart broke like a child'sRollin' and ramblin'
The sun has set out on the trail
The hobo's drifted up the rail
He's taken his last rideSo they send him on night train south
Through the cities and the rural routes
Just one more place to goAh, the whistle sang the bluest note
Like it came from his own throat
Moanin' sad and cryin' lowRollin' and ramblin'
Women loved him half to death
He sang with whiskey on his breath
His heart broke like a child'sRollin' and ramblin'
The sun has set out on the trail
The hobo's drifted up the rail
He's taken his last rideRollin' and ramblin'
The sun has set out on the trail
The hobo's drifted up the rail
He's taken his last ride, oh, oh, oh

Songwriters

Jerome Keith Clark;Linda Hill Williams;Robin WilliamsPublished by
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