

# Man of Constant Sorrow

Dwight Yoakam

I am a man of constant sorrow  
Iâ€™ve seen trouble all my days  
And I bid farewell to old Kentucky  
The place where I was born and raised  
The place where he was born and raised

For six long years Iâ€™ve been in trouble  
No pleasures here on earth I found  
For in this world Iâ€™m bound to ramble  
I have no friends to help me now  
He has no friends to help him now

So itâ€™s fare thee well my old true lover  
I never expect to see you again  
For Iâ€™m bound to ride that northern railroad  
Perhaps Iâ€™ll die upon this train  
Perhaps he'll die upon this train

You can bury me in some dark holler  
For many years where I may lay  
Then you may learn to love another  
While I am sleeping in my grave  
While he is sleeping in his grave

Maybe your friends think that Iâ€™m just a stranger  
My face you never will see no more  
But there is one promise that is given  
Iâ€™ll meet you on Godâ€™s golden shore  
He'll meet you on Godâ€™s golden shore

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