

Born Ramblin' Man

Balsam Range

I'm awake in a sleepy old town
Streets deserted, there's no one around
Don't care where I'm going,
Don't know where I've been
Don't know how it started or how it will end
That's the life of a born ramblin' man I met a girl from the town of no where
I couldn't stay, got restless back there
I don't blame her for giving, Lord,
I needed her then
She knew my way of living
Wild and free as the wind
That's the life of a born ramblin' man If the plans that I made yesterday
Fall apart on some lonesome highway
I'll sleep by the roadside 'til it's morning again
Wash my face in the water
From a creek around the bend
That's the life of a born ramblin' man Big semis keep passing me by
That old sun's getting hot in the sky
A shade tree oh bottles and battered beer cans
Dust from a tractor plowing up the rich land
Seen it all as a born ramblin' man
That's the life of a born ramblin' man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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