

Free Born Rambling Man

David Allan Coe

By: David Allan Coe
I NEVER MEANT TO LEAVE HER, MY INTENTIONS WERE TO STAY
IT WASN'T NOTHING SHE HAD DONE OR NOTHING SHE COULD SAY
TO CHANGE THIS OLD FAMILIAR FEELING THAT
MAKES CHILLS RUN THROUGH MY SKIN
'LESS SHE READ MY MIND AND SAW THE
SIGNS THAT POINT AROUND THE BEND
MY TOOTHBRUSH NEVER LEAVES MY POCKET,
THERE'S NO ANCHOR ON MY FEET
IF MY SLEEPING' BAG GETS DUSTY AND THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TO EAT
I MAY STAY AN EXTRA DAY, 'TIL I FIND ANOTHER TOWN
YOU CAN BET THERE'S NOT A LADY THAT
CAN SHOW THIS FREIGHT TRAIN DOWN
AND I'LL BE MOVING IN THE MORNING,
LEAVING YOU BEHIND
IF ANYONE SHOULD ASK YOU,
YOU CAN TELL THEM THEY WILL FIND
SOMEBODY WALKING' DOWN THE HIGHWAY WITH A GUITAR IN HIS HAND
AND I'LL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED AS A FREE BORN RAMBLING' MAN
LORD, TELL THE
CHILDREN WHEN THEY FIND ME,
THAT I DIED BUT NOT IN VAIN
THEY CAN FIND REINCARNATION IN THE WHISTLE OF A TRAIN
AND EACH TIME THEY HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOW
THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE LAND
THEY'LL KNOW THAT I WAS HAPPY AS A FREE BORN RAMBLING' MAN

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