Man Of Constant Sorrow

Rod Stewart

I am a man of constant sorrow
Ive seen trouble all my days
Ill say goodbye to Colorado
Where I was born and probly raisedYour mother says, I am a stranger
My face youll never see no more
But theres one promise, darling
Ill see you on Gods golden shoreThrough this open world Im about to ramble
Through ice, snow, sleet and rain
I am about to rob the mornin railroad
Perhaps Ill die on that trainIm goin back to Colorado
Place that I started from
If Id knowed how bad youd treat me
Honey, I never would have come

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