

Saddle Tramp (Remastered)

Marty Robbins

They call me a drifter, they say I'm no good
I'll never amount to a thing
Well I may be a drifter and I may be no good
There's joy in this song that I sing. Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.
At night I will rest 'neath a blanket of blue Doubt if I ever will change
I might even dream of a lady I knew
Might even whisper her name
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp.
I might even wind up in Idaho
And visit a cute little miss A sweet little someone I used to know
And I might even stop long enough for a kiss.
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.
Might even ride back through Phoenix someday
Might even stop for awhile
But branded, no never! I'll not be tied down Trapped by a fair lady's smile.
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp

Songwriters

ROBBINS, MARTY Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

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