Poor Rambler

Sturgill Simpson

Come and gather around me good people
My life I must reveal
Well tomorrow might have been different
and I know how my darling ought to feelWell that last time I saw my woman
She had a wine glass in her hand
She was drinking down her troubles
With a low down sorry manWell I wrote my Momma a letter
And I told her I was in jail
Well she wrote me back in a hurry
Saying honey I'm gonna come and throw your bail
Well I'm a laying around in this old jail house
Forty dollars will pay my fine
Pretty women swarming all around me
Marijuana has destroyed my mindGive me cornbread when I'm hungry
Corn whiskey when I'm dry
Pretty women swarming all around me
Sweet Heaven when I dieWell my Daddy taught me plenty
And my Momma she taught me more
She said if I didn't quit my rowdy ways
I'd have trouble knocking at my doorWhen my Earthly trials are over
Throw my cold dead body in the sea
Tell that false hearted lover of mine
That the whales are gonna fuss over me
Give me cornbread when I'm hungry
Corn whiskey when I'm dry
Pretty women swarming all around me
Sweet Heaven when I die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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