

Woody Guthrie "Ramblin' Round"

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Ramblin' around your city,
Ramblin' around your town,
I never see a friend I know
As I go ramblin' 'round boys,
As I go ramblin' 'round.

I make the fruit and harvest
And follow them up and down,
But I caint save a nickel,
As I go ramblin' 'round boys,
As I go ramblin' 'round.

The peach trees they are loaded,
The limbs are bending down,
I pick 'em all day for a dollar,
As I go a ramblin' 'round boys,
As I go a ramblin' 'round.

Sometimes the fruit gets rotten
And falls upon the ground,
There's a hungry mouth for every peach
As I go a ramblin' 'round boys,
As I go a ramblin' 'round.
I wish that I could marry,
So I could settle down,
But I caint save a penny
As I go a ramblin' 'round boys,
As I go a ramblin' 'round.

My mother prayed that I would be
A man of some renown,
But I'm just a railroad bum
As I go a ramblin' 'round boys,
As I go a ramblin' 'round.

My sister and my brother
Would both be mighty proud
If I could get a job of work
And quit this ramblin' 'round boys,
And quit this ramblin' 'round.

