

Arlo Guthrie "Ramblin' Round"

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by Woody Guthrie

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

My mother hoped that I might be
A man of some renown
But I am just a refugee
As I go ramblin' 'round boys
As I go ramblin' 'round

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

Sometimes the fruit gets rotten
And falls on to the ground
There's a hungry mouth for every peach
As I go ramblin' 'round boys
As I go ramblin' 'round

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