

Kacey Jones **"Ramblin' Blues"**

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I'm like a feather in the wind
I cannot fly, I cannot fall
Like a tree that cannot bend
In the end, I'll lose it all

In my need to free this dreamer
Locked inside me all these years
Grow up a band of gold and grow old
They are my greatest fears

I get them ramblin' blues
I get them ramblin' blues

Well the wino has a bottle
A hobo has his rail
A rich man has everything
A poor man has his spells

When he longs to leave his woman
The bills and all the kids

He's got a longing to be free to see
All the things he never did

Get them ramblin' blues
Get them ramblin' blues

Operator, operator, I'm dying to my last dime
Put me through to him
For I do believe I am running out of time
And use that time

It is a circle
Where the circle has no end
So a man should ramble around some long
The ending would begin

The end of ramblin' blues
Ramblin' blues
I got them ramblin' blues

