

## David Allan Coe "Free Born Rambling Man"

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By: David Allan Coe

I NEVER MEANT TO LEAVE HER, MY INTENTIONS WERE  
TO STAY  
IT WASN'T NOTHING SHE HAD DONE OR NOTHING SHE  
COULD SAY  
TO CHANGE THIS OLD FAMILIAR FEELING THAT  
MAKES CHILLS RUN THROUGH MY SKIN  
'LESS SHE READ MY MIND AND SAW THE  
SIGNS THAT POINT AROUND THE BEND

MY TOOTHBRUSH NEVER LEAVES MY POCKET,  
THERE'S NO ANCHOR ON MY FEET  
IF MY SLEEPING' BAG GETS DUSTY AND THERE'S NOT  
ENOUGH TO EAT  
I MAY STAY AN EXTRA DAY, 'TIL I FIND ANOTHER TOWN  
YOU CAN BET THERE'S NOT A LADY THAT  
CAN SHOW THIS FREIGHT TRAIN DOWN

AND I'LL BE MOVING IN THE MORNING,  
LEAVING YOU BEHIND  
IF ANYONE SHOULD ASK YOU,  
YOU CAN TELL THEM THEY WILL FIND  
SOMEBODY WALKING' DOWN THE HIGHWAY WITH A  
GUITAR IN HIS HAND  
AND I'LL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED AS A FREE BORN  
RAMBLING' MAN

LORD, TELL THE CHILDREN WHEN THEY FIND ME,  
THAT I DIED BUT NOT IN VAIN  
THEY CAN FIND REINCARNATION IN THE WHISTLE OF A  
TRAIN  
AND EACH TIME THEY HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOW  
THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE LAND  
THEY'LL KNOW THAT I WAS HAPPY AS A FREE BORN  
RAMBLING' MAN

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