

Merle Haggard

"My Rough and Rowdy Ways"

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For years and years I've rambled
I drank my wine and gambled
But one day I thought I would settle down

I have met a perfect lady
She said she'd be my baby
We built a cottage in the old hometown

But somehow I can't give up
My good old rambling ways
Lord, the railroad trains are calling me away

I may be rough, I may be wild
I may be tough and that's just my style
I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways

But somehow I can't give up
My good old rambling ways
Lord, the railroad trains are calling me away

I may be rough, I may be wild
I may be tough and that's just my style
I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways
[Incomprehensible] blues boy

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