

Paxton Tom

"Ramblin Boy"

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RAMBLIN BOY

(C) F C F

He was a pal and a friend always
We rambled round in the hard ol' days
He never cared if I had no dough
We rambled round in the rain and snow

So here's to you my ramblin' boy
May all your rambles bring you joy
So here's to you my ramblin' boy
May all your rambles bring you joy

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray
We thought we'd try to work one day
The boss says he had room for one
Says my old pal, "We'd rather bum"

CHORUS

Late one night in a jungle camp
The weather was cold and it was damp
He got the chills, and he got them bad
They took the only friend I ever had

CHORUS

He left me here to ramble on
My ramblin' pal is dead and gone
If when we die we go somewhere
I'll bet you a dollar he's ramblin' there

CHORUS

Words and music by Tom Paxton, copyright 1963
Cherry Lane Music.
Recorded on his Rambling Boy album and on Judy
Collins' Songbook.
@chorus @gypsy @travel
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