

Allister

"Ramblin' Man"

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[Chorus]

Lord, I was born a ramblin' man,
Tryin' to make a livin' and doin' the best I can.
And when it's time for leavin',
I hope you'll understand,
That I was born a ramblin' man.

Well my father was a gambler down in Georgia,
He wound up on the wrong end of a gun.
And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus
Rollin' down highway 41.

CHORUS

I'm on my way to New Orleans this mornin',
Leaving out of Nashville, Tennessee,
They're always having a good time down on the bayou,
Lord, them Delta women think the world of me.

CHORUS

[Repeat and Fade]

Lord, I was born a ramblin' man...

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