

Allman Brors Band

"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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