

## Joseph Parsons

### "King Of Baltimore"

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I was born a vagabond man  
I roam from town to town I am  
Poor as the dirt upon your floor  
But rich as the king of Baltimore

Girl, I want to be free  
Free to dream any way I please  
I am a vagabond man

You've got gypsies, beagars and one eyed men  
Scoundrel kings as presidents  
Some have money some have fame  
Those that are left to blame  
I don't bite and rarley curse  
Loved so hard I nearly burst  
Petrified I'm dying of thirst  
Can't find hope in a limousine hearse

Drag me over to the other side  
I'd rather be dead than buiered alive  
In a world that cares nothing of it's own  
I'd stand here naked in a bag of bones

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