

## Roc C

# "Rambling's Going To Be The Death Of Me"

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Ask me why a rambler aint got no home  
Ask me why I sit and cry alone  
I wish I knew, I wish I knew  
If I knew, I'd know what to do  
Day in, day out seems I'm a-runnin' all on my own  
Day in, day out there is weakness a-growin' in my  
bones  
Wo, it aint no use, nah, it aint no use  
My mind is dead I got to turn my body loose  
Wish Mama you could hear the words that I cry  
Wish Mama now at home I could die  
But my time is late, my time is late

I'm on my own and Lord I've got it straight  
No girl I've loved has ever held me down  
No reason can I give for leaving this town  
My love is true now, my love is true  
But the road is long, I've got to see my journey through  
So Girl, don't deny the freedom that's born to me  
Girl don't deny that a rambler must always be free  
Someday you'll see now, Babe, someday you'll see  
That my ramblin's gonna be the death of me

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