

# Bob Dylan, Rambler, Gambler

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler  
I'm a long way from home  
And if you don't like me  
You can leave me alone

For it's dark and it's rainin'  
And the moon gives no light  
And my pony can't travel  
This dark road at night

Oh, i once had me a true love  
Her age was sixteen  
She was the flower of Belton  
And the rose of Saline

But her parents didn't like me  
Now she's just the same  
If I'm writ on your books, gal  
Just blot out my name

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