

Hank Snow, On The Rhythm Range

Written by - Bob Nolan
Recorded by - Hank Snow

I was born a rover on the rhythmic range
A rootin' tootin' terror and I never will change
I sing a tune a day and travell all of the way
In rhythm

Everything around me is a part of my song
They seem to want to follow as I ramble along
The lazy hawk in the sky is even tempted to try
My rhythm

On the rhythm range (On the rhythm range)
On the rhythm range (On the rhythm range)
Everything is keepin' time to a sorta rhythmic rhyme
And rhythm

Everytime a Sunday comes a-rollin' around
Down beside the water hole I'm sure to be found
I'll be scrubbin' and rubin' in a manner profound
In rhythm

Water from a thousand feet is colder than air
I always thought the Devil kept it warmer down there
I guess it were to his path so I'll be takin' my bath
In rhythm

On the rhythm range (On the rhythm range)
On the rhythm range (On the rhythm range)
Everything is keepin' time to a sort of rhythmic rhyme
And rhythm

I asked the prairie chicken when he started to scratch
If sandy fleas and bumble bees could hatch a better hatch
He said the only thing found beneath this doggone ground
Is rhythm

He started into workin' with a pause of his head
And then he turned around to me and here's what he said
I ain't a-diggin' for gold but when I'm scratchin' my soul
Got rhythm

On the rhythm range (On the rhythm range)
On the rhythm range (On the rhythm range)
Everything is keepin' time to a sort of rhythmic rhyme
And rhythm