

Lefty Frizzel, My Rough And Rowdy Ways

For years and years I've rambled I drank my wine and gambled
But one day I thought I would settle down
I have met a perfect lady she said she'd be my baby
We built a cottage in the old hometown
But somehow I can't forget my good old rambling ways
The railroad trains are calling me away
I may be tough I may be wild I may be rough and it's jut my style
I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways
[dobro]
But somehow I can't forget...