

Rolling Stones, Travellin' Man

Yeah yeah
I heard the crunch of the gravel
Yeah he got to be a hobo man
And I'm walkin down the road like a bulldog slip now
Yeah I bet you good time and a bulldog dog, well
And I bet you two sticks, and a home, and a dog
And by tomorrow morning you'll be travellin' on yeah
Yeah you got to be on
Ah hah, hah, hah, you got to be a travellin' man

With your girl in your hair and you feel at home
You got to get on the road somewhere
And then you beat down the highway, with a bone
And in a tatter on fire with a rattlin' bone yeah

Yeah you be asleep with me baby on the side of the road
And I got to be a travelin' man
Snap to the phone baby real real slow and I got to tell you all that I can
I got to go down the road, down the trail now

Ah ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah ah
Ah ah I let it go to my head by day
And grab a smoke, and like a crow, I'll grab a can if I have a say
And baby I'm fast, I brung it with me, and may be calling on a pile of ?
And baby I'll been staying over yonder, and a porch till the first of May