

Allman Brother Band, Ramblin' Man

Lord, I was born a ramblin' man
Trying to make a living and doin' the best I can
When its time for leaving, I hope you'll understand
That I was born a ramblin man
My father was a gambler down in Georgia
He wound up on the wrong end of a gun
And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus
Rollin' down highway forty-one
Lord, I was born a ramblin' man
Trying to make a living and doin' the best I can
When its time for leaving, I hope you'll understand
That I was born a ramblin man

I'm on my way to New Orleans this morning
Leaving out of Nashville, Tennessee
They're always having a good time down on the Bayou, Lord
Them Delta women thing the world of me
Lord, I was born a ramblin' man
Trying to make a living and doin' the best I can
When its time for leaving, I hope you'll understand
That I was born a ramblin man
Lord I was born a ramblin man