

Bill Monroe, Free Born Man

I was born in the south land
Twenty some odd years ago
I ran away for the first time
When I was three years old

I'm a free born man
My home is on my back
I know every inch of highway
Every foot of backroad
Every mile of railroad track

Well I got this old guitar
Well I carry it in an old tote sack
Well I hawked it about a hundred times
but I always get it back

I'm a free born man
My home is on my back
I know every inch of highway
Every foot of backroad
Every mile of railroad track

Well you may not like my appearance
An' you may not like my song
Well you may not like the way I talk
But you like the way I'm gone

I'm a free born man
My home is on my back
I know every inch of highway
Every foot of backroad
Every mile of railroad track