## 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