

Bill Monroe, Gotta Travel On

I've laid around and played around this old town too long
Summers almost gone, winters coming on
I've laid around and played around this old town too long
And I feel like I've gotta travel on

Poppa writes to Johnny but Johnny can't come home
Johnny can't come home, no, Johnny can't come home
Poppa writes to Johnny but Johnny can't come home
Cause he's been on this chain gang too long

* Refrain

High sheriff and police riding after me
Riding after me, yes, coming after me
High sheriff and police riding after me
And I feel like I've gotta travel on

* Refrain

Want to see my honey, want to see her bad
Want to see her bad, oh, want to see her bad
Want to see my honey, want to see her bad
She's the best gal this poor boy ever had

* Refrain