

# Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Free Born Man

I was born in the Southland  
Twenty some odd years ago  
I ran away for the first time  
When I was four years old.

I&#039;m a free-born man  
My home is on my back  
I know every inch of highway  
Every foot of back road every mile of railroad track

I got a gal in Cincinnati  
Got a women in San Antone  
I always love the girl next door  
But anyplace is home.

I got me a worn out guitar  
I carry an old tote sack  
I hocked it about two hundred times  
But I always get one back

Well you may not like my appearance  
You may not like my song  
You may not like the way I talk  
But you like the way I&#039;m gone