

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'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 woman in San Antonio
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'm gone