

# Emmylou Harris, Rollin' And Ramblin'

(Robin Williams/Linda Williams/Jerome Clark)

Folks in Nashville slammed the door  
Said we don't want you anymore  
Find your own way down the road  
Pack your fiddle and your guitar  
Take a train or take a car  
Find someone else to keep you from the cold

Rollin' and ramblin'  
Women loved him half to death  
He sang with whiskey on his breath  
His heart broke like a child's  
Rollin' and ramblin'  
The sun has set out on the trail  
The hobo's drifted up the rail  
He's taken his last ride

Oh, he always sang the blues  
Like it was all he ever knew  
He didn't sing at all that night  
He was pale and as he dozed  
He didn't know his time had closed  
Slumped in the back seat to the right

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So they send him on night train South  
Through the cities and the rural routes  
Just one more place to go  
Ah, the whistle sang the bluest note  
Like it came from his own throat  
Moanin' sad and cryin' low

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