

Garcia, I'm A Man Of Constant Sorrow

I am a man of constant sorrow,
I have seen trouble all my days,
I bid farewell to old Kentucky,
The state where I was born and raised.
For six long years I've been troubled,
No pleasure here on earth I've found,
For on this world I'm bound to ramble,
I have no friends to help me now.

Maybe you can find some other lover,

For many years while I may lay,
Maybe then you'll find (?) (to love him?),
While I am sleeping in my grave.

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger,
My face you never will see no more,
But there is one promise that is given,
I'll meet you on God's golden shore