

Hank Snow, My Rough And Rowdy Ways

For years and years I've rambled drank my wines and gambled

But one day I thought I'd settle down

I met a perfect lady she said she'd be my baby

We built a cottage in the old hometown

But somehow I can't forget my good old rambling days

Now the railroad trains are calling me away

Well I may be rough I may be wild I may be tough and out of style

But I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways

[dobro - ac.guitar]

Now sometimes when I meet a bouncer who knew me when I was a rounder

He grabs my hand and says boy have a drink

We'd go down to the poolroom get in the gang and then soon

The daylight comes before I had a wink

But somehow I can't forget...