

# Hank Williams Jr., Ramblin' Man

I can settle dōw-own and be doin' just fine  
Til I hear an old train rollin' down the line  
Then I hurry strai-aight home and pack  
And if I didn go, I believe I blow my stack  
I love you ba-aby, but you gotta understand  
When the lord made me  
He made a ramblin' man.

Some folks might sa-ay that I no good  
That I wouldn settle down if I could  
But when that open ro-oad starts to callin' me  
There somethin' 'or the hill that I gotta see  
Sometimes it har-rd but you gotta understand  
When the lord made me, he made a ra-amblin' man.

I love to see the tow-owns a-passin' by  
And to ride these rails eath god blue sky  
Let me travel this la-and from the mountains to the sea  
ause that the life I believe he meant for me  
And when I go-one and at my grave you stand  
Just say God called home your ra-amblin' man.