

# Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Ramblin' Man

Well I'm your Ramblin' Man and I can lift your latch  
I could stay here, Mama, but I got me some trains to catch.

When that cold north wind stops blowing  
I'll still be walking the line  
You ever see me laughing little lady,  
I'm laughing just to keep from crying  
I'm your Ramblin' Man and some Christmas time  
Won't you hang my holy socks on a midnight line.

Well that mountainside's just gonna sit there  
That river's gonna rush on by.  
But don't ask me to hang around  
I couldn't stay here if I tried  
I'm your Ramblin' Man and I can go where I choose  
And if you sing me a song, Mama, make it a midnight blues.

Well don't that moon look beautiful, Baby,  
Climbing up through the sky?  
Well it looks like I'm gonna chase that moon  
Mama, 'til the day I die  
I'm your Ramblin' Man and there ain't no doubt  
I'm gonna hang out late, Mama, with the midnight crowd

Where the silver starlight glistens  
On the green mossy banks of time  
I'm gonna spend my long nights listening  
And looking for a star that's mine  
I'm your Ramblin' Man, and 'til I come home  
Won't you hang my midnight mail on a rolling stone