

Porter Wagoner, My Ramblin' Boy

So here's to you my ramblin' boy may all your ramblin' bring you joy
He was a man and a friend always he stuck by me in the hard old days
He never cared if I had no dough we rambled round in the rain and snow
So here's to you my ramblin' boy may all your ramblin' bring you joy
And here's to you my ramblin' boy may all your ramblin' bring you joy

In Tulsa town we chanced to straight we thought we'd try to work one day
The boss said he had a room for one said my old pal we'd rather bum
So here's to you my ramblin' boy...

Then late one night in a jungle camp the weather it was cold and damp
And he got the chills and he got 'em bad I lost the only pal I had
So here's to you my ramblin' boy...
May all your ramblin' bring you joy