

# Steve Earle & The Dukes, Steve's Last Ramble

I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' round  
Hangin' up my highway shoes  
Lately when I walk they make a hollow sound  
And they carry me away from you  
Every night I lay my body down  
My empty arms just leave me blue  
So I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' 'round  
And find my way back home to you

I have always been the travelin' kind  
A million miles behind me now  
I kept on followin' that thin white line  
But now I want to turn around  
I only lived to hear that highway sound  
High and lonesome - low and blue  
Now I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' 'round  
And find my way back home to you

So say goodbye to all my ramblin' pals  
Ol' Highway Dave and Southside Sue  
I don't believe they'll miss me anyhow  
What's one less wayward soul or two  
Down the road they'll pass the jug around  
And they'll sing them lonesome highway blues  
But me I'm thinkin' 'bout givin' up this ramblin' 'round  
And find my way back home to you