

# Woody Guthrie, Ramblin' Round

Ramblin' around your city  
Ramblin' around your town  
I never see a friend I know  
As I go ramblin' around, boys  
As I go ramblin' around

My sweetheart and my parents  
I left in my old home town  
I'm out to do the best I can  
As I go ramblin' around, boys  
As I go ramblin' around

The peach trees they are loaded,  
The limbs are bending down,  
I pick 'em all day for a dollar, boys  
As I go ramblin' around  
As I go ramblin' around

Sometimes the fruit gets rotten  
Falls down on the ground  
There's a hungry mouth for every peach  
As I go ramblin' around, boys  
As I go ramblin' around

I wish that I could marry  
I wished I could settle down  
But I cain't save a penny, boys  
As I go ramblin' around  
As I go ramblin' around

My mother prayed that I would be  
A man of some renown  
But I am just a refugee  
As I go ramblin' around, boys  
As I go ramblin' around