

RAMBLIN' MAN

(Refrain)

G C G
Lord, I was born a ramblin' man

(G)

Trying to make a living

C D

and doing the best I can

C G

When it's time for leaving,

Em C

I hope you'll understand

G D G

That I was born a rambling man

My father was a gambler down in Georgia
He wound up on the wrong end of a gun
And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus
Rolling down highway forty-one

(Refrain)

I'm on my way to New Orleans this morning
Leaving out of Nashville, Tennessee
They're always having a good time down on the Bayou, Lord
Them delta women think the world of me

(Refrain)