

Ramblin Man

@!genrexxxxeg.@genre solo rock

Into G / D/ C7 / G

G F G
Lord, I was born a ramblin' man, trying to make a living and
C D
doing the best I can
C G Em C
When it's time for leaving, I hope you'll understand,
G D G
That I was born a ramblin man

G F G C D
My father was a gambler down in Georgia. He wound up on the wrong end
D
of a gun.
C G Em C G D
And I was born in the back seat of a Greyhound bus, rolling down highway
G
forty-one

CHORUS

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