**Ramblin Man**

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | G | F | G | C |
|  |  | Lord, I was b | orn a ramblin' man, trying to mak | e a living and |

|  |
| --- |
| doing the best I |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | D | C | G | Em | C | G | D |
|  |  | can. When | it's time f | or leaving, I hop | e you'l | l understan | d, that |

|  |
| --- |
| I was born a |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | G |
| rambling | man. |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | G | F | G | C | D |
|  | My father | was a gambler d | own in Georgia. He wound up | on the wrong en | 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 |
| forty- | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | G |
|  | 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. |

|  |
| --- |
| CHORUS |