**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  |