

Rambling's Going To Be The Death Of Me

Bert Jansch

Ask me why a Rambler aint got no home
Ask me why I sit and cry alone
I wish I knew, I wish I knew
If I knew, I'd know what to do
Day in, day out seems I'm a-runnin' all on my own
Day in, day out there is weakness a-growin' in my bones
Wo, it aint no use, nah, it aint no use
My mind is dead I got to turn my body loose
Wish Mama you could hear the words that I cry
Wish Mama now at home I could die
But my time is late, my time is late

I'm on my own and Lord I've got it straight
No girl I've loved has ever held me down
No reason can I give for leaving this town
My love is true now, my love is true
But the road is long, I've got to see my journey through
So Girl, don't deny the freedom that's born to me
Girl don't deny that a Rambler must always be free
Someday you'll see now, Babe, someday you'll see
That my ramblin's gonna be the death of me