

# The Rambler

Black Stone Cherry

You were born in a southern fall  
it might of been Sunday but I can't recall  
all the birthdays I must have missed  
your first steps and your first kiss  
I don't even know if you know my name  
but you should hear the truth before it's too late  
so I hope this finds you  
on some highway

Cuz I'm an old time Rambler  
I call the road my home  
forgive my indiscretion  
it's the only way I know  
a million miles from Kentucky  
but I will always be around  
so turn the radio up when your heart breaks down

I played for tips and I played for less  
I played a pretty southern girl right out of her dress  
she danced until the lights came on  
but there's a reason she's here instead of being at home  
she said the songs you sang made the whole room cry  
and that night I told a young man's lie  
when I said I would call her  
and I said I'd write

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I'm sorry for the tears I made you cry  
I'm sorry for the promises that turned to lies  
if I could turn back the hands of time  
I'd take you back and try try try  
to make you understand  
that this is who I am

I met a devil in an old motel  
it seems I ain't got much of a soul to sell  
my glass is empty  
my hands are blue  
and the doctor gave me about a month or two  
well I thought I would make it to you this year  
so forgive me one last time my dear  
and tell your mother  
I won't be coming home

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