

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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