

# Man of Constant Sorrow

Bob Dylan

I am a man of constant sorrow  
I've seen trouble all my days  
I'll say goodbye to Colorado  
Where I was born and partly raised.

Your mother says I'm a stranger  
My face you'll never see no more  
But there's one promise, darling:  
I'll see you on God's golden shore.

Through this open world I'm about to ramble  
Through ice and snows, sleet and rain  
I'm about to ride that morning railroad  
Perhaps I'll die on that train.

I'm going back to Colorado  
The place that I started from  
If I had known how bad you'd treat me honey  
I never would have come.