

Ramblin' Jack

Kris Kristofferson

I got a friend named Ramblin' Jack
He's got a face like a tumbled down shack
That's been lived in too long to be torn down
He's high on life and low on luck
And big on driving diesel trucks
And knows the boys that built them by the sound

Most of his lifetime he's been wasted
On the wine of life he's tasted
And I guess the rest, Lord, he was stoned
And he's known to lay his weary head
In some funky, unfamiliar beds
But he was only looking for a home

And I know he ain't afraid of where he's going
And I'm sure he ain't ashamed of where he's been
He has paid a little piece of his soul
For every seed that he's been sowing
And he made his own mistakes, and love, and friends
Ain't that what matters in the end

Soulful songs and sailing ships
Put a smile upon his lips
Easy as the laughter in his eyes
And if he knew how good he'd done
Every song he ever sung
I believe he'd truly be surprised

Looking back he's come so far
Looking at his lucky star
Somewhere, out there, rocking on the road
Risky nights and wasted days
Wild and righteous, wicked ways
Mixing up the music in his soul

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