

## 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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