

# Ramblin' Round

Linda Ronstadt

Ramblin' round your city  
Ramblin' round your town  
But I never see a friend I know  
as I go ramblin' round boys  
As I go ramblin' round

The peach trees they are loaded  
The branches are bending down  
Well I pick 'em all day for a dollar, Lord  
As I go ramblin' round boys  
As I go ramblin' round

Sometimes the fruit gets rotten  
Falls down on the ground  
Well there's a hungry mouth for every peach  
As I go ramblin' round boys  
As I go ramblin' round

My father hoped that I would be  
Someone of high renown  
But I am just a refugee  
As I go ramblin' round boys  
As I go ramblin' round

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