

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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