

Saddle Tramp

Marty Robbins

They call me a drifter, they say I'm no good
I'll never amount to a thing
Well I may be a drifter and I may be no good
There's joy in this song that I sing.

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.

At night I will rest 'neath a blanket of blue
Doubt if I ever will change
I might even dream of a lady I knew
Might even whisper her name

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp.

I might even wind up in Idaho
And visit a cute little miss
A sweet little someone I used to know
And I might even stop long enough for a kiss.

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.

Might even ride back through Phoenix someday
Might even stop for awhile
But branded, no never! I'll not be tied down
Trapped by a fair lady's smile.

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please
Saddle tramp!