

## Poor Rambler

Sturgill Simpson

Come and gather around me good people  
My life I must reveal  
Well tomorrow might have been different  
and I know how my darling ought to feel

Well that last time I saw my woman  
She had a wine glass in her hand  
She was drinking down her troubles  
With a low down sorry man

Well I wrote my Momma a letter  
And I told her I was in jail  
Well she wrote me back in a hurry  
Saying honey I'm gonna come and throw your bail

Well I'm a laying around in this old jail house  
Forty dollars will pay my fine  
Pretty women swarming all around me  
Marijuana has destroyed my mind

Give me cornbread when I'm hungry  
Corn whiskey when I'm dry  
Pretty women swarming all around me  
Sweet Heaven when I die

Well my Daddy taught me plenty  
And my Momma she taught me more  
She said if I didn't quit my rowdy ways  
I'd have trouble knocking at my door

When my Earthly trials are over  
Throw my cold dead body in the sea  
Tell that false hearted lover of mine  
That the whales are gonna fuss over me

Give me cornbread when I'm hungry  
Corn whiskey when I'm dry  
Pretty women swarming all around me  
Sweet Heaven when I die