Ramblin' Round

Woody Guthrie I-83

D A
Ramblin' around your city
D
Ramblin' around your town
G
I never see a friend I know
A D
As I go ramblin' 'round boys
A D
As I go ramblin' 'round

My mother hoped that I might be
A man of some renown
But I am just a refugee
As I go ramblin' 'round boys
As I go ramblin' 'round

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

Sometimes the fruit gets rotten
And falls on to the ground
There's a hungry mouth for every peach
As I go ramblin' 'round boys
As I go ramblin' 'round

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