

My Rough And Rowdy Ways

Doc Watson

For years and years I've rambled
I drank my wine and gambled
But then one day I thought I'd settle down

I met a sweet little lady
And she told me that she'd be my baby
We build a cottage in the old hometown

I can't forget my good old rambling days
Them old freight trains keep calling me always
I may be rough, may be wild
May act tough but it's just my style
'Cause I can't forget my good old rough and rowdy ways

Sometimes when I meet a bounder
Who knew me when I was a rounder
He grabs my hand and he'll say, "Boy, have a drink"

We go down to the poolroom
Get in the gang and then soon
It's broad daylight and I ain't had a wink

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