

My Rough and Rowdy Ways

Hank Thompson

MY ROUGH AND ROWDY WAYS

(Jimmie Rodgers)

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For years and years I've rambled drank my wines and gambled
But one day I thought I'd settle down
I met a perfect lady she said she'd be my baby
We built a cottage in the old hometown
But somehow I can't forget my good old rambling days
The railroad trains are calling me away
I may be rough I may be wild I may be tough and countrified
But I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways
Sometimes I meet a bouncer who knew me when I was a rounder
He grabs my hand and says boy have a drink
We'd go down to the poolroom get in the gang and then soon
The daylight comes before I'd had a wink
But somehow I can't forget...