

# My Rough and Rowdy Ways

**Jimmie Rodgers**

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 my good old rambling days