

## Saddle Tramp

Marty Robbins

They call me a drifter, they say I'm no good  
I'll never amount to a thing  
Well I may be a drifter and I may be no good  
There's joy in this song that I sing.

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp  
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please  
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.

At night I will rest 'neath a blanket of blue  
Doubt if I ever will change  
I might even dream of a lady I knew  
Might even whisper her name

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp  
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please  
Saddle tramp.

I might even wind up in Idaho  
And visit a cute little miss  
A sweet little someone I used to know  
And I might even stop long enough for a kiss.

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp  
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please  
Saddle tramp, saddle tramp.

Might even ride back through Phoenix someday  
Might even stop for awhile  
But branded, no never! I'll not be tied down  
Trapped by a fair lady's smile.

Saddle tramp, saddle tramp  
I'm as free as the breeze and I ride where I please  
Saddle tramp!