

My Rough And Rowdy Ways

Merle Haggard

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

I have met a perfect lady
She said she'd be my baby
We built a cottage in the old hometown

But somehow I can't give up
My good old rambling ways
Lord, the railroad trains are calling me away

I may be rough, I may be wild
I may be tough and that's just my style
I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways

But somehow I can't give up
My good old rambling ways
Lord, the railroad trains are calling me away

I may be rough, I may be wild
I may be tough and that's just my style
I can't give up my good old rough and rowdy ways
blues boy