

Ramblin' Boy by Tom Paxton

4/4 time—easy going

Chorus

So here's to you my Rambling Boy,

May all your rambling bring you joy.

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May all your rambling bring you joy.

He was a man and a friend always.

He stuck with me in the bad old days.

He never cared if I had no dough,

We rambled round in the rain and snow.

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray,

We thought we'd try to work one day.

The boss said he had room for one,

Said my old pal we'd rather bum.

Late one night in a jungle camp,

The weather it was cold and damp.

He got the chills and he got 'em bad.

They took the only friend I had.

He left me here to ramble on,

My rambling pal is dead and gone.

If when we die we go somewhere,

I bet you a dollar that he's rambling there.