

I'M A RAMBLER

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home;
And if you don't like me, well leave me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry I'll drink when I'm dry.
And the moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die.

I've been a moonshiner for many a year;
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.
I'll go to some hellow I'll set up my still
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill.

I'll go to some hollow in this country.
Ten gallons of mash! I can go on a spree.
No women to follow, the world is all mine.
I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

O moonshine, dear moonshine. O how I love thee.
You killed me own father, but ah ya try me.
Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine.
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.