Ramblin Round by Woodie Guthrie (19xx, entered 1940) (Tune of Goodnight Irene)

С	G	G	C	
Ramblin'	around your cit	y, ramblin'	around your to	wn,
C	F	G	C	
I never s	ee a friend I kno	w as I go ra	amblin' 'round,	boys,
G	C	_		-
As I go ra	amblin' 'round.			

My sweetheart and my parents, I left in my old hometown I'm out to do the best I can as I go ramblin' round As I go ramblin' round.

The peach trees they are loaded, the limbs are bending down, I pick 'em all day for a dollar boys, as I go a ramblin' 'round, As I go a ramblin' 'round.

Sometimes the fruit gets rotten and falls down on the ground, There's a hungry mouth for every peach, as I go a ramblin' 'round boys, As I go a ramblin' 'round.

I wish that I could marry, I wished I could settle down, But I can't save a penny boys, as I go a ramblin' 'round, As I go a ramblin' 'round.

My mother prayed that I would be a man of some renown, But I am just a refugee, as I go a ramblin' 'round boys, As I go a ramblin' 'round.