

Travelling man

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Make music for a living

Singing songs

About heartache freedom and giving

Lonely roads

Late night friends

Morning blues

And on the road again

Rambling round

No roots laid down

Get in trouble

Should leave town

See no future

In short it's plain

Lets get moving

Back on the road again

Just a road musician

In a smoke filled barroom

Fingers flying guitars crying

Thinking, thinking of leaving soon

Grass looks green

On the other side

Got to move there

Hitch a ride

Can't seem to settle

I'm sure its plain

Gypsy blood

On the road again

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