

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**Free born man**

I was born in the Southland Twenty some old years ago  
I ran away for the first time when I was four years old

I'm a free born man  
My home is on my back  
I know every inch of hiway  
Every foot of back road  
Every mile of railroad track

I got a gal in Chincinnati, got a woman in San Antone  
I always love the girl next door but anyplace is home

\* Refrain

I got me a worn out guitar, I carry an old tone sack  
I hocked it about two hundred times but I always get it back

\* Refrain

Well, you may not like my appearance, you may not like my song  
You may not like the way I talk, but you like the way I'm gone

\* Refrain

