

The Charlie Daniels Band, Ain't No Way

You have sailed the sparkling waters
of the shady sandy coast of Carolina.
From the rock bound coast of Maine
down past Virginia to the sunny Florida keys.

You have chased the whistling wind along
the painted canyon walls of Colorado.
And you followed that big river from
Saint Paul to where she flows into the sea.

You have seen the early sun light kiss
the blue grass on a cold Kentucky morning.
And the Palomino oceans of the Kansas
wheat field when the west wind blows.

You've gone gypsy loose and run and
chased rainbows in the Mississippi sunset.
Just a number one hell raiser with the
taste for whiskey, women and the road.

And there ain't no ramblers anymore,
and you can take that for what it's worth.
Seems like everybody's jet'n
they ain't got time to touch the earth.
I guess their feet don't hit the kitchen
when they hear the whistle blow.
They ain't crossed the Chattahoochee.
And there ain't no ramblers anymore.

You have heard the lonesome rattle of the
midnight freight train in the easy hours.
You've been burned by Arizona sun,
stood shivering in the Minnesota snow.

You have smelled the sweet magnolia blossom
perfume in a Alabama evening.
You've stood drunk beside the highway wish'n
ta hell ya' still had some place left to go.

Cause there ain't no ramblers anymore,
Leased not like there use to be.
Everybody's on vacation,
or watching something on T.V.
They ain't ever been to Tuscon,
or been in jail in Mexico.
They ain't ever going to Bowsik.
Cause there ain't no ramblers anymore.

Cause there ain't no ramblers anymore.