



G D  
Runnin' from the cold up in New England  
Em C  
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time stringband  
G  
My baby plays the guitar  
D C  
I pick a banjo now

G D  
Oh, the North country winters keep a gettin' me down  
Em C  
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave  
G  
But I ain't a turnin' back  
D C  
To livin' that old life no more

CHORUS

G D  
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke  
Em  
I caught a trucker out of Philly  
C  
Had a nice long toke  
G D  
But he's a headed west from the Cumberland Gap  
C  
To Johnson City, Tennessee

G D  
And I gotta get a move on before the sun  
Em  
I hear my baby callin' my name  
C  
And I know that she's the only one  
G  
And if I die in Raleigh  
D C  
At least I will die free

CHORUS