

Dm F
 Some people say I'm a no count, others say I'm no good,
 Bb F Bb
 But I'm just a natural born traveling man,
 C Dm
 Doin' what I think I should, oh yea,
 C Dm Dm
 Doin' what I think I should.

F Bb F Bb
 And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar
 F Bb F Bb
 Spend it fast as a can
 F Bb F Bb
 But a wailing song and a good guitar
 C Dm
 The only things that I understand, poor boy
 C Dm
 The only things that I understand

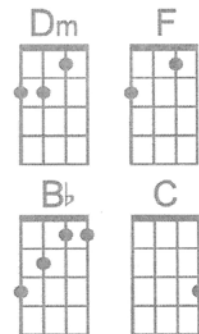
Dm F
 When I was a little baby, my Mama said: "Hey son,
 Bb F Bb
 Travel where you will and grow to be a man,
 C Dm
 And sing what must be sung, poor boy,
 C Dm Dm
 Sing what must be sung.

CHORUS

Dm F
 Now that I'm a grown man, I've traveled here and there,
 Bb F Bb
 I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,
 C Dm
 Are the only ones who ever care, poor boy,
 C Dm Dm
 The only ones who ever care.

CHORUS

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Written by Axton in the early 60s, this song was recorded by The Kingston Trio's John Stewart, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane (Stewart replaced original member Dave Guard). It remained on the U.S. Billboard Charts for 11 weeks, topping out at #21.