

Rocky Mountain Rambler

A ballad by Peter Brunette

1. Down in the city of concrete and steel,
Spinning around on the workaday wheel,
A prisoner of habit, with nowhere to roam,
I heard the Rockies calling me home.

And now I'm rambling along through the blossoming heather,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
Free as a lark and light as a feather,
Up where the waters divide,
Where the spirit is strong,
Just a-rambling along.

2. Down in the city and aching to find
Some way to quiet the storm in the mind,
Lost in the shuffle, a face in the crowd,
I heard the Rockies calling so loud.

And now I'm rambling along over meadows and boulders,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
A song in my heart and the sun on my shoulders,
Up where the waters divide,
Where the spirit is strong,
Just a-rambling along.

3. Down in the city where, late after dark,
Pushers and con men close in on a mark,
Pegged for the patsy, a pawn in their game,
I heard the Rockies calling my name.

And now I'm rambling along where the springs are like fountains,
Rambling along where the views open wide,
Over the hills and the snow-covered mountains,
Up where the waters divide,
Where the spirit is strong,
Just a-rambling along,

ENDING (*repeat ad lib. and fade*): Just a-rambling along . . .