

I'm a Lonesome Fugitive

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Medium ($\text{♩} = 120$)

Verse

I raised a lot of Cain back in my younger days While Of
lone - ly but I can't af-ford the lux - u-ry
ma-ma used to pray my crops would fail Now
having one I love to come a - long She'd
I'm a hunt-ed fug - i - tive with just two ways Out -
on - ly slow me down and they'd catch up with me For
run the law or spend my life in jail. I'd
he who trav - els fast - est goes a - lone.

Chorus

like to settle down but they won't let me A
fug - i - tive must be a rolling stone Down
ev - 'ry road there's al - ways one more cit - y I'm

on the run the high - way is my home. (I'm)