

Ramblin' Fever

Album: The Ultimate Collection

My hat don't hang on the same nail too long.
My ears can't stand to hear the same old song.
An' I don't leave the highway long enough,
To bog down in the mud.
'Cos I've got ramblin' fever in my blood.

Caught this ramblin' fever long ago,
When I first heard a lonesome whistle blow.
If someone said I ever gave a damn,
Man, they damn sure told you wrong.
I've had ramblin' fever all along.

Ramblin' fever,
The kind that can't be measured by degrees.
Ramblin' fever,
There ain't no kind of cure for my disease.

There's times I'd like to bed down on a sofa,
And let some pretty lady rub my back.
And spend the early morning drinking coffee,
Talkin' about when I'll be coming back.

But I don't let no no woman tie me down,
And I never get too old to get around.
I wanna die along the highway and rot away,
Like some old high-line pole,
Rest this ramblin' fever in the soul.

Ramblin' fever,
The kind that can't be measured by degrees.
Ramblin' fever,
There ain't no kind of cure for my disease.

Ramblin' fever.

Ramblin' fever.

Ramblin' fever.