

T.B. BLUES

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(Jimmie Rodgers)

'31 Peer International, BMI

My good gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Lord my gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Trying to make me believe I ain't got that old TB
I've got the TB blues
When it rained down sorrow it rained all over me
When it rained down sorrow it rained all over me
Cause my body rattles like a train on that old SP
I've got the TB blues
I've got that old TB I can't eat a bite
Got that old TB I can't eat a bite
Got me worried so I can't even sleep at night
I've got the TB blues
I've been fightin' like a lion looks like I'm going to lose
I've been fightin' like a lion looks like I'm going to lose
Cause there ain't nobody ever whipped the TB blues
I've got the TB blues
Gee but that graveyard is a lonesome place
Lord but that graveyard is a lonesome place
They put you on your back throw that mud down in your face
I've got the TB blues