

# Ramblin Fever

My [G]hat don't hang on the same nail too [C]long  
My [G]ears can't stand to hear the same old [D]song  
And [G]I don't leave the highway long [C]enough  
To bog down in the [G]mud  
Cause [G]I've got ramblin' [D]fever in my [G]blood

I [G]caught this ramblin' fever long [C]ago  
When I [G]first heard a lonesome whistle [D]blow  
If [G]someone said I ever gave a [C]damn  
They damn sure told you [G]wrong  
I've had ramblin' [D]fever all [G]along

CHORUS:

[G]Ramblin' [F]fe[C]ver,  
the [G]kind that can't be measured by [D]degrees  
[G]Ramblin' [F]fe[C]ver,  
there [G]ain't no kind of [D]cure for my [G]disease

There's [G]times I'd like to bed down on a [C]sofa  
And [G]let some pretty lady rub my [C]back  
And [C]spend the early morning drinking [G]coffee  
And [G]talk about when [D]I'll be coming [G]back

Cause I [G]don't let know no woman tie me [C]down  
And I'll [G]never get too old to get [D]around  
I'm gonna [G]die along the highway and rot [C]away  
Like [C]some old high-line [G]pole,  
And rest this ramblin' [D]fever in my soul

CHORUS