

# ramblin fever

**Tanya Tucker**

My hat don't hang on the same nail too long  
My ears can't stand to hear the same old song  
And I don't leave the highway long enough  
To bog down in the mud 'cause I've got ramblin' fever in my blood Well, I caught this ramblin' fever long ago  
When I first heard a lonesome whistle blow  
If someone said I ever gave a damn, well they damn sure told you wrong  
'Cause 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  
Let some good looking man rub my back  
Spend the early morning drinking coffee  
Talkin' about when I'll be coming back 'Cause I don't let no man tie me down  
And I'll never get too old to get around  
I'm gonna die along the highway and rot away like some old high line pole  
Finally rest this ramblin' fever in my soul Ramblin' fever  
The kind that can't be measured by degrees  
Oh, ramblin' fever  
There ain't no kind of cure for my disease Ramblin' fever  
The kind that can't be measured by degrees  
Ramblin' fever  
Well, there ain't no kind of cure for my disease

Songwriters

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