

# RAMBLIN FEVER (Re-recorded in Stereo)

## Merle Haggard

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  
I caught this ramblin' fever long ago  
When I first heard a lonesome whistle blow  
If someone said I ever gave a damnThey 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 diseaseThere'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  
And talking about when I'll be coming back'Cause I don't let know no woman 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,Rest this ramblin' fever in my soul  
Ramblin' fever, the kind that can't be measured by degrees  
Ramblin' fever, there ain't no kind of cure for my disease

Songwriters

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