

Ramblin' Fever

[Merle Haggard](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 I caught this ramblin' fever long ago
When I first heard a lonesome whistle blow
If someone said I ever gave a damn, the 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
And talkin' about when I'll be coming back 'Cos I don't let no no woman tie me down
And I'll never get too old to get around
I want to 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, yeah

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