

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

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