

T.B. Blues

Jimmie Rodgers

My good gal's trying
To make a fool out of me
Lord, my gal's trying
To make a fool out of me
Trying to make me believe
I ain't got that old T.B.
I've got the T.B. blues
When it rained down sorrow
It rained all over me
When it rained down sorrow
It rained all over me
'Cause my body rattles
Like a train on that old S.P.
I've got the T.B. blues
I've got that old T.B.
I can't eat a bite
Got that old T.B.
I can't eat a bite
Got me worried soul
I can't even sleep at night
I've got the T.B. blues
I've been fightin' like a lion
Looks like I'm going to lose
I'm fightin' like a lion
Looks like I'm going to lose
'Cause there ain't nobody
Ever whipped the T.B. blues
I've got the T.B. blues
Gee but the graveyard
Is a lonesome place
Lord that graveyard
Is a lonesome place
They put you on your back
Throw that mud down in your face
I've got the T.B. blues

Songwriters

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