

Hank Snow "TB Blues"

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My good gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Yes, my gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Trying to make me believe
I ain't got that ol' TB.

When it rained down sorrow it rained all over me, Lord,
Lord
When it rained down sorrow it rained all over me, hey
'Cause my body ripples
Like a train on that old SP.

--- Instrumental ---

I got that old TB, I can't eat a bite
Got that old TB, I can't eat a bite
Got me worried soul,
I can't even sleep at night.

I've been fightin' like a lion, looks like I'm goin' to you
I've been fightin' like a lion, looks like I'm goin' to you
'Cause there ain't nobody ever
With the TB blues.

--- Instrumental ---

Gee, but that graveyard is a lonesome place, hey, hey
Lord, but that graveyard is a lonesome place
They put you on your back
Put that mud down in your face...

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