

## **Merle Haggard**

### **"Ramblin' Fever"**

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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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