

Merle Haggard

"T. B. Blues"

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My good gal's trying to make a fool out of me Lord
Lord

Yes my gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Tryin' to make me believe I ain't got that ole 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 rattles like a train on that ole SB
I got that TB blues

Here comes Norman Hamlet on the dobro
[dobro] He's got that ole TB too can tell by the way he
plays

Gee but the graveyard is a lonesome place
That old graveyard is a lonesome place
They put you on your back and put that mud down in
your face

I got that ole TB and I can't eat a bite Lord Lord it's the
truth

I got that ole TB I can't eat a bite honey baby
It's got me worried soul I can't even sleep at night
I got that TB blues

Honey baby OK ole TB blues

We have we have a song that we wanna do for this
album

It's one called When Did Right Become Wrong
It was written by a good friend of mine and I've always
loved this song

Would you welcome Tommy Collins back out as he
holds the paper for me

On a song I've never done before on stage

We hope you like it

It's kind of a slow ballad type song somethin' like that

