

Victoria Spivey

"TB's Got Me"

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Here I lay a-cryin'
Somethin' is on my mind
It's midnight, I wonder where the nurse can be?

TB's got me, all my friends have thrown me down
TB's got me, and all my friends have thrown me down
But they treated me so nice, when I was able to run
around

Oh, my poor lungs are hurtin' me so
Mmmm, my poor lungs are hurtin' me so
I don't get no peace or comfort, no matter where I go

Lord, my good man don't want me no more
Mmmm, my good man don't want me no more
well I wish I was dead and in the land I'm doomed to go

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