

Jimmie Driftwood

"Lip Fever"

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(Jimmy Driftwood)

When I was a hunter on the wild Buffalo
Down the White River a-courtin' I'd go
I'd find me a lassie on the Old Mississipp'
To ease a bad pain that I had in the lip

Refrain:

Lip fever, lip fever, it's a terrible thing
It eats on your liver and it gnaws on your brain
It causes a man and his money to part
And lip fever is worse when you have no sweetheart

When I was trader on the Old Rackensack
I courted a squaw and she courted me back
A brave drew his knife and I heard the chief say
He's got the lip fever don't fight him today

Refrain:

It's caused men to laugh and it's caused men to cry
It's caused men to live and it's caused men to die
It's caused some good women to act like a mule
Of many a wise man, it's made him damn fool

Refrain:

Oh, what would I give, if tonight I could go
Down the White River from the wild Buffalo
I'd give all my fortunes from travel and trade
To give the lip fever to another fair maid

Refrain:

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