

# Black Hills Country Band, Rablin' Fever

My hat don't hang on the same nail too long  
My ears can't stand to hear the same old song  
And I don't leave the highway long enough  
To bog down in the mud  
'Cause I've got ramblin' fever in my blood  
Ramblin' fever  
A 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  
Talking about when I'll be coming back  
'Cause I don't let 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 highline pole  
Restless ramblin' fever in my soul