

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 too get around
I want to die along the highway and rot away
Like some old highline pole
Restless ramblin' fever in my soul