

Hank Snow, T.B. Blues

My good gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Yes my gal's trying to make a fool out of me
Trying to make me believe I ain't got that ol' 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 ripples like a train on that old SP
[guitar]
I got that old TB I can't eat a bite
Got that old TB I can't eat a bite
Got me worried soul I can't even sleep at night

I've been fightin' like a lion looks like I'm goin' to you
I've been fightin' like a lion looks like I'm goin' to you
Cause there ain't nobody ever with the TB blues
[dobro]
Gee but that graveyard is a lonesome place hey hey
Lord but that graveyard is a lonesome place
They put you on your back put that mud down in your face