

Merle Haggard, Ramblin' Fever (In My Soul)

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
I caught this ramblin' fever long ago
When I first heard a lonesome whistle blow
If someone said I ever gave a damn
They damn sure told you wrong
I've had ramblin' fever all along
Ramblin' fever, the 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
And talking about when I'll be coming back
Cause I don't let know no woman tie me down
And I'll never get too old to get around
I'm gonna die along the highway and rot away
Like some old high-line pole,
Rest this ramblin' fever in my soul
Ramblin' fever, the kind that can't be measured by degrees
Ramblin' fever, there ain't no kind of cure for my disease