

T. B. Blues

Jimmie Rodgers

My good gal's trying to make a fool outta me
Lord, my gal trying to make a fool outta me
Tryin' to make me believe I ain't got that old T.B.
I've got the T.B. blues

When it rained down sorrow, it rained all over me
When it rained down sorrow, it rained all over me
'Cause my body rattles, like a train on that old SP
I've got the T.B. blues

I've got that old T.B., I can't eat a bite
Got that old T.B., I can't eat a bite
Got me worried so I can't even sleep at night
I've got the T.B. blues

I've been fightin' like a lion, looks like I'm going to lose
I'm fighting like a lion, looks like I'm going to lose
'Cause ain't nobody ever whip the T.B. blues
I've got the T.B. blues

Gee, but the graveyard is a lonesome place
Lord, that old graveyard is a lonesome place
They put you on your back, throw that mud down in your face
I've got the T.B. blues