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