

TB Blues

by Jimmie Rodgers and Raymond Hall (1931)

C7 *C7* *C7* *C7*
My good gal's trying to make a fool out of me,
F *F* *C* *C*
Yes, my good gal's trying to make a fool out of me
G7 *G7* *C* *C*
Tryin' to make me believe I ain't got that ole T. B.
C *G7* *C*
I 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 ole *S.P.*
I got the T. B. blues.

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

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

Gee, but the graveyard *is* a lonesome *place*
Gee, but the graveyard *is* a lonesome *place*
They put you on your back, throw that *mud* down in your *face*.
I got the T. B. blues