

Whippin' That Old T.B.

Merle Haggard

Listen all you rounders you ought to be like me
Don't worry about consumption even if they call it T.B.

T.B., oh T.B., some say tonic is fine
Take all the medicine you want, I'll take good liquor for mine
De-yodel-ay-ee, a-lay-ee, oo-de-lee-da-lay-ee

And the hospitals and the doctors done all they could (Lord, Lord)

Happiness and the sunshine it really done me all the good
So don't let that old T.B ever get you down (Don't let it get you, boy)

First they want your insurance then they will lay you in the ground

Just stay in your mind troubles you forgot
'Cause good old contentment, Lord it's going to help you a lot
Ain't no use to worry, no need to lay down and die
'Cause nine times out of ten ain't nobody will cry

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