

Bill Monroe, Love, Please Come Home

As you read this letter that I write to you
Sweetheart I hope you understand
That you're the only love I knew
Please forgive me if you can

Sweetheart I beg you to come home tonight
I'm so blue and all alone
I promise that I'll treat you right
Love, oh love oh please come home

That old wind is cold and slowly creeping 'round
And the fire is burning low
The snow has covered up the ground
Your baby's hungry sick and cold