

Bill Monroe, Since My Sweet Love Ain't Around

Listen to that rain a-falling
Can't you hear that lonesome sound?
My poor old heart is breaking
Since my sweet love ain't around.

Lord I think I start to ramble
Got to leave this lonesome town
I can't stay here any longer
Since my sweet love ain't around.

On that train tonight I'll leave
And don't ask me where I'm bound
This old town is way too lonely
Since my sweet love ain't around.