

Alison Krauss, Blue & Lonesome

The lonesome sound of a train going by, Make me wanna stop and cry.
I recall the day he took you a way, I'm blue, I'm lonesome, too.

When I'm hear that whistle blow, I wanna pack my suitcase and go,
The lonesome sound of a train going by, Make me wanna stop and cry.

In the still of the night, in the pale moonlight, The wind it moans and sighs.
There awful blues, I just can't lose. I'm blue, I'm lonesome, too.

When I'm hear that whistle blow, I wanna pack my suitcase and go,
The lonesome sound of a train going by, Make me wanna stop and cry.