

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Out In The Co

Out in the cold world and far away from home
Some mother's boy is wanderin'; all alone.
No one to guide him or keep his footsteps right
Some mother's boy is homeless tonight.
Bring back to me my wandering boy
For there is no other who's left to give me joy
Tell him that his mother with faded cheeks and hair
Is at the old home place awaiting him there
Out in the hallway then stands a vacant chair
And an old pair of shoes he used to wear
Empty is the cradle he used to love so well
Oh how I miss him no tongue can tell.
Well I rememeber those parting words he said
Well meet up yonder where tears are never shed
In that land of sunshine, away from toil and care
When life is over, I'll meet you up there