

# Bill Monroe, I'm Blue, I'm Lonesome

The lonesome sigh of a train going by  
Makes me want to stop and cry  
I recall the day it took you away  
I'm blue I'm lonesome too

When I hear that whistle blow  
I want to pack my suitcase and go  
The lonesome sound of a train going by  
Makes me want to stop and cry

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