

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