

# Hank Locklin, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill he sounds too blue to fly  
The midnight train is whining low I'm so lonesome I could cry  
I've never seen a night so long when time goes crawling by  
The moon just went behind a cloud to hide its face and cry  
The silence of a falling star lights up a purple sky  
And as I wonder where you are I'm so lonesome I could cry