

Perry Como, You Don't Kno' What Lonesome Is (

Do me Ah Ma doo, Do me Ah Ma day!
All alone . . . all alone!

When the hoot owl toots his tooloo
to the whale of the nip wick hen,
and the chink funk chirps in the chilly night,
it's mighty lonesome then . . .

And it's mighty lonesome when the wind,
howls thru the jack-pine boughs
but you don't kno' what lonesome is,
'till you get to herdin' cows . . .

Do me Ah Ma doo, Do me Ah Ma day!
All alone . . . all alone!

Oh, the ordinary fella,
gets off on a Saturday night
an' he gets a chance to see his pals
with change no more than right
but when the saddle is your life
there's no time to carouse
and you don't kno' what lonesome is,
'till you get to herdin' cows . . .

Do me Ah Ma doo, Do me Ah Ma day!
By myself . . . by myself!
Now, the keeper of the lighthouse

an' the sailor man at sea
an' the lookout on the mountain top
ain't got a thing on me
'cause I got all the lonesomeness
that the common law allows
Man, you don't kno' what lonesome is,
'till you get to herdin' cows . . .

Do me Ah Ma doo, Do me Ah Ma day!
Cowboy blues . . . cowboy blues!

Now, you may often wonder
why a cowpoke sings so sad
he's a thinkin' of the many things
in life he's never had
no pal, no gal for company
jus' the kettle as they prowl
man, you don't kno' what lonesome is,
'till you get to herdin' cows . . .

Do me Ah Ma doo, Do me Ah Ma day!
All alone . . . by myself!
Cowboy blues . . . doggone cow!
Doggone COW!
Doggone you, you licked me again!

Words and Music by Foster Carling and Country Washburne