

Robert Cray, Tollin' Bells

Well
The big bell is tollin'
Trouble
Is heading north

Well
The big bell, it's tollin'
Trouble
Is heading north

Well, it's so my baby
And it let me
Here all alone

Well
My head
Is so heavy
When the sun starts sinkin' low

Well
My head
Ain't so heavy
When the sun starts sinkin' low

It put my soul
On a wonder
Whew, which way did my baby go?

Well
I heard a loud singing
Saw some slow marching
I heard
Deep moaning
And, oh, that was my whole life
And these tears
From my eyes
Keep on
Streamin' down

I keep crying
For my baby
And I know she can't be found